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JOHN D. HIGINBOTHAM

WHEN THE WEST WAS YOUNG



# When The West Was Young

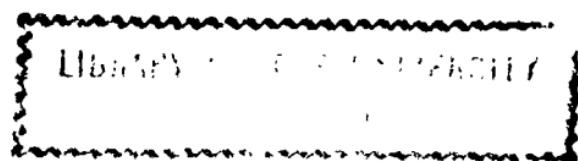
*HISTORICAL REMINISCENCES  
of the  
EARLY CANADIAN WEST*

By  
JOHN D. HIGINBOTHAM



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TO  
MY WIFE,  
WHO FOR MORE THAN  
FORTY-FOUR YEARS  
HAS PULLED AN EVEN  
OAR ON THE SEA OF  
LIFE

*Ask why the eagle soars in air  
Or builds so high his craggy nest,  
Ask why the fishes love the sea—  
Then ask me why I love the West.*

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*The present little book is very imperfect: but it pretends also to be very harmless; it can innocently instruct those who are more ignorant than itself. To which ingenuous class, according to their wants and tastes, let it, with all good wishes, and hopes to meet afterwards in fruitfuller provinces, be heartily commended.*

—THOMAS CARLYLE.

# When the West Was Young

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## CHAPTER I

### THE PIONEERS

*I hear the tread of pioneers,  
Of nations yet to be;  
The first low wash of waves where soon  
Shall roll a human sea.*

*The rudiments of empire here  
Are plastic yet and warm;  
The chaos of a mighty world  
Is rounding into form.*

—J. G. WHITTIER.

FROM boyhood days I always cherished the sincerest regard for the pioneers of our country, East and West.

My grandfather, David Allan, often recounted to me the story of his father and family adventuring forth upon the stormy Atlantic in their little cockle-shell of a sailing ship, buffeted by contrary winds and dodging icebergs off the foggy banks of Newfoundland. Seasick, homesick, subsisting on sea-biscuits and salted pork, for these were the days long before refrigerated meats, evaporated or preserved fruits or vegetables, tossing for six weeks or more, with swirling seas beneath and stormy skies above them, small wonder that they longingly looked for their desired haven.

The homes of the early pioneers of Ontario were not ready-made. With coats off, stout hearts beating

and strong arms swinging keen axes the clearings were made in the forests. Then came the cultivation of arable patches of soil between the stumps where a few handfuls of wheat were sown, from which the winter's supply of flour might be obtained. In the meantime they erected suitable shelters of logs and mud to house them through weather which was sometimes balmy and genial, sometimes fierce and inclement, but always they endeavoured to be prepared against climatic conditions entirely unknown to them.

I have heard my grandfather tell of settlers who carried sacks of wheat on their backs over Indian trails through the virgin forest, a distance of thirty or more miles from Guelph to Hamilton, waited until it was ground into flour and then returned with the finished product. The lime required for making mortar for the foundations of Guelph's first house, "The Priory," was also carried in similar fashion. As an inducement to the builders, hot toddy was served as frequently as desired. This, however, was not a large item of expense as the whiskey of that time retailed at fifty cents, or two shillings, the gallon. On more than one occasion my grandfather with but a stout cane in his hand and a few hard biscuits in his pocket, walked from Guelph to Goderich, a distance of over one hundred miles, resting *en route*, when night overtook him, in settlers' cabins or in primitive taverns.

In the pioneer days we were decidedly individualistic. Each family was self-contained, a "home industry" complete in itself and practically self-supporting. The large pantries in "Riverview," our own home, and in "The Priory," my grandfather's, were indeed small warehouses. The unit of purchase apparently was a barrel, as one each of white and

brown sugar, flour and oatmeal stood on the floor; likewise no fewer than six large chests, or tin caddies, of tea were arranged under the shelving with the mysterious inscriptions: Oolong, Conchu, Young Hyson, Old Hyson, and particularly Gunpowder, the use of the latter explosive appellation with respect to a brand of tea being quite mystifying to my immature mind. I was, however, more interested in the boxes of raisins, figs, prunes, ginger-snaps, biscuits, loaf sugar, and large slabs of maple sugar. These latter were "sampled" as infrequent occasion offered. There, too, was to be seen a keg of Loch Fyne herrings, a box of Yarmouth bloater, while from the ceiling hung salted codfish, hams and sides of bacon.

Nowadays, with grocery or chain stores at almost every corner, the householder practically lives from hand to mouth and rarely keeps more than a few days, at most, ahead of his food supply.

The same practice of keeping large supplies on hand prevailed in the West in the early days, as we never knew when two or more guests would arrive unannounced, or when a bad spell of weather, especially in the winter, would hold up shopping facilities. In what was then an almost treeless country our fruits, large and small, were imported and we never were happy in the autumn until we had at least two or three barrels of Ontario apples, at least two hundred jars of preserved fruits, as well as an abundant supply of potatoes and other vegetables on hand before the nights of hard frost came upon us. Then, too, the basement bunkers were well filled with coal to provide against any cold snap whether short or long.

Nowadays in Alberta, if the temperature falls suddenly, a hasty trip is made to the furnace, the natural gas is turned on and lighted, and comfort is

speedily restored. Is it not astonishing how the rise or fall of a few degrees of heat or cold brings us misery or enjoyment?

Smoky oil lamps have now largely given way to electric light, the wash-tub and scrubbing-board to the mechanical washer and electric iron, and the ice-box to the Frigidaire.

In the business world the changes have been legion; offices are all equipped with labour-saving devices too numerous to catalogue, the livery-stable has been replaced by the garage, the carriage and cutter by the automobile, the string-team of mules or horses by the tractor, the bull-team and covered-wagon by the motor-truck and the sickle and scythe have given place to the binder and the combine. A team of horses to-day sometimes attracts almost as much attention as did an automobile or "horseless carriage" less than thirty years ago. Small wonder that "Old Man" Lee, a typical old-timer, who had a ranch up in the Crow's Nest Pass, when he learned that a railway was being built from Calgary to Macleod, and which would bring the sound of the shrill whistle of the "iron horse" to within one hundred miles of him exclaimed, "Well, I guess I'll pull out and go farther West into the hills, this country is getting too damn civilized for me."

To the early pioneers of Ontario the fearful isolation of the backwoods, or bush as it was usually called, must have been appalling. Then there was always a haunting fear of the wild creatures of the woods: the terror by night of howling wolves, the cry of the wild-cat, and the unwelcome intrusion of bears into the kitchen, especially when anything sweet or savory was stored, or to the pig-sty, if the settlers were affluent enough to own hogs. The isolation was magnified when the men of the home were obliged to

absent themselves in order to earn sufficient to keep the home fires burning, or the home pot boiling, while waiting for harvests to ripen; this fear was especially felt when these duties called them far afield. Far and near are relative terms; five or ten miles through bush or swamp, or over corduroy roads, would be equal to more than ten times that distance nowadays. The seriousness of it was that in case of impending danger, or threatened disaster, there was no telephone or radio to summon them and no tocsin to sound an alarm. Many a simple accident in the backwoods became serious, or even fatal, owing to the lack of suitable appliances or absence of medical attention. A distant relation of ours, Major Home Logan by name, suffered an injury to his right arm, which was caught in a fanning-mill. The surgeon who attended him considered it necessary to amputate the limb, and to accomplish this, used an unsterilized meat-saw, the result was that the Major died from septicæmia. Needless to state that this was prior to the discoveries of Sir Joseph Lister in antiseptic surgery.

The early cabins were lighted with home-made tallow candles, and the tin candle-mould was, in consequence, an important piece of household equipment. In order to economize in the use of these precious "dips," many a book, letter or newspaper was read in front of a fire of blazing logs on the rudely-constructed hearth.

Money, in the form of coin or notes, was rare even in the small settlements. Later on, when general stores were established, goods were obtained largely by barter. It was no unusual thing for children to be sent to this "lodge in wilderness" for five or ten "eggs' worth" of some commodity deemed of prime importance in the domestic economy.

The women of the early pioneers were true daughters of the distaff. They were obliged to prepare and spin the wool as well as make the cloth, design and make their own garments. My wife's mother, who was a mistress of the Manse, acknowledged that she participated in these useful accomplishments.

The children, too, of that time lacked even the most rudimentary educational facilities, and when sufficient progress was made in the settlements to erect a log schoolhouse and install a teacher, it was an event of consequence. The pupils usually came from a wide range of territory. Several miles in their bare feet, over very uncertain, and anything but smooth trails, was no uncommon daily experience for these hardy babes-in-the-wood.

For a time large districts were without regular religious services, and local preachers, lay readers and theological students from various denominations were welcomed and their ministrations appreciated by many who prior to the coming of these servants of the Lord, could have said, with Alexander Selkirk:

The sound of the church-going bell  
These valleys and rocks never heard,  
Never sighed at the sound of a knell,  
Or smiled when a Sabbath appeared.

To the pioneers of the Canadian North-West the above-mentioned conditions were scarcely applicable, inasmuch as law and order had already been established by the North-West Mounted Police, and Gospel ordinances, to at least a small extent, founded by the missionaries. Due to these civilizing agencies, we were spared the lawlessness and godlessness which obtained in the States bordering to the south of us, where lynching and mob-law were not uncommon.

It has been said that if two Scotsmen were wrecked upon a desert island that one of the first things they would do would be to form a Caledonian Society. I venture to add that if the season were winter that they would form a curling club. I was somewhat amused to learn that the Scots, and others, in Guelph's early days curled on the river dam opposite the "Priory" and that they used wooden blocks for the purpose until my grandfather Allan bought some iron ones. These in turn were supplanted by some made out of field stones by an enterprising sportsman and craftsman, William Kennedy of "Sunnyside."

This public-spirited citizen constructed the first sun-dial, mounted upon a handsome Corinthian column of stone in Guelph in 1848, and it was put to practical use in furnishing solar time to the local watchmakers as well as for the town-hall clock.

When the old corduroy roads throughout Ontario were replaced with better highways, in many cases built over them with stone and gravel, a considerable mileage was owned by private companies who charged tolls to all who drove over them—generally five cents for a single horse, one way, and ten cents for a team. And what a nuisance it was, especially in cold or stormy weather, to be obliged to remove one's gloves or mittens and "fish" into one's pockets for change. About the year 1859, the counties began buying up these toll roads and before a decade had passed, had acquired them all. Wellington, to its credit, was one of the first counties in the Province to abolish toll roads.

Before the construction of the Grand Trunk Railway from Toronto was completed in 1856, when the first locomotive arrived in Guelph from Stratford, the bridge over the Speed River was not finished. The

locomotive was taken off the iron rails (not steel in those days) and put on wooden ones and drawn by horses down the mill hill, over Allan's bridge and up a long slope and again placed on the iron rails and, after getting up steam, left for Toronto.

It was Emmerson Hough who stated that the axe, rifle, boat and horse were the agencies with which the pioneers conquered the frontier; but, as Walter P. Webb pointed out, this list was not wholly satisfactory, since these useful instruments applied more to a timbered country. As he truly says, "The axe was not important where there were no trees, nor the boat where there was little water. The horse, to be sure, was of increased importance on the plains, but the horseman's favourite weapon was the six-shooter and not the long rifle."

I once heard an aged physician say that he hoped the hottest spot in the place of future torment would be reserved for the man who invented barbed wire. But this invention in 1874, solved for the settler on the treeless plains the problem of fencing his ranch or homestead. Barbed wire did for the farmer and rancher what the telegraph did for the railway, made it safe and possible, even as netted wire solved the problem of keeping hogs and chickens out of forbidden fields and gardens. Fence posts and top rails were usually readily procurable in most of the river bottoms or coulees in almost any portion of Alberta, although we were obliged to go into the foothills, or even to the mountains for timber suitable for the building of houses, barns or corrals.

Many of the trials and difficulties incident to prairie farming have yet to be conquered. Transportation of farm produce for those remote from markets is largely an unsolved question. Sporadic plagues of

cutworms and grasshoppers have yet to be combated scientifically, and even when these have been checked there are still the hazards of drought, hail, high winds, and consequent soil drifting, early and late frosts or untimely snowstorms. The farmer has, therefore, a more or less anxious time from the sowing of the seed until the grain is in the elevator or sold to the miller.

The marvel to all beholders is that even after a total, or almost total, loss from any one or more of the above mentioned causes, the western farmer is able to remain cheerful, or even hopeful that next year's conditions will be ideal and a bumper harvest will be reaped. Against such heroic optimism even so-called calamities have no terrors.

Those who left the timbered and watered regions of Eastern Canada to take up homesteads on the prairies did not find it all "beer and skittles." A sturdy pioneer from Ontario who arrived in Winnipeg in 1877, and one of whose letters is before me, states:

We walked ninety miles in search of homestead sites, but returned unsatisfied. I put in the winter shoeing horses, mules and oxen. It was a mild winter. My brother came out in June. That spring I bought a team of oxen, two carts and some equipment, and my brother and I set out walking one hundred and twenty miles north-west from Winnipeg, fighting mosquitoes and dogs all the way. We picked out land and I walked back to Winnipeg to register and meet my parents, who had come out to join me.

Father bought a covered wagon, tent and yoke of oxen, and we set out for my homestead. My brother had the logs for the cottage cut, and I left my father with him to build, and went back to Winnipeg for supplies.

The winter was spent by me in lumber camps, reached by walking from Winnipeg to Emerson and east one hundred and fifty miles to Roseau Lake. After the cut was in the Red River, I walked from Emerson back to Winnipeg and

got my money, then walked to the homestead, in all two hundred and seventy miles.

I stayed on the farm till the fall of 1880, then I set out for the east, walking to Winnipeg. I got a train back to Ontario, where I arrived on a Tuesday, was married on Tuesday, left Ontario on Tuesday, and arrived at the homestead on Tuesday. The train brought up within four miles of Portage la Prairie, where we got off in the snow with mercury at thirty below zero. We had a sixty-four-mile journey to finish our honeymoon trip.

The winters following, of '79, '80, '81, '82 and '83, were the coldest I can remember in the West. When our first child was born, December 11, 1881, there was lots of snow and very cold. We had to get a cow giving milk, as we had to raise the baby on the bottle. This cow cost us seventy-two dollars and fifty cents, and I had to lead her home, a distance of sixty-four miles, through the snow. Our doctor's bill that winter was three hundred dollars. We suffered considerable hardships, marketing our grain with ox-teams a distance of twenty-five miles. We sold No. 1 northern wheat for forty cents, oats for fifteen cents, eggs for ten cents, butter for ten cents, and nice, dressed pork for three cents a pound. Our first binder cost us three hundred dollars before we had it paid for at twelve per cent. interest. We had it better when the railroad came within ten miles of us. Later the railroad came within five miles, putting an end to a lot of hardship.

The hardships and privations of pioneer life did not fall entirely upon the men, but were equally shared and bravely borne by their wives.

The late Mrs. William Stafford had the distinction of being the first white woman in the settlement of what afterwards became the city of Lethbridge. It was a long journey which Mrs. Stafford took from the home of the family in Westville, Nova Scotia, to join her husband who had come West a year previous to become the first superintendent of the coal mining properties of the North-Western Coal and Navigation

Company, which were opened up in 1882. She arrived at what was then called "The Coalbanks," on June 3, 1883, accompanied by three of her offspring, the first white children in the new settlement. It is of interest to note that on reaching Winnipeg the Canadian Pacific Railway Company issued to the members of her party the first through tickets to Medicine Hat. The transportation provided was in a caboose on a construction train which carried them to a point on the prairie east of the future "Gas City."

They were delayed in prosecuting the final leg of their journey by some carpenters who had been engaged on the construction of the *Minnow*, the smallest of a fleet of three stern-wheel boats which were to convey passengers as well as to convoy coal barges on the South Saskatchewan River between Medicine Hat and the mines, 110 miles distant. These men joined the Stafford party and all were guided westward by a man named Norquay, who was a brother of the Honourable John Norquay, then Premier of the Province of Manitoba.

When nearing Chin Coulee a small band of buffalo was discovered; some were shot and fresh meat obtained for the party. After travelling for days over the treeless waste, the sight of the well-wooded river bottom in the vicinity of the mines gave heart to the pioneers. Their destination reached, the family lived in tents until their frame house was built.

In the adventures of the early days Mrs. Stafford shared, notably in the case of a journey to Macleod in order to visit an old friend of hers, Mrs. Howard F. Greenwood, who had just been confined. It was necessary to make three crossings of rivers before she could reach her destination, and as it was in the early spring and the ice was going out this could only be

done by stepping from one slippery block to another, planks being used to cross the wider "lanes" of water. On the other side of the river a team was in waiting to conduct Mrs. Stafford to the end of her journey. Another adventure, however, awaited her at Kipp, where the Old Man River had to be crossed. It was at the time in full flood, but this intrepid lady, in spite of the warnings of a Mounted Policeman who accompanied her, decided to take the risk. Her courage was rewarded in the safe fording of the dangerous stream.

Mrs. Stafford was born in Auchinleck, Scotland, her parents were near neighbours of the Boswell family, descendants of the famous James Boswell who wrote the life of Dr. Samuel Johnson.

In spite of her many domestic duties there was always a welcome to strangers and no guest was permitted to depart without at least the customary cup of tea. Such was western hospitality of the early days.

One of the early settlers thus describes his entrance to Guelph late in 1827:

Passing through Beverley, Dumfries and Waterloo, we entered Guelph by a road seven miles long and one hundred and thirty feet wide, cut through the block by the Company.<sup>1</sup> This was without exception the most splendid avenue we ever witnessed. Were it in Britain, people from all parts of the kingdom would go to see it. It is impossible to form any idea of its grandeur without having seen it. The road is so straight that, at the place where we entered, upwards of three miles of it could be seen at one glance. The dense wood on both sides consists of trees from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and fifty feet high. All along it were piles of wood burning. A night view of it must be splendid in the extreme. At the end of this there are two or three slight turns, which break the view during

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<sup>1</sup>The Canada Company.

the next two miles; but after that, the market-house of Guelph is visible.

On entering the town there is ample room for wonder. Less than six months ago not one tree was cut down on the spot where now seven or eight hundred people are lodged. For some miles in any direction there was not a vestige of a road to the place. Now there are highways made, or making, to every settlement around.

It was on April 23, 1827, that the first tree (a huge maple) was cut down on the site of the city. The first house erected—with the exception of a temporary shed—is a large building of logs, from which the bark was not removed. The space between each tree is filled up with lime of the most beautiful whiteness, which contrasts well with the dark trunks. The building has altogether a fine appearance, and reflects much credit upon Mr. Prior, the superintendent of Guelph, under whose direction it was reared, and in honour of whom it has been named "The Priory." It was first used as a receiving house—that is, a house to accommodate settlers till their own were built. When we were there, part of it was used as an inn. Another portion was occupied as a school, where upwards of forty children were learning to read. It contained also the Company's office, a laboratory and a bakery. In the upper storey about eighteen families were lodged.

There are now about one hundred houses fit for habitation, and others are rearing as fast as possible, but not quick enough for the settlers constantly arriving; so that in general more than one family live in one house.

The city has a most advantageous situation. It is built upon a gentle eminence, nearly round the whole of which the River Speed, a rapid stream, runs. There are near it twelve mill-seats, one of which has been already taken, and a sawmill is now in active operation.

It might be interesting to present here the account of the founding of Guelph from the pen of the founder, John Galt,<sup>2</sup> also the originator and organizer of the Canada Company, "a gentleman well known for his literary acquirements and the pleasure which his

<sup>2</sup>Father of Sir Alexander T. Galt, one of the founders of Lethbridge.

many valuable and entertaining publications have conferred upon all who speak the English language":

On April 22, 1827, the day previous to the time appointed for laying the foundations of my projected *polis*, I went to Galt, a town situated on the banks of the Grand River, which my friend, the Hon. W. Dickson, in whose township it is situated, named after me long before the Canada Company was imagined; it was arrived at the maturity of having a post office before I heard of its existence. There I met by appointment, at Mr. Dickson's, Dr. Dunlop, who held a roving commission in the Canada Company, and was informed that the requisite woodmen were assembled.

Next morning we walked after breakfast towards the site which had been selected. When near the end of our journey we lost our road. After wandering about for some time, we discovered a hut and, "tirling at the pin," entered, and found it inhabited by a Dutch shoemaker. . . . With his assistance we reached the skirts of the wild to which we were going, and were informed in the cabin of a squatter that our men had gone forward. By this time it began to rain, but, undeterred by that circumstance, we resumed our journey in the pathless wood. About sunset, dripping wet, we arrived near the spot we were in quest of, a shanty, which an Indian who had committed murder had raised as a refuge for himself.

We found the men, under the orders of Mr. Prior, whom I had employed for the company, kindling a roaring fire, and after endeavouring to dry ourselves, and having recourse to the store-basket, I proposed to go to the spot chosen for the town. By this time the sun was set, and Dr. Dunlop, with his characteristic drollery, having doffed his wet garb, and dressed himself Indian-fashion in blankets, we proceeded with Mr. Prior, attended by two woodmen with their axes.

It was consistent with my plan to invest our ceremony with a little mystery, the better to let it be remembered. So, intimating that the main body of the men were not to come, we walked to the brow of the neighbouring rising ground, and Mr. Prior having shown the site selected for the town, a large maple tree was chosen—on which, taking an axe from one of the woodmen, I struck the first stroke. To

me at least the moment was impressive—and the silence of the woods, that echoed to the sound, was as the sigh of the solemn genius of the wilderness departing for ever.

The doctor followed me, then, if I recollect correctly, Mr. Prior and the woodmen finished the work. The tree fell with a crash of accumulating thunder, as if ancient Nature were alarmed at the entrance of social man into her innocent solitudes, with his sorrows, his follies and his crimes.

I do not suppose that the sublimity of the occasion was unfelt by the others, for I noticed that, after the tree fell, there was a funereal pause, as when the coffin is lowered into the grave; it was, however, of short duration, for the doctor pulled a flask of whiskey from his bosom, and we drank prosperity to the city of Guelph.

The name was chosen in compliment to the Royal family, both because I thought it auspicious in itself, and because I could not recollect that it had ever been before used in all the King's Dominions.

It may appear ludicrous to many readers, but I look on this incident with gravity, that in truth I am very serious; for although Guelph is not so situated as ever to become celebrated for foreign commerce, the location possesses many advantages, independent of being situated on a tongue of land surrounded by a clear and rapid stream. It will be seen by the map of the province that it stands almost in the centre of the tableland which separates four of the Great Lakes, namely, Ontario, Simcoe, Huron and Erie, and though its own river, the Speed, as I named it, is not large, yet at the town it receives the Eramosa, and a little farther on flows into the Grand River, which may be said to be navigable from the bridge of Galt to Lake Erie, a distance of nearly eighty miles. By the Welland Canal the navigation is continued to Lake Ontario, thence by the Rideau Canal to the Ottawa, which flows into the St. Lawrence River, and by the Lachine Canal it communicates with Montreal, and thence to the ocean, advantages which few inland towns in the whole world can boast of at such a distance from the sea.

In planning the city, for I will still dignify it by that title, though applied at first in derision, I had, like the lawyers in establishing their fees, an eye to futurity in the

magnitude of the parts. A beautiful central hill was reserved for the Catholics, in compliment to my friend, Bishop MacDonnell, for his advice in the formation of the company; the centre of a rising ground, destined to be hereafter a square, was appropriated to the Episcopal Church for Archdeacon, later Bishop, Strachan; and another rising ground was reserved for the Presbyterians.

From a letter which Dr. Robert Alling, Guelph's first physician, wrote to the directors of the Canada Company in England, I extract items which reveal some of the conditions which prevailed in the pioneer days of that portion of the Province of Ontario:

It is commonly said that gentlemen are not wanted in Canada, and there they cannot succeed. My observation and knowledge of this colony, not only incline me to question the truth of the above, but flatly to contradict it. I am aware that they are commonly called fops, dandies, *exquisites*, etc., and would be, here, as they are everywhere else, good for nothing, but I am confident that no breeding, rank, education or moderate wealth unfits a man for Canada, neither is Canada a country that would not receive such men in goodly numbers and reward them for coming over to it, especially as in this colony no man suffers loss of caste by entering into any honest trading pursuits, be what they may.

Labouring men are much wanted here, and the wages of such hold out the strongest inducements for such men to come over to Canada. Food is very cheap, so much so that any working man may procure enough to maintain a family much better here than he can at home, by the proceeds of three days' work in a week. The wages of these men are, in ordinary times, three shillings and nine pence *per diem*, and during busy seasons much higher. I have lately known men to refuse work for a bushel of good wheat or ten pounds of good pork for a day's labour. Servants of both sexes and of all ages are much wanted. Men servants get from thirty to sixty pounds and board per annum. Servant girls have from nine to fifteen pounds and board per annum, and younger servants in proportion.

The woods near us form the entire support of oxen, cows, pigs and young stock during the summer. Butter and cheese are abundant. Turkeys, geese, venison and poultry are more commonly seen here on the tables of the poor immigrant than they are on the board of many genteel families of the Old Country. Prices of produce are just now much too low. I have elsewhere said the old settler can well sustain himself during the period of low prices, but not so the man who has just commenced working his way up; such a man cannot pay up his instalments on land, and is sadly put back by present prices of all kinds of stock, grain, meats, etc. Wheat is only 2s. 6d. to 2s. 9d.; barley, 1s. 6d. to 1s. 8d.; oats, 7½d. to 9d. per bushel; hay, £1 10s. per ton; potatoes, 7½d. to 9d. per bushel; pork, mutton and beef, 2½d. to 3½d. per pound; butter and cheese, 4½d. to 5d. per pound; hides, wool, feathers and skins of wild animals are all thirty per cent. lower than I ever knew them before. It is a deeply interesting question, and one I should like very much to see seriously taken up—why it is that we should have such an immense accumulation of produce nearly unsaleable, or selling at such extremely low prices, when England and other countries are paying from two to four times the prices given here. The expense of carrying produce from the head of Lake Ontario to England, and the duties imposed at home, will not at all account for this state of things. It is impossible to say what working oxen, horses, cows, sheep and young stock are now worth, if we are guided by the Hudibrastic couplet,

The value of a thing  
Is just as much as it will bring.

If I am asked what is the greatest evil in Canada, and which most retards its advancement, and is constantly checking its rising importance, I would say—bad roads. We stand now more in need of good byways for settlers and a highway across the country to the far west than anything else. Next to roads, we need improved inland water communication. The settlers can and would cheerfully pay additional taxes for these things.

Much of the success of the "bush" arises from the habits early acquired by the settlers, of converting the

produce of their own farms into clothing, utensils and buildings by their own hands, and for their own use; hence we find many of them spinners, weavers, woolcombers, dyers, carpenters, masons and plasterers. I have never seen the following lines so fully acted upon and fully lived up to in any country as this, and from all I see in such families I am inclined to believe they are the happiest in Canada. On visiting them one may perceive that the owner need not sing aloud,

I grow my own lamb, my butter and ham,  
I shear my own sheep and I wear it,

for the whole domestic economy at once proclaims it.



LIEUT.-COL. N. HIGINBOTHAM AND THE AUTHOR (1898)



## CHAPTER II

### HOME LIFE

*I remember, I remember,  
The house where I was born,  
The little window where the sun  
Came peeping in at morn.*

—THOMAS HOOD.

WHEN one thinks of boyhood days the mind is crowded with innumerable recollections. For me the reminiscent period is a little over six decades—the days of hoop-skirts, bustles, spring-bottom trousers, hair oil and Lord Dundreary whiskers—the memories, therefore, are comparatively vivid.

I was born on Wednesday, November 23, 1864, in the town, now city, of Guelph, Ont. My father was Lieutenant-Colonel Nathaniel Higinbotham of "Cor-tober," near Cootehill, County of Cavan, Ireland. From 1871 to 1878 he represented the constituency of North Wellington in the Dominion House of Commons and upon his retirement was appointed Registrar of Deeds for South and Centre Wellington, which position he occupied for many years prior to his death in 1911.

My mother, who was born in Guelph in 1838, was the eldest child of David Allan of Edinburgh and Christian Idington of Berwickshire, Scotland. My ancestry was therefore what is familiarly known as Scotch-Irish.

With regard to Guelph, "the place where I was born," I can still recall a reception to the troops returning from the front after the Fenian Raid, by a huge

gathering of citizens and people from the surrounding country. I can still visualize the soldiers standing in ranks on the Market Square, wearing their white Havelocks. I also have a vivid recollection of the burning of a mill in Elora, which occurred during a visit to my uncle, John Smith, then editor and proprietor of *The Elora Observer*. Even at this date I remember the terrifying sight of roaring, crackling flames bringing swift destruction to what appeared to be a most substantial structure, not one hundred yards distant from the house where I was lodged.

In conversing recently with my own children I was informed that they, too, recall, with dread, the fires which swept the prairies of Alberta in the days before the prairies were brought under agriculture.

What Guelph boy of the sixties or early seventies cannot recall Forepaugh's circus, with a free outdoor exhibition of tight-rope walking, and balloon ascension with an acrobat dangling by his legs from a swaying trapeze at a dizzy height? Also P. T. Barnum, with his wonderful hippodrome, which, by the way, was nearly wrecked by a terrific thunderstorm, creating pandemonium among the spectators. It was on this occasion that the first incandescent electric lights were exhibited in Canada.

A demonstration of the first phonograph—or talking machine, as it was then called—to the citizens of Guelph was given in 1878 by Professor Gillespie before an excited audience in the Town Hall. It was a large cylinder covered by tinfoil and turned by means of a handle. Bandmaster Wood was invited to the platform, and upon his cornet he played "Wait for the Wagon" into the diaphragm, which Professor Gillespie, after reversing the record, repeated with distinctness.

An institution of the early days was the patent medicine fakir who used to stand under a flaming torch on the Market Square, and who harangued the crowd on the certainty with which his nostrum would cure corns, bunions, asthma, earache and rheumatism, and who, after a certain number of bottles of his concoction was disposed of, at twenty-five cents the bottle, swallowed a sword, to the mystification of his open-mouthed auditors.

Another was the "Painless Dentist" (accent more or less on the pain) who extracted teeth for a trifling sum, and whose assistant timed his beating of a large bass drum to the psychological moment of the extraction.

An excellent exemplification of the fact that "conscience doth make cowards of us all" was seen in the terror the very name of "Kelly" inspired in the heart of the small boy. The town police force consisted of Chief Jonathan B. Kelly and Sergeant Dooley. The former was a small man with dark, piercing eyes, yet at the very sight of him every urchin sought cover.

In the sporting realm I well remember the return of the victorious Maple Leaf Baseball Club, after winning the amateur championship of America, in 1874. It was an occasion of satisfaction and much rejoicing. It was no small compliment to our new heroes to be honoured with a visit from Harry Wright's team of professional ball-tossers, the Boston Red Stockings, who played them a friendly game which was attended by thousands of spectators.

The happiest and most fragrant memories of my childhood cluster around "The Priory." How I loved to lie on its soft, green banks and gaze through the trees and hedges into the shadowy reflections in the River Speed. What joy it was to stroll along

its iris-bordered walks, to play or read in the garden within a garden, a veritable *sanctum sanctorum*, planted with old-fashioned flowers and surrounded with boxwood and cedar hedges, where my grandmother used to sit and sew, read and meditate, or, in season, enjoy the luscious fruits handed us by a discriminating gardener who reaped his rewards in the prizes won at the horticultural fairs.

My father's father was an elderly man when I was a small boy. He was very athletic and at sixty he could mount his horse without putting a foot into the stirrup; or, going into the fields where the men were harvesting, he would take a scythe or cradle from their hands, sink the handle a few inches into the ground and, going back a few paces, would leap over the blade. Now he was blind, suffering from cataracts, so my eldest brother and I would lead the old gentleman by the hand as we accompanied him on his morning walks. Shortly before his death he took three of us boys, placing one at a time between his knees, and putting his hands upon our heads, gave us his patriarchal blessing. He was an old-fashioned country gentleman with some score or more rural tenants. Some copies of his former rent-rolls are even now in my possession.

My maternal grandmother, Christian Idington, was a beautiful as well as a profoundly religious woman.

I have heard old-timers in Guelph remark, "Aye, but she was a bonnie lassie." Moreover she had a singular repugnance to having near her anyone, or anything, that was not comely. In looking at her one instinctively thought of lavender and old lace.

Upon the occasion of her and my grandfather's fifty-sixth wedding anniversary I was sent to bid her come for all things were now ready. I found her

standing before her mirror trying on various lace caps almost all of which were black, one, however, had a touch of purple on it and this one she was tempted to wear, but fearing that it was a manifestation of vanity on her part, exclaimed, "O foolish Galatians, who hath bewitched you?" She usually had an apt scriptural quotation for every situation.

I never remember meeting any person who was more "other worldly"; her thoughts, nay, even her life appeared to move in another sphere. Her temperament was, undoubtedly affected by the loss of ten of her twelve children. One, a very promising boy, was drowned. A baby girl was dropped by her nurse from a window in a hotel, in her excitement when watching a circus parade. At all events, it saddened my grandmother's outlook on life, and enabled her to comprehend, as few do, its transitory nature. The ninetieth Psalm, the prayer of Moses, the man of God, was a great favourite of hers, and seemed to embody her ideas of the brevity of life. "Grace before meat" was asked by my grandfather, followed, at greater length, by my grandmother. A simple glass, or dipper of water from the spring must needs be crowned with blessing and thanksgiving before we were permitted to drink. All meals were followed by a "returning of thanks." It was a matter of astonishment to my companions whom I sometimes took, after our strenuous play, to the "Priory" for bread and jam, to be obliged to wait until God's blessing was invoked. Even in hotels, when travelling, my grandmother considered it to be the usual thing, and the other guests at the table listened respectfully to her at this time.

During the days of my apprenticeship, as my grandparents were getting on in years, my mother asked me

to stay with the old people at night. If I reached their home before ten in the evening, I saw the scene from "The Cotter's Saturday Night," faithfully reproduced. The head of the house did the reading, chose the psalm, paraphrase or hymn and led the devotions. Grandmother usually offered a preliminary petition "to solemnize and compose our minds" before the regular worship began. "O God of Bethel" and "O thou my soul, bless God, the Lord" were great favourites, as were many of the hymns, all being sung without the aid of books. As age advanced and the eyesight of the reader became less trustworthy, grandmother, who believed strictly in the inerrancy of the sacred Word, would insist that he reread the verse in which the error occurred, quoting Revelation 22: 19, as a warning to those who added to, or took from, Holy Writ.

"She knew, and knew quite well, her Bible true," from cover to cover, and would tolerate no misquotations, not even by the minister.

On one occasion two clerical delegates to the Synod were billeted at their home. Following breakfast, morning worship was progressing, each of the visitors having taken part. During grandmother's prayer the baker arrived with the day's supply. Excusing herself to her guests by saying that we need the temporal as well as the spiritual bread, she arose, received the loaves, returned and completed her petitions.

My maternal grandfather, David Allan, was born in Edinburgh in 1808—a year before Gladstone and Lincoln saw the light of day. As a link with the past it might here be stated that, when a small boy, he remembered seeing the great chemist, Sir Humphry Davy, tall and swarthy, with his face scarred from numerous chemical experiments. Sir Humphry was

an occasional visitor at their home. The first appearance of the celebrated inventor of the miner's safety lamp so frightened my grandfather, who was then a small boy, that he ran to his mother crying, "The bogie man is at the door." David Allan studied architecture with Sir David Bryce, but did not practise it as a profession, although he designed and superintended the erection of the Court House, Saint Andrew's Church and his own mills in Guelph, all of them monuments of stability and most graceful in their lines. He succeeded his father as head of the milling and other industries purchased from the Canada Company, owners of the townsites of Guelph and Goderich and the large area between. These were managed by John Galt, the Scottish novelist and biographer of Lord Byron, who also felled the first tree in Guelph and erected the first house, "The Priory," one hundred yards from where this notable tree was cut. Although built of undressed white elm logs, the home was a large and handsome structure, its spacious hall serving as a temporary post office as well as council chamber for the community. As children, we made use of this hall, especially on stormy days, for another purpose, namely for "chariot races." The large arm-chairs were commandeered, and with the high backs to the front, were made to resemble—to us at least—the vehicles used in the Roman hippodrome. The "chariots" were drawn by two boys with ropes or snow-shoe sashes, the driver standing on the seat of the chair, the backs of which were next to the "horses." While this was fun for us, it was trying on the furniture, as castors, and sometimes legs, would fly off as we turned corners at a speed which the manufacturers never anticipated. I can realize the truth of the proverb that, "Whoever

has a family of boys need never be short of antique furniture."

I have heard my much-tried yet very patient mother remark to a friend that she "dreaded a rainy day, especially one during the holidays, worse than the smallpox." There were five of us boys, and each had his friends, and, usually each friend brought a friend—the multiplication frequently converting *friends* into *fiends*.

During the formation of the 30th Wellington Rifle Battalion my father, as commanding officer, supplied the band with instruments, some of which, upon his retirement, were returned to him. These were stored in our attic, to which there was but one approach, namely by means of a trap-door immediately over a long flight of stairs. This, however, did not prove an insuperable barrier to us. The kettle-drums were taken down and put into use, to the joy of the small fry in our neighbourhood, as well as to the consternation of our neighbours. Mother dubbed us the "Mulligan Guards," but a merciful Providence spared us from hearing what we were called by our long-suffering victims.

It was an inviolable rule of our home establishment that the chores assigned to each of us, such as attending to the horses and cows, feeding, cleaning, milking and taking them to the pasture, lawn mowing in summer, wood sawing, splitting and carrying in winter, were all to be done before we were allowed to play. Needless to say, with so many "helpers," the necessary duties were soon accomplished. Even so large an undertaking as the annual painting of the shutters, or blinds, for our house was, with the "gang" all present, a comparatively brief undertaking. Then to the ball games, the swimming hole, playing soldiers,

"follow the leader," on horse or afoot, or to the woods to build wigwams.

Although we had a delightfully secluded place for swimming in a dam, constructed by ourselves, across a brook which ran through a twenty-acre plot, owned by my father, where we could disport ourselves in the nude with no one to say us nay, our first choice was, invariably, the River Speed, which ran through the heart of the city.

Contrary to all by-laws and regulations, we assumed all risks and bathed in birthday attire. Usually a watch was kept for the police, and on their arrival, everything would be found quite proper; but on one occasion the sergeant was too crafty and speedy for most of us, for all our clothing was seized, with the exception of that of my brother Harry who hastily threw his into an empty barrel which he steered, as he swam, to the opposite bank of the river.

In going to or returning from swimming, and when taking our cattle to pasture, our way was frequently opposed by other boys in gangs, and we were obliged to fight to a finish, or seek another road.

One afternoon, when returning from Hood's Bay, a favourite swimming hole, twelve of us were marching three abreast, when we were suddenly confronted by a large gang of hoodlums, much bigger and older than ourselves, who had been playing "shinny" or field hockey, and were, therefore, armed with these "weapons." The rowdies were led by a negro named Jake, who advanced at their head, in a most threatening manner, shouted defiance, and informed us that we would not be allowed to pass without a fight. My companions urged me to meet him, which I did, with some trepidation, when his headlong charge was blocked with a strong kick on his shins, and a right-

hand swing to the point of his chin. He went down like a felled ox. A kick was something I had never done before, and hoped never to do again, but having learned of the negro's vulnerability, used it as an offensive against a more powerful adversary. One of his companions next attacked me and, while I was engaged with him, the negro, having got his feet, hurled a stone which struck me full in the face. An old coloured man, who had been watching the proceedings from the porch of his cabin, now interfered, as peacemaker, and we were enabled to wend our homeward way without further molestation. My second attacker, whose name was Grace, however, vowed vengeance for his thrashing. Almost two years later, when one of my brothers was coming out of the city post office one night, he seized him by the throat, and struck him a violent blow in the face, breaking his nose in four places and causing a hemorrhage which required the attention of two surgeons. Searched out by the police, he served two years in Central Prison for this offence.

Always fond of pets, my brothers and I kept several varieties of fancy chickens, pigeons and rabbits whose care consumed much of our leisure. These were also objects for barter with our boy friends who cultivated similar hobbies. We had horses for riding and two dogs whom we had trained to harness who were impressed into hauling a wagon in summer and a sleigh in winter. Not content even with these, I set my heart on obtaining a goat. This was made an object of persistent prayer for weeks; finally, to add to my faith works, I ascertained the whereabouts of a herd of goats and immediately set about the purchase of one capable of drawing a wagon, and at least one passenger. Five dollars was a huge sum to us in

those days, yet it was willingly paid for the object of my petitions.

"Billy," a venerable capricorn, with long, grey whiskers, was strong to labour, but he was equally strong in "b.o.", and had been scarcely more than allocated to a stall in our stable before the cows and horses recorded emphatic objection to his presence, and after having been taken out for watering, they refused to enter the building.

There was a great flutter in the barnyard when my father arrived and sensed (*sic*) the situation. Peremptory orders were issued that "Billy" must evacuate the premises and another owner must be found at the earliest possible moment. Meanwhile he was turned into the orchard, where he amused himself, as well as varied his diet, by stripping the clothesline of all articles within his reach. This crowning act of bad taste and lack of gratitude for past favours decided his fate. He must go at once. Two or three afternoons, at the close of school, and a whole Saturday of weary trudging were required before a customer was sufficiently impressed with our account of his merits to venture an offer. Warned that we must not return with him, we finally closed the deal by exchanging him for a single-barrel, muzzle-loading shotgun. Of course, we were obliged to throw in the harness and wagon for good measure. Of the antiquated fowling-piece we had some use, and it now adorns our hall; what became of "Billy" I never had the temerity to inquire of the boy<sup>1</sup> on whom I unloaded that amiable creature.

With such a collection of obstreperous youths, and with something always doing, many depredations were laid to our charge even though we were innocent;

<sup>1</sup>Dr. W. D. Cowan, M.P., Long Lake, Sask.

but the old saw, "Give a dog a bad name," generously applied to our case.

As the years passed most of the members of our widely-scattered family made a point of visiting our old home every two years during the lives of our parents. As my eldest brother, William A., expected to return to Canada from Valparaiso, Chile, during the summer of 1893 it was thought fitting by the home folks to have a family reunion on a larger scale than usual.

The wedding anniversaries of our maternal grandparents, our parents and my wife and myself—respectively the fifty-sixth, thirty-first and fourth—occurred in the month of September. It was decided to celebrate especially that of the heads of the clan; therefore Tuesday, September 12, was chosen.

The following is an abridged account taken from the *Guelph Daily Herald* of September 13, 1893:

The old maples that throw their sheltering branches over the lawn at "Riverview" nodded a kindly welcome to the happy throng that assembled there Tuesday afternoon. Many pleasant gatherings these old trees have seen, but never one so eventful and bliss-laden as that in which the scattered members of the Higinbotham family assembled once more around the parent hearth.

"I will bring thy seed from the east and gather thee from the west; I will say to the north 'give up' and to the south 'keep not back'; bring my sons from afar and my daughters from the ends of the earth."—Isaiah 43: 6.

Such was the opening quotation of the beautiful souvenir programme prepared for the event. Beneath was the Higinbotham banner, bearing the names of the family branches:

ALLAN

HIGINBOTHAM

BLANEY

SMITH

TORRANCE

WALLACE

Then followed appropriate verses and prose quotations for every toast on the list. The occasion was twofold, viz.: The fifty-sixth anniversary of the wedded life of Mr. and Mrs. David Allan, and the simultaneous gathering of the Higinbotham family—around the old familiar home fireside. Seldom has it been the good fortune of the writer of these lines to witness a more beautiful illustration or realistic picture of an ideal home life—youth and age, true friendship, filial love and parental affection, commingling.

To Colonel and Mrs. Higinbotham especially, the occasion must have been one of peculiarly pleasurable emotions. Four generations in one family, gathered under one roof tree, the patriarch of eighty-seven and the babe of ten months, and never did the host and hostess discharge their duties with more grace and dignity.

The company, which consisted of relatives only (with the exception of the Rev. J. C. Smith and Mrs. Smith, of St. Andrew's manse), sat down to a sumptuous repast, after which toast, sentiment, song and speechmaking became the order of the evening. . . . The following is a list of the relatives present on the occasion, with their respective addresses.

David Allan, Mrs. D. Allan, Col. N. Higinbotham, Mrs. N. Higinbotham, Rev. R. Torrance, D.D., Mrs. R. Torrance, John Smith, W. G. Smith, mayor, Mrs. W. G. Smith, Guelph.

James Wallace, M.D., Mrs. J. Wallace, Norman C. Wallace, Ettie Wallace, Alma, Ont.

William A. Higinbotham, Valparaiso, Chile.

Miss Higinbotham, Miss J. Blaney, Miss M. E. Blaney, Henry B. Higinbotham, Arthur Higinbotham, New York, U.S.A.

John D. Higinbotham, Mrs. J. D. Higinbotham, Edward N. Higinbotham, Helen Phyllis Higinbotham, Harold Torrance Higinbotham, Lethbridge, Alberta.

Mary C. Higinbotham, M. Alice Higinbotham, Laura E. Higinbotham, Agnes H. Higinbotham, Guelph, Ont.

What's in a name? That which we call a rose  
By any other name would smell as sweet.

—SHAKESPEARE.

A friend of mine once complained to me that he had been seriously handicapped through life by his patronymic LAFFERTY. While not claiming that disadvantage, there is no doubt that the possession of so long a name as HIGINBOTHAM has frequently caused me inconvenience, delay, loss of time and, occasionally, much vexation through the stupidity or lack of observation on the part of clerks, business men and correspondents. For forty-four years our name appeared in the advertising of our daily and weekly papers. During our business existence we used hundreds of thousands of labels, tags, invoices and letterheads, all plainly printed or engraved, and I have been credited with writing a fairly legible hand; yet all to little purpose, for even with these before their senders, letters, notes, addressed parcels, and even stock certificates and bonds arrived with sometimes only a faint resemblance to our proper name.

Some of these picturesque mis-spellings I threw into a letter basket. One stormy day when our correspondence was light, I had our stenographer take them down and, later on, arrange them alphabetically, and this was the result; over two hundred mis-spelled surnames, as follows:

Bigganbottam	Haenbathom	Heighbathom
Bigghinbotham	Haganbatam	Heighinbotham
Biginbotham	Hagembotham	Hemginbotham
Bottotham	Hagenbaugh	Hibinbotham
Dillingbotham	Hagenblom	Hicinbotham
Dingintham	Hagenbothen	Hickanbotom
Duhiginbotham	Hambotham	Hickenbecker
Eginbotham	Hegenbotham	Hickenbotham
Entiginbotham	Heginboth	Hickinbottom
Genbotham	Heginbotham	Hickingbottom
Giganbotham	Hegendothan	Hidgenbotham
Hadisbotham	Heggwloham	Hidginbotham

Hidinbotham	Higginbottham	Higinboltham
Hifinbotham	Higginboth	Higinborham
Higabottom	Higginbitham	Higin
Higambotham	HigginBotton	Higinboth
Higanbotham	HiggingBottom	Higinbotiom
Higanbothon	Higginghohem	Higiinbothami
Higbinbothom	Higgingotham	Higinbothan
Higbotham	Higginlott	Higinbothano
Higbottom	Higginotham	Higinbothamt
Higenbordan	Higgintham	Higinbothm
Higenbordam	Higginsbotham	Higinbitham
Higenbotham	Higginsbotom	Higinbothorn
Hiegbagher	Higginsbottom	Higinbotlean
Higganbotham	Higgonbattom	Higinbutton
Higganbotom	Higgonbotham	Higinbotyam
Higganbottom	Higgonbithom	Higinbrothen
Higgbottom	HiggonBotton	Higinbtham
Higbotomen	Higgonsbottom	Higinbtoham
Higbingotham	Higgotham	HiginDapham
Higg & Bottom	Higegenboth	Higindophan
Higgelbutton	Higanbothon	Higineophan
Higgenbatton	Highamsbotom	Higinbptham
Higgenbotem	Highbotham	Higingbotham
Higgenbothan	Highbottle	Higingotham
Higgenbothen	Highenbotam	Higinleathem
Higgenbottom	Highimbottom	Higinleotham
Higgenbothon	Highinbithen	Higinbotahm
Higgentbtham	Highinboth	Higinnotham
Higginbatan	Highinbotham	Higinpotham
Higginabothan	Highlbotham	Higobodam
Higginbottam	Highnbotmar	Higinobotham
Higginbothem	Highinbottom	Higintitham
Higginbortham	Highbottom	Higinbolham
HigginBohan	Highumbottom	Higintobham
HigginBottom	Highionboghen	Higintsham
Higgibotham	Highothon	Higinyotham
HigginBotham	Higinabotham	Higlenbotham
Higginbottor	Higinabothan	Higmbotham
Higgin Brothers	Higinbatham	Hignbotten
Higginbotham	Higinbhow	Higmebotham
Higginbothum	Higinbalhon	Hignbotha
Higginbotom	Higinbolahan	Hignham

Hignsbotham	Hinggin Bottom	Hymbocharm
Higisbotham	Hingginbotham	Hymbortham
Higonbotham	Hingthoam	Hypenbotham
Higunghen	Hingmbohan	Hizinbotham
Higtinbotham	Hingtrotham	Kickenbottom
Higybottoham	Higington	Kiginbotham
Hihhimbotnam	Hingington	Leginbotham
Hihhinbotham	Hithinbotham	Liginbotham
Hihhibotham	HivinDotham	Ligintham
Hiiginbotham	Hizinbotham	Miegenbotham
Hijibotlian	Hizrubotham	Pegginbotham
Hikenbros	Hoginbotham	Rigginbotham
Hinbotham	Hotinbotham	Rigginbottom
Hinbohan	HuggingButtom	Wejibotecene
Hingbotham	Hugunbotham	Wigimbotham
Hingingbotham	Hygginbotham	Winterbothom
Hingerbetherm	Hyinbotham	Wisenbolleau
Higinthome	Hyjinbotham	
Hinigebotham	Hyinbohan	

I once wrote Professor O'Hart, Ringsend College, Dublin, author of many genealogical works, with respect to the origin of our name. He replied somewhat as follows:

"Your name came from the Irish Gaelic *Uige*, meaning knowledge; from this it became *Uigin*, then *Higgin*. There became so many of the latter that in order to distinguish them, those that lived in the low, or bottom lands, were called *Higginsbottom*,<sup>2</sup> later modernized into *Higinbotham*, as you now write it."

<sup>2</sup>*Bottom* (Anglo-Saxon Botm). In Sussex, England, the words dale, vale and valley are rarely used, bottom is the substitute. The term signifies any low ground or valley, hence Longbottom, Rosebottom, Shoebotham and that elegant surname, Shufflebottom, which, when understood to signify "shaw-field-bottom," has nothing ridiculous in it. In Lancashire the hicken is the mountain ash, whence Hickenbotham. There are also such names as Ashenbottom and Owler—that is, alder—bottom. Eichenbaum is the German for oak tree, a coincidence perhaps. Thomas Higinbotham in 1736 signed his name with one "g," and his descendants have consistently adhered to this spelling. The Higinbothoms of Laurel Hill, County Derry, spelled the final syllable of their name "om."

My father's eldest sister Eliza, the family historian in her day, always maintained that our name was of Dutch origin. She claimed that three brothers Higinbotham came to Ireland as officers in the army of William of Orange and that they were granted estates in that country after the Irish Conquest. This is confirmed by the fact that our name, spelled exactly as we do, is known in Holland, John Higinbotham, a celebrated Dutch chemist, having been the original discoverer of the art of compounding Mercury, or Quicksilver. There also were three estates in Ireland held by our kinsmen, namely Cortober (our own) Nutfield and Drumheriff. There are many of our name residing in England, Scotland, the<sup>3</sup> United States, Australia and Canada.

Reverend Robert Higinbotham,<sup>4</sup> M.A., Curate of Derry Cathedral, son of Henry Higinbotham, Esquire of Nutfield, and Mountjoy Square, Dublin, died in 1857 of typhus fever contracted in the discharge of his duty. A mural tablet was erected to his memory in Derry Cathedral, with the following epitaph by William Alexander, now Archbishop of Armagh:

Down through our crowded lanes, and closer air,  
O friend, how beautiful thy footsteps were;  
When through the fever's waves of fire they trod,  
A form was with thee like the Son of God.  
'Twas but one step for those victorious feet,  
From their day's walk into the golden street;  
And they who watched that walk, so bright and brief,  
Have marked this marble with their hope and grief.

<sup>3</sup>A family named Higinbotham are recorded as landing at Jamestown, Virginia, in 1680.

<sup>4</sup>Brother of the late George Higinbotham, Chief Justice of Victoria, Australia.

## CHAPTER III

### MY APPRENTICESHIP

*I used to think despairingly, "Am I to be fettered to this sort of thing for life?"*

—HECTOR CHARLESWORTH, in *Candid Chronicles*.

*And the Lord said unto Moses, Take unto thee sweet spices, stacte, and onycha, and galbanum; these sweet spices, with pure frankincense; of each shall there be a like weight; and thou shalt make it a perfume, a confection after the art of the apothecary, tempered together, pure and holy.*

—Exodus 30: 34.

THE most joyous time in the life of the ordinary boy is when, with six weeks' vacation in prospect, he gathers his books and turns his back upon school.

Unfortunately for me, my pleasure was to be of short duration; first of all, before leaving the classroom, I was summoned to the presence of the headmaster, Dr. Wm. Tytler. Piled upon his desk were my books, which I quickly recognized, with the guilty feeling that some of the fly-leaves were covered with cartoons of my teachers. I remembered particularly one which was inscribed "Our Pedagogues, or the gauntlet I had to run," and the memory brought me small comfort.

This worthy gentleman lost little time in beginning his verbal castigation. He had made an examination of my books—needless to say that someone had "tipped him off"—and expressed surprise that I should have the effrontery to hold up to ridicule by cartooning those who were endeavouring to give me an education, but particularly reprehensible was the

fact that the subject of one of my sketches was a lady. Nothing but the circumstance that it was the closing day of school saved me from the flogging I so well deserved.

That evening at the supper table my woes were increased when my father informed me that next morning I was to be called at six o'clock—an unearthly hour for me—have my breakfast, and be at Smith's drug store when the doors opened at seven.

I am writing this narrative fifty years after these events and I can say of my apprenticeship, and the business career which followed, what one of Sir Walter Scott's characters said of his wife, "We never were in love with each other and it pleased heaven to decrease that feeling upon further acquaintance."

It was with meagre formality that I was introduced to my duties: An empty Fellow's Syrup box, the bottom of which had been reinforced with extra boards, was presented to me, along with an iron pestle and a large block of ice. My orders were to reduce the latter to small particles, almost like snow, and to pack it around the leaden chambers inside of the marble soda-water fountain, which, with its crystal dome and jet of water playing within, was *par excellence* the most attractive "Fixture" in the shop. This task done, I was handed a corn broom and a small box containing sawdust, saturated with coal-oil, and with these requested to sweep the tiled floor, with the further injunction to "Make no dust either." This was not as simple as it looked, for unless the broom was pointed at an angle of forty-five degrees to the floor in the rear of the sweeper, instead of in advance, the dust arose despite the oiled preventative and settled upon the showcases, mirrors, glass-labelled bottles and window display globes and jars. To save labour

for all concerned, I was carefully drilled in this by the head assistant, John Hugill, who was a graduate chemist, and I never required a second teaching. This simple and useful art has been passed on by me to many succeeding apprentices—as well as to some of our domestic servants.

These events took place in days prior to municipal waterworks and the entire supply of H<sub>2</sub>O, that very necessary article for a drugstore, had to be conveyed from the town pump, located on the Market Square nearly two blocks distant. Occasionally this was augmented from pumps in the rear of two hotels, and not far removed from their stables. Not very sanitary, you may remark, but the germ-theory of disease was unknown to us, so why should we worry then about such trifles? This may be all very quickly stated, and sound simple, but to a boy of fourteen years it was no small task, but by no means my lightest.

After cleaning and polishing, so that no lint was left on the glass, a large array of "graduates," or graduated medicine containers, of various shapes and sizes, from one dram to forty ounces, Wedgewood, glass, and iron mortars were next cleaned and replaced in the dispensary, as were the pill-tiles and ointment slabs made of porcelain, the latter, on account of the greasy nature of the unguents, having to be first scoured with dry sawdust. As time went on, I learned what acids and cleansing compounds were necessary for the removal of the various stains, oils and poisons before any of these utensils would pass inspection under the eagle-eye and vulture-nose of the head dispenser.

Unfortunately for me, Edison's inventions had

not come into use and we were still in the "Coal-oil Age." An array of between thirty and forty lamps, of various forms and dimensions, was now brought out and placed on the back-shop counter to be filled with oil, the wicks neatly trimmed, and the chimneys cleaned and polished.

Neither the bicycle, nor that present-day necessity, the telephone had arrived, and all messages to and from doctors, dentists and others, had to be delivered on foot by the lowest apprentice. It was, therefore, no wonder that the greater portion of his first year's salary of fifty dollars was spent on the purchase of shoes. His many other duties worked havoc with his clothing, so that, as he had to be much on the streets in garments resembling those of a chimney-sweep, a loss of self-respect and the acquiring of an inferiority complex were disturbing features.

With reference to that great labour-saving invention of Bell's, I well remember the first "telephone" demonstration not a block from our store on Macdonnell Street. The 'phones were made from two tin cylinders like small ointment boxes, the ends of which were covered with gold-beater's skin, instead of metal, tightly stretched over the ends of each and the connection made with sea-island twine, no wires or batteries being used. Of course, it was regarded as a toy, yet the marvel was that conversations could be carried on over such a flimsy contrivance. Many years later I learned that the Indian sent his messages by mirror, fires, smoke and by striking stones together beneath the water, and these same primitive messages were frequently conveyed many miles, and with great clarity, to those who recognize these signals. During the early part of the Riel rebellion, in 1885, the Blood

Indians were aware of what was transpiring at the front hours before our Government couriers, on horse-back had conveyed the news to us.

The proprietor of our store was what might be euphemistically described as an economist, for such materials as aloes, borax, saltpetre and even resin, were never ordered in powdered form, although the price would scarcely be one cent more per pound. They had to be ground in the huge iron mortar which stood upon a large upright log of wood. If the apprentice wished to save his hair from being gummed when grinding lump resin, it was necessary for him to wear an empty cork sack over his head. Sifting Gregory's-powder with one's nostrils plugged with cotton was also far from pleasant. These petty economies on the part of the proprietor were a grievous thing to the apprentices. The above-mentioned iron mortar was the means by which many practical jokes were played upon the novices who came to our establishment. A piece of crude rubber the size of a tea-biscuit kept one boy perspiring for an hour in an effort to reduce it to powder. A common trick was to hand him a paper on which was a mixture of sulphur and chlorate of potash with instructions to give it a vigorous grinding—the result was usually an explosion which caused the bottles to rattle on their shelves as well as alarming the neighbourhood. The face of the apprentice would be blanched with fright and his countenance and clothes covered with the yellowish mixture.

One of the most serious happenings, for me at least, in those days occurred while two of us were making carbonic acid gas for charging copper cylinders about three-quarters full of pump water, thus converting it into "soda-water." The generator, or

machine in which it was manufactured was made of copper, one-quarter of an inch in thickness, and was capable of withstanding a pressure of over 250 pounds to the square inch. We usually charged the cylinders at 220 pounds, which would indicate the dangerous nature of the operation—especially in the charge of boys of fourteen or fifteen years.

My duty as lowest apprentice was to place the proper proportions of bicarbonate of soda and water in the largest and lowest chamber; also to put about twenty pounds of sulphuric acid in the upper chamber after the highest apprentice had carefully closed the valve connecting the two. The mind of the senior, on this occasion at least, was not upon his work and the very important valve was *not* shut off, therefore, when I poured the acid, by means of a large pitcher and funnel into the upper chamber, there was nothing to stop it from flowing into the lower, the carbonic acid gas thus formed blew the entire contents of the acid chamber into my face, striking my forehead and running down my shoulders. Aware of the danger of vitriol burns, as well as the frightful scars left on the body from contact with it, I jumped from the stool on which I had been standing and rushed for a small tin containing water for washing bottles, etc. This I hastily emptied over my head. As the burning pain continued, and no more water was available, I rushed across the street and leaped into a watering trough in the rear of a livery stable, which being over six feet long, engulfed me without doubling up my figure. Realizing what had happened, the other apprentices followed me and dragged me from the trough. Meanwhile, John, our graduate assistant, with great presence of mind, had prepared a healing mixture and stood by, ready to anoint me. My clothing, rotted by the

acid, came off in shreds, so again, the quick-thinking John called a cab and ordered me driven home, where I immediately went to bed.

When I had time to look over my wounds, I rejoiced to find that none of the fiery fluid had entered my eyes, although reddish streaks were visible on head, face and shoulders, some of these scars remaining for days, if not for weeks, thereafter.

One would think that serious happenings, such as the above, would have a sobering effect upon the apprentices; but no, the "fun" must go on. All dogs and cats which strayed into our *sanctum sanctorum* had their posteriors promptly turpentineed and usually went howling down the street. Cow-itch<sup>1</sup>—cowage—a highly irritating substance, was sifted down the necks of loafers, usually from an unsuspected place of vantage, a window overlooking the lounging-ground and the fiercest scratching and swearing would follow. Although the victims were entirely ignorant of the cause, they invariably changed their quarters rapidly.

A notorious, but good-natured dipsomaniac, Jerry Connor, who used—when not in gaol—to beg hair oil from us, usually had three or four ounces of castor oil, in which some valerianate of zinc was incorporated, poured over his greying locks. Mucilage was sometimes used as a variation to the highly-smelling valerianate. Upon one occasion a baker whose shop the odoriferous "drunk" entered, after our anointing, became very wrathy and threw a scoopful of flour over his oily countenance, making Jerry's appearance highly ludicrous.

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<sup>1</sup>In contact with the skin, cowage pricks, stings and itches violently and persistently. The more one rubs the itching part, the deeper in the hairs are driven. The deeper in, the greater the itching. The greater the itching, the more one rubs.

Some building operations were being carried on immediately in the rear of our store; the edifice was to be of stone, therefore, masons were employed. One was a very fat man weighing over three hundred pounds, the other, tall and thin, "like a yard of pump water." The time was July, and the days being somewhat torrid, the two sought the sheltering shade of our cellar for their noontide repast. Now it happened that a short distance from the entrance to our basement was a row of kegs containing spirituous liquors, or "hospital comforts," namely: *Vin. Portense* (Port Wine), *Spts. Vini Gallici* (Brandy), *Spts. Vini Rect.* (Alcohol), *Vin. Xericum* (Sherry Wine), etc. To these builders the *labels* meant nothing, but the *smell* did, and consequently they tried a little experimentation with the "drip-bottles"—i.e. those attached by cord to the end of each spigot to catch the drippings. A daily inspection of the bottles revealed that the contents were being surreptitiously abstracted, and we, therefore, reported to John, whom we heard remark, "I shall soon discover the thief," at the same time weighing on the prescription scales ten grains of tartar emetic. Now a fraction of a grain will make the ordinary individual think of a stormy crossing of the English Channel or a heavy swell on the Bay of Biscay. For, once taken, not much remains on the stomach but one's hand—unless it be *two* hands. After the next luncheon period we were not obliged to wait very long before the culprits were revealed. The big man became violently ill. He heaved in fact like a fluid under ebullition, and being too heavy to be carried up the ladder, his mates were obliged to place him on a stone-boat and raise him by elevator. He was much too sick a man to be taken home, so he lay upon the sofa of a near-by hotel for at least three

days, or until all traces of "seasickness" had disappeared. The poor man, during his time for reflection, thought he had tapped the wrong keg and was poisoned—and to tell the truth he very nearly was, as John did not dream that he would get more than a small portion of the dose. However, he reappeared at his work, much to our relief, about three weeks later, looking quite sprightly and having parted with at least twenty pounds of adipose tissue.

My father carried with him from New York the first chloroform ever seen in Guelph. The late Dr. Parker, at that time an undergraduate in medicine, was so skeptical of its qualifications as an anaesthetic that he offered to be the subject of an experiment. So little was known at that early date of the quantity necessary to anaesthetize a person that its effects nearly proved fatal for the budding surgeon, and only prompt action on the part of the scientific experimenters saved Parker's life. Needless to state, after this experience he had great respect for the new "sleep producer."

My father also informed me that he brought from New York to Guelph, the first kerosene<sup>2</sup> or coal-oil lamp, together with a supply of the necessary fluid now called "liquid gold"<sup>3</sup>—and the subsequent exhibition of these to the neighbours created astonishment. Prior to this, while coal-gas was in occasional use in

<sup>2</sup>A Canadian was the discoverer of kerosene—Dr. Abraham Gesner, of Nova Scotia, who died in 1864, and is buried in Halifax. He studied medicine in London but returned to Nova Scotia to interest himself in science, especially the development of artificial illuminants from hydrocarbons, and in 1851 succeeded in obtaining illuminating oil from Trinidad asphalt and later distilled an oil suitable for burning in lamps from cannel coal and bituminous shale. He named the product keroselain from the Greek, shortened later to kerosene.

<sup>3</sup>Crude oil discovered in 1859 by Col. E. L. Drake, at Titusville, Pa., U.S.A.

cities and larger towns, candles were almost the sole source of illumination.

If father had only foreseen what grief he brought to his son in the later use of that illuminant by the public, he would have allowed it to remain south of the international border.

To the lot of the lowest apprentice fell the major part of the handling the kerosene sold by our firm. During the winter from one to three barrels a day were regularly emptied. The usual process was to raise them, one at a time, by block and tackle, from the cellar, bore a hole with a brace and bit in the head of each, fit it with a spigot, and roll it on skids to a platform about two feet high whence it was measured into the various receptacles brought by customers. The barrels were painted blue, and, owing to the leaking oil were always "fresh," consequently the paint was easily imparted to hands and clothing. Most of us apprentices, therefore, had the appearance of barn-painters as well as the odour of oil-refiners. This was not the worst of it, as many of our customers requested delivery. It was a comparatively light matter when the quantities were small, but it became a weighty one when ordered in from five to ten gallon quantities—and carried by a fourteen-year-old apprentice.

We had no delivery cart. The grocer next door occasionally allowed me the use of his, but did so grudgingly, owing to the odours imparted to his produce and the oil-stains left in the wood of the vehicle.

As five imperial gallons of oil weighed approximately fifty pounds and ten gallons double this amount, it was no small task for a boy of fourteen years, especially when the oil had to be conveyed a distance

of a mile or more. In cases where the larger quantity was ordered, the burden was divided into two containers.

Once the senior apprentice had a narrow escape from arrest. With a metal pea-shooter, and a supply of the necessary ammunition, he took a position in a basement light-well, or air shaft, below the street level, which was covered by a cast-iron grating, which permitted the "sharp-shooter" to survey his victims coming or going—especially the latter—without being observed. Many pedestrians received a fusillade, usually back of the ears, but were mystified whence it came. While this was going on merrily, along marched the Chief of Police, Macmillan, a tall, athletic man with swinging gait, a fierce-looking, black moustache, equally raven locks, and dark, piercing eyes. He, too, received a charge of peas around his left ear. He wheeled about with alacrity and looked, fortunately for the joker, upward; this gave the latter his opportunity for escape as he recognized his victim and had no delusions as to what it would mean were he caught. The Chief made a quick and thorough inspection of the drug store, the offices overhead, and even the roof, but found everything going odorously on as usual.

Apropos of "spoofing" the Chief, one winter when the snow was deep, and the weather cold, one of my brothers had driven mother to prayer-meeting, with orders to return for her at the close. He duly arrived with the cutter, but the meeting had evidently been prolonged. The horse and driver were restless and the cold increasing. The schoolroom in which the meeting was held was illuminated with gas and the gasometer stood in the hallway within a few feet of the front door. A process of thinking was taking

place beneath the buffalo robes and it was not long before the gas supply was shut off from the meeting-house.

The sable-locked Chief of Police, as it happened, occupied one of the pews adjacent to the door, towards which he sprang as quickly as the darkness permitted. Bareheaded he rushed into the frosty air and surveyed the street, which he found entirely empty save for the horse, cutter and driver—the latter being, apparently sound asleep under the robes. Roused by the Chief he was asked if he had seen anyone leaving the building, to which my brother replied that he had not seen anyone, but he had heard a rapid running down the street, and could not determine whether it was by one or more persons. My mother, on emerging from the building, asked her driver no questions, but she had a shrewd suspicion as to how the light failed at that particular moment.

There came a time when the senior apprentice, an incurable jokester, received his quietus as far as his connection with Smith's drug store was concerned. A near-by grocer had in his backyard some over-ripe eggs, therefore in the discard, but for which the senior found a ready use. Seeing a young man, clad in a new suit of clothes, going down the opposite side of the street from the back shop-door, he hurled two eggs in rapid succession. They struck a brick wall, and splashed his clothing with yellow and odoriferous henfruit. The victim, turning rapidly, saw the apprentice as he made a sudden movement to get within the door without being observed. A complaint was lodged and the practical joker received his walking ticket.

As weights dropped by athletes give them a sense of freedom, the delivery of small packages and pre-

scriptions, as well as the running of various errands brought me a feeling of relief from the general drudgery.

John, who has already been mentioned, was enamoured of a young lady, a member of a choir to which he belonged. To her he sent occasional notes. Once he handed me his calling card, upon which his name was engraved in script, and upon which he had inscribed with a pen: "II Epistle John, verse 5,"<sup>4</sup> I handed the card to the young woman, asking if there was any reply. Excusing herself a minute, she returned with her own card on which she had written: "II Epistle John, verse 12,"<sup>5</sup> which, when I had pondered, I regarded as an excellent example of quick thinking.

The grinding and sifting of aloes was, to all of the apprentices, a most obnoxious task, as the exceedingly bitter dust pervaded everything in our laboratory. I could taste it, even at home, on everything I ate, and, unfortunately, the horrid stuff was much used in those days in the making of pills, also in the compounding of many veterinary medicines. Asafoetida, called by the Germans "Devil's Dung," was a rather disagreeable gum to reduce, as its odour was far from that of new-mown hay, but, fortunately, not very much of it was used in our particular business. The pharmacist of fifty years ago would feel lost in the dispensing department of modern drugstores, in some of which the dispensaries have been sidetracked or omitted altogether. The heavy work we used to do is now

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"And now I beseech thee, lady, not as though I wrote a new commandment unto thee, but that which we had from the beginning, that we love one another."

"Having many things to write unto you, I would not write with paper and ink: but I trust to come unto you, and speak face to face, that our joy may be full."

done by machinery or unskilled labour. We work nowadays more with our heads than with our hands. Physicians' prescriptions were rather stereotyped then, limited by the few drugs and chemicals available. Face creams, powders, lipsticks, talcums and shaving creams were practically unknown, therefore not found in the stock of the chemist and druggist of the old days.

A gilded or illuminated mortar and pestle, also coloured globes, designated stores where drugs were dispensed. A contributor to London *Punch* wrote: "I never go into a chemist's without wanting to buy the whole shop. And if only more of them would decorate their windows with those large and lovely red and green bottles, so rarely seen to-day, I should always be ill.

"Years ago I wrote a song about those chemists' bottles, in which the mystery of their being was solved at last:

But if the truth is what you want,  
The Truth is sweet and short,  
For one of them is Creme de Menthe,  
The other one is Port.

At even, when he feels like sin,  
He takes them from the shelf,  
He asks the naughty doctor in,  
And just enjoys himself.

He fills a bumper to the brim,  
He lights a huge Havana,  
And bawls the rude barbaric hymn,  
To Ipecacuanha."

In the good old days no effort was made to camouflage disagreeable, or vile-tasting medicines by render-

ing them more palatable, "the stronger the taste, the quicker the cure" being the popular belief.

Prior to the discovery of coal-tar products, including dyes, all home dyeing was done by means of roots, herbs and chemicals. Indigo, once imported in vast quantities from the Orient, is practically unknown to-day; the same might be said of madder, fustic, logwood, and so forth. The latter we sometimes received in the form of "chips" in barrels, but more frequently it came in the form of "extract" which was put up in twenty-pound boxes and which, in warm weather, had the consistency of tar. This we were obliged to weigh out in various-sized parcels, but as it had to be "pulled" with bare hands, the skin of these soon became so stained as to resemble black kid gloves.

As washing with soap had the effect of setting the colour, we were obliged to use tartaric acid, which partially removed it, but as a rule the discoloration frequently lasted for days.

If summer had its griefs, winter also had its tribulations. Our premises were heated by means of a wood-burning furnace, and, as the materials for it were deposited in our basement in the form of cord-wood, the reduction of it by a buck-saw became necessary, for the sticks were twice the size of the fire-pot. The cold weather arrived and with it a large supply of wood, mostly maple, beech and elm. The apprentices held a council of war, when it was unanimously determined that the sawing should not be done by us. When orders came from headquarters for work to be begun upon the formidable pile, we proceeded to the basement with apparent alacrity. The saw-horse was produced, also the buck-saw, but in the course of a few minutes, we managed to break the

blade; a second one met a like fate in short order; this extravagant use of cutting instruments convinced our economical employer that other and more experienced persons would be less costly in the long run. The "game" worked and we were nevermore summoned to the wood-pile. The same store is now warmed by central heating from a coal-burning furnace in an adjacent building.

Apprentices are not called upon nowadays to do the hard, manual labour suitable only for galley-slaves: all pills, plasters, ointments, tinctures, extracts, infusions, decoctions, elixirs and confections were made on our premises; manufactured (i.e. ready-made) pills, tablets, and so on were unknown. The old tincture-press, hand-mill for grinding crude drugs, also plaster-irons, are now to be found only in museums along with the spinet, spinning-wheel and the candle-mould.

Our working hours were long: the store was opened at seven a.m., winter and summer, and closed at nine p.m., with the exception of Saturdays and days prior to holidays when it was kept open until eleven o'clock and frequently later. On Sundays, too, some of us were always required to be on duty. Regardless of the number of errands to be made, the lowest apprentice was obliged to have every spatula, mortar, graduate, pill-tile, ointment-slab, and so on, clean and ready for use—before he left the premises. It, therefore, sometimes neared the midnight hour before he reached his welcome couch.

Following the discharge of the senior apprentice, two boys were engaged, but proving hopeless, were given their dismissal. At last there appeared one, considerably under-sized for his years, as well as for the work required of him, but who was not deficient in brains, as he invariably headed our class in the

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High School. In fact, on one occasion, which I well remember, he was the only scholar who was not detained after hours, he alone being able to repeat the Latin prepositions which govern the accusative. Picking up his books, he turned with a supercilious smile upon his countenance, as much as to say, "What fools these mortals be!" and left the room. Chancing to be near the door as he departed, I said, "I'll remember these when you have forgotten them." The time for my revenge was at hand. After introducing him to his new duties I asked if he could by any means, recall the prepositions which govern the accusative. To my barbaric delight he was unable to name a single one; then, with fiendish gusto, I (metaphorically speaking) rammed twenty odd of them down his throat, or rather into his unwilling ears.

At school, learning always came to me with great difficulty, and for that reason I was sometimes obliged to stand, facing a corner, with a tall paper cap on my head. In all mathematical subjects I invariably stood at the foot of the class; the only lessons in which I exhibited an interest were geography, history, science, drawing and literature. School became a wearisome bore to me and I doubted if I should ever amount to anything, when one day I learned that Sir Walter Scott, when revisiting his old school, handed a boy upon whose head was a dunce cap, a crown piece, remarking, "You are occupying the same place that I did when here." Later on, the following from Carlyle (which I committed to memory) brought me unspeakable comfort and satisfaction, "The richer a nature, the slower and completer its development. Two boys went once to Edinburgh Grammar School, John, ever trim, precise and dux; Walter, ever slovenly, confused and dolt. In due time John became Baillie

John, of Hunter Square, and Walter became Sir Walter Scott of the universe. The quickest and completest of all vegetables is the cabbage."

From earliest childhood I had always evinced a desire to be an explorer, and my great ambition was to reach the North Pole. I used to confide my plans to my maternal grandfather, David Allan, who listened patiently to them, and, pointing out any defects in them, sent me away to make new ones or to solve my present problems. I read with avidity all works I could procure on Polar exploration, and for a youngster, was fairly well versed in nautical physical geography. This ambition also gave incentive as well as direction to my reading, as I felt assured that all such knowledge would eventually prove useful to me as an explorer. About this time Commander Cheyne, of the Royal Navy, made public a plan to explore the Arctic regions and to reach the North Pole—by means of three balloons linked together. This scheme had been placed before the British Government for their consideration. I wrote at once to the Commander, offering myself as a volunteer in any capacity in which he thought I might be useful; to my great delight I received a personal letter from him, accepting the application, provided the expedition was sanctioned by Parliament. But, alas, it was not; otherwise my bones would be bleaching on some northern shores, filling a crevasse or adding one more to Davy Jones' locker.

The long hours during which we were employed gave me, for once in my life, an appreciation of the value of time, and my few hours of leisure were carefully allotted; also, greater care was taken in my selection of books, for, happily, I was very fond of reading.

One evening I went to hear a lecture on "The Bow

River Country," by the late Rev. Dr. Sutherland, who had made a journey through the great North-west, and who, upon this occasion spoke with particular reference to what is now the Province of Alberta. At the conclusion of the address I decided then and there that this should be *my* country—the land of my dreams.

One day, when proceeding along a street with my errands, I chanced to see a flaming poster calling for recruits for the North-West Mounted Police, and immediately made up my mind to "throw physic to the dogs" and link up with that well-known force, by leaving Guelph at once for Toronto without giving notice to anyone. One of my sisters guessed my intentions as she had watched me assembling my small store of clothing and valuables. Mother, then Father, soon learned of my plans. The latter, like the wise man he was, did not storm, but simply asked me *where* I was going and *why*. Unburdening myself as to the loathsome apprenticeship, I said that I was taking the first opportunity to go West and that I intended joining the Mounted Police. He listened with extreme patience to the story and then reminded me that two of the three years of my apprenticeship had been served, that the remaining time would soon be spent, then I should go to the College of Pharmacy, and, after receiving my diploma, would be in possession of a business or profession which could never be taken from me and which might prove useful to me in days to come, even though I should decide upon another career. Should I wish to go to the North-west he would endeavour to purchase a business for me, or enable me to be properly located, whereas if I enlisted with the Mounted Police, five valuable years of my life would be spent to no purpose, and

I would emerge from it unfitted for life's responsibilities. As a military man he described barrack life and its probable demoralizing effect upon my character.

After listening to this sage advice, I returned to my duties, none but ourselves being aware of what had transpired.

In looking back upon my early home life, I have often been impressed with gratitude for the wisdom, piety and forbearance of my parents and grandparents, paternal and maternal, and I cannot recall a single dishonourable act in the whole of my father's long life. And in addition to a life of the strictest integrity, there were numberless deeds of kindness and mercy done without hope of recompense or reward.

## CHAPTER IV

### LIFE IN OLD TORONTO

*There is a tide in the affairs of men which taken at the flood  
leads on to fortune.*

—SHAKESPEARE, in *Hamlet*.

*Do you remember 'way back when  
(Say forty, fifty years)  
You never saw your sweetheart's legs,  
But judged her by her ears?*

*The kids were tubbed but once a week,  
Their daddy cut their hair;  
Their suits were made from uncle's clothes,  
They wore no underwear.*

*The women padded but did not paint,  
Nor smoke, nor drink, nor vote.  
Men wore long boots and small stiff hats,  
And whiskers like a goat.*

—ANON.

AT last the hour of my freedom arrived, and on July 8, 1882, I received the twenty-five dollars covering my last quarter's salary (from the princely sum of one hundred dollars per annum) an advance of twenty-five dollars on the previous year.

The good old summer-time vacation period was at hand, and never did I appreciate such delightful holidays, following three years of relentless drudgery. Our sailboat and equipment was put in order, our tents overhauled, provisions purchased, camp necessities assembled, then off we went with joy and gladness to St. Helen's, our isle of many happy days in Puslinch Lake.

One week-end the other members of our party

went to Guelph, leaving a young English visitor as a companion for me. During the night he complained of violent pains in his abdomen. Not having a hot-water bottle, I made a fire and heated heavy dinner plates which were regularly applied, followed later with mustard plasters. This treatment was kept up the greater part of the night, and we had both fallen asleep when after a little I thought that someone called me and the calling continued, as in a dream. I awoke, went outside the tent, then to our boat-landing. Again I heard my name, and, looking towards the nearest shore, I saw someone waving a large handkerchief and shouting for me to bring over the boat. Rowing to where I saw the signal, I discovered Ed Schofield, with a bag on his back and a spruce partridge which he had just shot. He had walked all the way from Guelph. Seizing the oars he soon learned my story of the night's experience. Sending me to bed at once, he proceeded to prepare the game. Ed was a wonderful cook, and with hot toast and steaming coffee he soon had a breakfast fit for a king. Thus regaled, our troubles were forgotten and we were at peace with the world. Appendicitis was unknown in those days, but I fully believe that our guest had suffered an acute attack. He was my first patient, and recovered.

All things have an end, whether pleasant or disagreeable, and plans were now made to send me to the Ontario College of Pharmacy, Toronto, whither I soon turned my steps. This institution was in its early and experimental stage. It was making a brave effort with six professors to cover the curriculum. One only of them is alive to-day, Prof. E. B. Shuttleworth. He lectured in Practical Chemistry, and was also a water-colour artist of note.

The time for the final examinations arrived; most of us were nervous and excited; personally, I was almost ill with apprehension. However, the papers set for us were fair, and covered, as far as a two-hour test could, the subjects assigned to us.

In one subject, practical dispensing, two things gave me great concern: I had used too much excipient (binding material) in making my batch of pills, and they were consequently too large. I had not thought of throwing out some of the materials to reduce their size. The powders, also, which contained powdered charcoal—to test our cleanliness—were, owing to my nervous state, far from satisfactory.

That afternoon I returned to my boarding-house in the profoundest depths, convinced that I should be plucked, and knowing that I had not done myself justice. Before leaving the examination hall I noticed that all the "exhibits" were placed on a long table at one side of the room, each labeled with our own respective numbers. The same evening I went to a druggist with whom I was acquainted, and confided to him my perplexity. He at once placed his dispensary at my disposal where I made another batch of pills and powders exactly as called for on our papers. Putting them into my pockets, I carried them next day to the hall and was able to replace those first made without hindrance.

It was the old story of too many in the secret, however, and after I had returned home to Guelph, but before the results of the examinations were published, I received a note from one whom I had previously regarded as a most intimate friend, and who really advised my course of action, that someone had "squealed," and that the examining professor was to interview me, leaving it to my honour to admit or

deny the charge. I left at once for Toronto and was met at the station by my so-called friend and confidant, who walked with me for nearly two miles to the residence of the professor, urging me with all the vehemence he could muster to deny the charge *in toto*. This I absolutely refused to do, and the tempter departed. The professor received me with great kindness, as well as sorrow; and I made a full and free confession, and expressed my regrets for the occurrence. He listened to what I had to say, made no promises, but, as a Christian gentleman, gave me some excellent advice. My name was *not* amongst the successful candidates: this meant that I must try once more, as I tried before; and that time I did not fail. It was good for me that the discovery was made: from various sources I learned that "My own familiar friend, in whom I trusted, had lifted up his heel against me." His motive apparently was the old one of "the green-eyed monster" of jealousy, the professor having a very pretty daughter with whom he was deeply in love. He had seen her conversing with *me*.

I now made application to Elliot & Company of Toronto for a position in their wholesale warehouse, and was almost immediately taken on as "entry clerk." The hours of duty being comparatively short—8 a.m. to 6 p.m.—gave me time to continue my studies without returning to the college. In August I was awarded my diploma, and one more chapter of my life closed.

Things had not gone very well financially with my father. A victim of misplaced confidence, he had lost a fortune by endorsing the notes of so-called friends for personal friendship's sake only. Two of them afterwards became affluent, but had no memory for past benefactions or their former benefactor. One

conveyed to his wife all of his personal assets, and court judgments were ineffective.

There was a large family at home for which to provide, and I realized that for the future I must depend entirely upon my own exertions. My salary was but six dollars per week, out of which was to be found board, clothing and other living expenses, consequently stern economy must govern all future actions. I was able to secure a large room on the third floor, which I shared with another student at five dollars per week, or two dollars and fifty cents each, including breakfast. This left three dollars and fifty cents to cover all other expenditures including dinner and supper. Fortunately two excellent coffee houses had just been opened in the city; the prices for food were very modest, and I was able to secure the remaining meals at an average of \$1.50 to \$1.75 a week. One could not grow corpulent on that. The foolish purchase of some medical and scientific books at this time kept my nose to the grindstone for a long period. There were many nights when I looked longingly into provision-shop windows, and went hungry to bed.

At this time I was offered charge of two flats in the warehouse, namely: those containing powdered drugs, seeds, porcelain and glassware; and I practically put up all orders for anything in these departments, but there was no advance whatever in emolument.

Central Presbyterian Church, which I had been attending for several months, opened a mission on William Street amongst the poor in that slum district, and Rev. Dr. P. McF. McLeod invited me to assist in that work. The people of the ward, who were of all races and creeds, showed some opposition to it at

first, and, as a precautionary measure, all of the windows of the hall were protected by very strong wire netting. An occasional fusillade of sticks, stones and broken bricks falling on the roof was heard during the meetings, but we made no complaint and the disturbances soon ceased. The Sunday services were conducted by Jonathan Goforth (now Reverend Doctor) who was then a student at Knox College, but who for forty years or more has been labouring as a missionary in China. It was here that he received his preliminary training for his life-work. I had charge of the mid-week evening exercises.

Many a time when passing up and down Church Street I noticed a brass plate on a house with the name of one of the first women physicians in Canada.

The story is told of a tramp who rang the doorbell, inquired if the doctor was at home and received a reply in the affirmative.

"Do you wish to consult the doctor?" asked the lady at the entrance. Tramp: "Well, yes—er—I wanted to ask him for a pair of his old pants." Lady (rather frigidly): "Well then, I am the doctor."

The tramp looked aghast, almost fell down the front steps and disappeared as if he had been shot.

As the author of the Pentateuch records of the antediluvians, so it might be said of the days following the Confederation of the Provinces, "There were giants in the earth in those days."

Some of the celebrities of the early eighties I well remember seeing from time to time on the streets and in the public places of Toronto. When going along Beverley Street I always looked through the iron fencing of "The Grange" to obtain, if possible, a glimpse of its tall, ascetic, scholarly-looking but sad-

faced proprietor, Goldwin Smith, formerly Regius Professor of History at Oxford, who edited a weekly literary review named *The Week*.

On this street also I first saw that fine specimen of manhood, the Hon. George Brown, editor of *The Globe*. He, in many ways, not political, reminded me of my grandfather Allan: both possessed large, well-shaped heads, and equally large feet, number twelve shoes, wore side whiskers only, affected Gladstonian collars and black silk cravats, were about the same height and of similar build and carriage. I was greatly distressed at his foul murder by a furnace man employed in the *Globe* building.

John Ross Robertson, editor of *The Telegram*, invariably smoking a cigar, always in a hurry, and looking straight ahead, was a familiar figure on King Street, and the Hon. Oliver Mowat, for two decades or so premier of Ontario, was always to be found on Sabbath mornings in his pew in St. Andrew's Church, which stood, and still stands, on the famous corner of King and Simcoe Streets. This corner was known as "Education" (Upper Canada College), "Legislation" (the residence of the Lieutenant-Governor), "Salvation" (St. Andrew's Church), and "Damnation" (a liquor saloon).

The Reverend Dr. Rainsford, of St. James's Cathedral, "the sporting parson," with his hunting crop under his arm and English setter dogs at heel, was also a familiar King Street figure.

For a year or more I attended the Bible class led by the Hon. S. H. Blake, Q.C., on Saturday afternoons in Shaftesbury Hall, on Queen Street, for the instruction of Sunday School teachers of all denominations. These were conducted with great ability.

What man that ever attended them could forget the clear enunciation of Blake's reading, his running commentaries, his searching questions and skilful sifting of replies from his audience, and his masterful summing up at the close of the lessons?

It was in Shaftesbury Hall that I heard the great English astronomer, Richard A. Proctor, lecture on "The Sun." I shall never forget the kindness with which he answered some of the questions I submitted to him at the conclusion of his address.

Here also I listened to the Reverend T. de Witt Talmage, of Brooklyn, N.Y., lecture on "Great Blunders." His spider-like platform actions, his enormous mouth and the rapidity of his utterances quite fascinated me.

Apropos of great speakers in Toronto, for pure eloquence, choice diction, clear enunciation, silvery tones and elevated thought, I never heard the equal of the Rev. Dr. John Hall, a Belfast Irishman, who for many years occupied the pulpit of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York. The occasion was a meeting of the Bible Society in the Metropolitan Church, where ministers and speakers of all denominations occupied the platform of the crowded edifice. Even the eloquent Bishop of Algoma, the Rt. Rev. Edward Sullivan, who also spoke, suffered in comparison with Dr. Hall, whose pure, limpid stream of "English undefiled" flowed like water in a brook.

I remember once overtaking and walking several blocks with the Hon. Alexander Mackenzie, who had been Prime Minister of Canada from 1873 to 1878. I could scarcely recognize at first the once plain and rugged man, with the clear, honest eyes, who visited us in Guelph, in the now almost pathetic figure with

a cane, slowly wending his way up Church Street to the Jarvis Street Baptist Church, where he worshipped. This was not many months prior to his passing on.

It was on the Market Square in Guelph, however, where I heard Mackenzie's great political opponent, the Rt. Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald, sway a vast crowd which no auditorium in the city at that time could accommodate. As a small boy, eager to hear and see everything, I got close enough to the bandstand, from which he and others were speaking, to catch even his *sotto voce* conversations with Sir David Macpherson, and saw him give a tug to the coat-tails of Senator J. B. Plumb, of Niagara, when he realized that the audience was tiring and was impatient to hear him (Sir John), and heard him say to the long-winded speaker: "Wind up, Plumb." Senator Plumb was known in his parliamentary days at Ottawa as "The Niagara Clock," for, once wound up, he took a long time to run down. This characteristic of his was pilloried by a skit which appeared in *Grip*, a comic journal edited by J. W. Bengough the cartoonist, which ran something like this:

The "Niagara Clock" should be put on the shelf  
For it's stood long enough on the floor.  
It is lighter by half than the chaff is itself,  
And it's worth not a pennyweight more.  
It rises to speak when the House begins to sit  
And it stops when the House doth arise;  
But it will stop short, never to go again,  
When J. B. Plumb dies.

From the "Muddy York" of sixty or more years ago to the beautiful city of Toronto to-day (1933), a wonderful transformation has taken place.

I well remember the old horse-drawn, bob-tailed street cars, which ran on a half-hour schedule, and

slowly ding-donged their way along the unpaved thoroughfares. They were not only very slow, but sometimes very dirty, especially in the winter months when the floors of the cars were covered with peastraw, presumably to keep the feet of the passengers comfortable, but which, when wet, resembled slimy seaweed. The streets, too, in the days prior to wooden-block or cement pavements, were simply quagmires, only a few of the main thoroughfares having been macadamized.

My grandfather Allan used laughingly to relate an experience in crossing King Street, in the neighbourhood of Church Street. He was conducting his nephew, John Idington (later Mr. Justice Idington of the Supreme Court of Canada), to the law offices of the Blakes, where the young man was to be articled, when the latter lost one of his boots in the mud. Even a careful search failed to locate it and another pair had to be purchased at the nearest shoe shop.

With what momentous consequences our simple acts are sometimes fraught! The street we walk, the corner we turn, the people we meet, any one of these seemingly inconsequential events may change the current of our lives.

The day was Sunday, the hour two o'clock in the afternoon. Unusually late in going to lunch, I met, on King Street, a fellow-student whom I had not seen for months. We stopped to chat and from him I learned that he had been offered a position as manager of a drugstore about to be established in the West. I asked: "Where?" He replied: "Oh, away out at the 'jumping-off' place of the universe—near the Rocky Mountains—a town called Fort Macleod." "Are you going to accept it?" I ventured. "Not I," said he. "Well, then, would you mind telling me

who made the proposal?" I asked. "Dr. Smith (giving me his address) will furnish you with full particulars." I thanked him and walked on. Next evening I called upon the good doctor. After asking my name, etc., he said: "Why, I am an old constituent and supporter of your father's, as I formerly lived in North Wellington." On learning that I had graduated, he said: "I think you are just the very man I want, I shall write Dr. Kennedy to-night and you will likely hear from him direct."

In the course of a few weeks I received a letter from Dr. Kennedy offering me the position as manager, "at a salary of fifty dollars a month, to commence with, an increase to sixty dollars within a short time if our mutual relations prove agreeable, as I have no doubt they will, a further increase just as soon as practicable." He further stated that as to arrangements, etc., "most of the details would have to depend on each other's good faith." "I am satisfied," said he, "with what Dr. Smith has told me of you, and I think he will satisfy you that I am not one to induce a person to go so far from home and in any way in my power fail to consult his interest." He also informed me that the stock had been ordered from Montreal and desired me, after I had made up my mind to accept his offer, to write him to that effect and he would wire me to leave for the West when he had been advised that the goods had passed Winnipeg.

I replied that with some trifling changes in the terms proposed, I might safely conclude to accept his offer. These were a guarantee of at least three months' employment, as in the event of anything happening to him, I might be thrown upon my own resources in a new country, two thousand miles from home, without means, and, I supposed, without

friends. I was quite willing to leave the matter of increases in salary to him, but asked permission to draw upon him for fifty dollars towards expenses, of which I would agree to pay one-half out of my salary. This brought a telegram, "Your terms accepted; leave as soon as possible. Wire your departure."

## CHAPTER V

### WESTWARD HO !

*We cross the prairies as of old  
The pilgrims crossed the sea,  
To make the West, as they the East,  
The homestead of the free!*

—J. G. WHITTIER.

*What alchemist could in one hour so drain  
The rainbow of its colours, smelt the ore  
From the September lodes of heaven, to pour  
This Orient magic on a Western plain.*

—E. J. PRATT, in *A Prairie Sunset*.

*“Go West, young man, and grow up with the country.”*

—HORACE GREELEY.

AT last—May 20, 1884—the great day for me had arrived, and with adieu all said, I made an early departure for Toronto, where I was to catch the “Boat Train.” My impedimenta consisted of a trunk, fowling-piece, belt of shells, a large revolver (which had been presented by the ladies of Guelph to my father on his departure for the Fenian Raid), and last, but by no means least, a tin box with a wonderful assortment of eatables to be used *en route*. What a blessing it proved in those days prior to dining-cars, and when trains ran upon most uncertain schedules.

This, as I later discovered, most inestimable blessing was provided by my ever-thoughtful and far-seeing mother. It was equipped with even a spirit-stove which was enclosed in a small kettle upon which I boiled water for tea, when that fluid, in Winnipeg

and elsewhere, was undrinkable. Whenever a lengthy stop was made, and there were many, I replenished my supply of bread, biscuits, cheese and tinned meats, which I was happy at times to share with my fellow-passengers.

The journey from Guelph to Macleod, which can now be accomplished in less than three days by rail—or one and a half by air—took eleven days, as it was May 31st before I reached my destination.

The C.P.R. construction work on the north shore of Lake Superior had just begun, but the main line was through from Fort William to Calgary. New Clyde-built boats had been installed on the Great Lakes and the *Alberta* was making her first trip with passengers. She was clean, comfortable and speedy, and a vast improvement on the usual run of lake steamers, being 270 feet long, thirty-eight feet in breadth of beam, and of fine internal and external appearance. The cabins were painted white with gold-leaf ornamentations. Her electric incandescent lamps were considered a wonderful innovation.

Lake Huron was as calm as the proverbial mill-pond, but on leaving Sault Ste. Marie locks, we entered Lake Superior in a drenching rainstorm. We also encountered several fields of loose pack-ice, but not sufficient to impede our progress.

In due time we reached Winnipeg, which had not had sufficient time to recover from the effects of the collapse of the boom of 1882, and was metaphorically and literally as flat as a flounder. In those hectic days no one escaped the contagion or glamour of progress; it was everywhere. Even during church services deals were closed and bargains made during the prayers, also to the accompaniment of the chants, much like the conversations carried on by father and

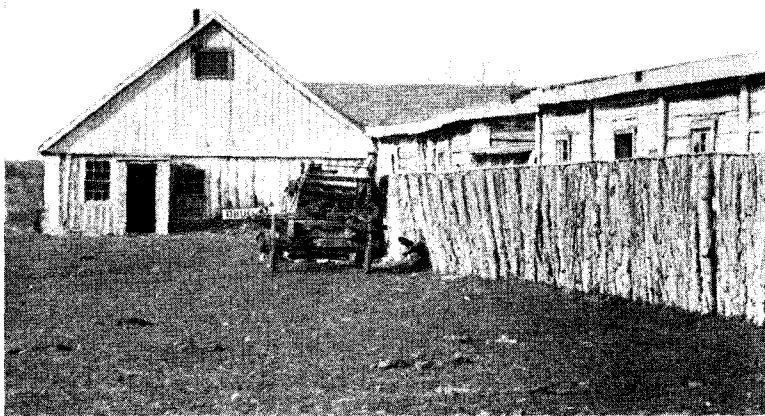
son in English choirs, as reported by Henry Labouchère in London *Truth*:

William,-What-are-we-going-to-have-for-dinner-to-day?  
Roast-mutton-and-boiled-per-taters.

Space on bar-room floors was chalked off and rented for the night, and a portion of a billiard table was *de luxe* sleeping accommodation. A friend of mine informed me that he occupied a bed with two other men, and in order to keep from falling out, the one on the outside was obliged to hold on to the man in the centre, and when they wished to change position, all had to turn simultaneously.

People were too busy to attend even funerals—unless it was their own. A clerk in the Land Office chanced to hear of a young Englishman who died and who was to be interred with no one but the clergyman and undertaker to attend the last rites at the cemetery. He managed to persuade a friend to accompany him. Arriving at the grave it was found too small for the casket; the service was quickly said as a sudden downpour of rain came on; the coffin was, therefore, left in the excavation at an angle approaching the perpendicular, for later attention. Neither of the "mourners" had brought a raincoat and shelter there was none, save in the hearse, which the thoughtful mortician placed at their disposal. A hasty agreement was made whereby they were to be let out of the conveyance when they reached the inhabited district. This the driver evidently forgot, or, with humorous malignity, neglected to do, despite frequent reminders, by rappings on the windows of the hearse. As he drew up immediately in front of the Post Office, and before a curious and amused throng, they made a hurried exit and speedy departure.





THE FIRST DRUG-STORE IN THE PROVINCE OF ALBERTA  
J. D. Higinbotham and Company's quarters in Old Fort Macleod, 1884.



THE AUTHOR'S QUARTERS IN OLD FORT MACLEOD, 1884

During the height of the boom one auctioneer made a fortune out of his transactions. As a piece of braggadocio, or to display his newly-acquired affluence, he took a bath in champagne. This phase had passed, and the boosters, land-sharks and the sporting element that accompanied them, had folded their tents and departed, leaving the inhabitants "holding the sack." The *Spirit* of the West, however, was not dead; and if it was short of cash, it was long on hope. The population of Winnipeg was, so I was informed, about eight thousand, the buildings mostly frame and the streets unpaved and bottomless. It was not at all rare in wet weather to see a man with a team of horses, or oxen, attached to an empty wagon absolutely "stalled" in the mud, which was of remarkable viscosity and tenacity. An odd story is told of a stranger in Winnipeg who stumbled over a hat lying in one of its muddy streets. Raising it he discovered a man's head. The bogged one was asked what he was doing there, to which he replied, "I'm standing on a load of hay." The water supply, taken from the Red or Assiniboine Rivers, had a vile taste and was quite unfit for drinking unless boiled. Here my spirit stove proved a life-saver, as what water I had already consumed on reaching the city had made me ill, so the small kettle and tea caddy were, during our stay, busily employed.

West of Moose Jaw, the place-where-the-white-man-mended-his-cart-with-a-moose-jawbone, the journey was rather monotonous. There was nothing to be seen but vast stretches of prairie waste, strewn here and there with the remains of buffalo, which made the grass about them, like the flowers of the cemetery, "grow more luxuriant from the neighbourhood of death." These bleaching bones have long since been

gathered and shipped in train-loads to the sugar refineries in the United States to be converted into charcoal.

The Saskatchewan River was crossed at Medicine Hat by means of a wooden trestle bridge, now replaced by a fine steel structure. A ferry was in operation for the conveyance of passengers, horses, wagons, and baggage, and was owned by James (afterwards Sir James) Lougheed, of the Dominion Senate.

Shortly after climbing steep grades, which continue more or less to the Rocky Mountains, these far-famed beauties now arose in view. At first they were somewhat indistinct owing to the great distance, and were hardly distinguishable from the clouds that hovered about them, but gradually they loomed up, showing their snow-capped heads and striped sides which reflected the morning sun with glistening splendour.

Before long we found ourselves descending into a refreshingly green and level valley at the confluence of two ice-cold streams, which formed the townsite of Calgary, "Clear, running water," so named by Colonel Macleod, after his birthplace in the Western Isles of Scotland. The first train on the Canadian Pacific Railway had crossed the Bow River but nine months previously and the inhabitants were in the midst of moving their houses and contents to the new town. Three months prior to our arrival not a house stood on the new site; now a long line of frame stores, tarred-paper slab shacks and tents were strung along the main street where tall buildings now tower.

Always meeting with Guelphites, I was not surprised at finding our host of the Royal Hotel an old commercial traveller named Moulton, formerly of the "Royal City," who took me for a drive about the place behind a team of Indian ponies. I also dis-



CALGARY, 1877, FROM AN EARLY SKETCH



THE BONES OF THOUSANDS OF BUFFALOES STACKED FOR SHIPMENT, 1885



covered Cicero Davidson, of McIntyre and Davidson, jewellers, and Melville Thompson, of Thompson Brothers, booksellers and stationers. Directly in front of the hotel a number of young men invited me to join them in a game of baseball, which exercised my muscles and removed the travel-stiffness from my joints.

The hotel was a storey-and-a-half frame structure, the upper portion being divided by a factory-cotton partition into male and female quarters: the men were evidently in the majority, as I saw none of the fair sex, but at least fourteen "stags" occupied the sleeping quarters assigned us.

Before retiring I made a visit to the booking office of the Stage Company to ascertain the fare to Macleod, also the time of departure. The agent, Mr. G. C. King, later Postmaster of Calgary, was most agreeable. On learning who I was, he said that he had been in receipt of a letter from someone who stated that if a young fellow of my name appeared, to treat him with consideration. The good angel had gone before me, and it was pleasant news to me, as my funds were getting low, to be informed that the fifteen-dollar fare, and five dollars for my trunk, might be paid at my destination.

In the early morning we took our departure on the stage, drawn by a prancing four-in-hand. I was fortunate in securing a seat with the driver, who from his lengthy, raw-boned appearance was known as "Sliver" Johnson and who made the scenes by the way interesting by regaling me with stories of his early adventures, some at least of which could be taken *cum grano salis*.

The day was a glorious one. The sun was shining from an unclouded sky and was brilliantly reflected

from the snow-crowned peaks and sides of the distant mountains; the nearer foothills and valleys were all clad in emerald, the sparkling streams—clear and cold—murmuring over their gravelly beds, the birds singing on all sides, the grouse, or chicken, drumming as they flew from the brush to the open prairie. The sleek-looking cattle would turn their heads from the pleasant pastures in which they were feeding to give us an inquisitive glance as we rolled along.

At noon we halted for refreshments and a change of horses, before we again hit the trail. Needless to say at this period, the streams were devoid of bridges, although ferries crossed High River, also the Old Man near Macleod; but all the others we were obliged to ford and sometimes swim. The passengers and mail were put on the "hurricane deck" of the coach, which, having a high and sloping dashboard, was fairly well adapted for amphibious purposes; however, we usually landed on the opposite bank some distance down-stream from where we entered the water. The drivers were artists in their line and seemed to know these quickly-changing fords by instinct. One of them, the famous "Polly," made the boast to me that he could drive his coach and four where I "couldn't trail a whip." Years later he had sufficient confidence in me to allow me to handle the "ribbons" for him on a good piece of trail, while he peacefully slept off a race-day spree on top of the mail sacks in the "boot-leg" of the stage. He gave me, however, strict injunctions to arouse him when we reached the ford. But he awakened the moment the wheels touched the gravel on the river's edge, and, uttering most terrific blasphemy, snatched the reins from my grasp. He evidently thought that I intended taking a desperate chance in attempting the crossing. These men were

heavy drinkers, and in those so-called "prohibition days" took their "red-eye" straight. In winter, when the trail was obscured by snow, it might easily be rediscovered by the presence of "dead soldiers" along the route. These were headless—or neckless—bottles, as the drivers scorned the use of corkscrews, or openers, and simply decapitated them upon the sharp steel tires of the coach.

On reaching our half-way house the first stage was completely unloaded, as it was to return to Calgary next day, whereas we were to proceed to Macleod with an entirely new outfit.

The so-called inn stood near the banks of Mosquito Creek, which, from our experience, was at least one place which had been correctly named, as the little fiends drove us from our contemplated exploration of the neighbourhood to the buffalo-chip smudges, the smoke of which gave us at least a respite from their murderous weapons. The place was kept by Joe Trollinger, an old U.S. Army veteran, and his half-breed wife, and was simply a log shack with a dirt floor. Joe had a keen sense of humour for, when I asked where I should unroll my blankets for the night—in those days everyone carried his sleeping equipment—he stroked his chin-whisker, and with a twinkle in his eye, said: "Wal, I guess we'll let you have the bridal chamber." Beckoning me to follow, he escorted me to the kitchen, and pointing to the oilcloth-covered table, said: "Thar', under that." I made the best of it by remarking that in the event of rain I should at least be fairly dry. In the entire distance of one hundred and twelve miles from Calgary to Macleod we had passed but five log shacks, or cabins.

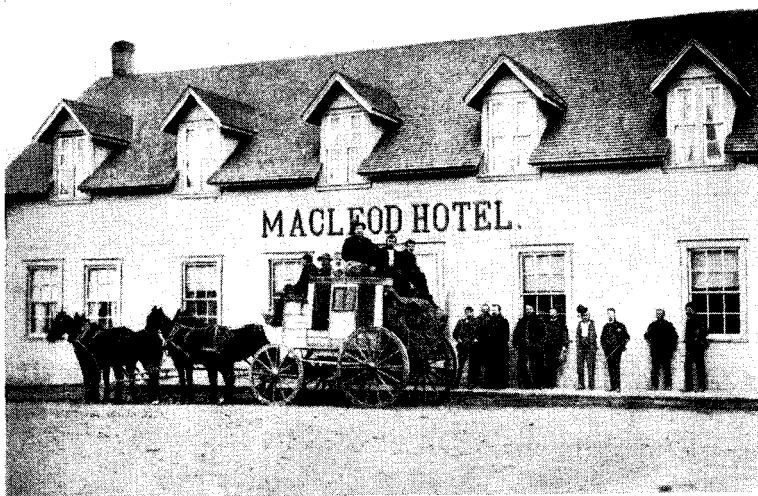
A brave attempt had been made at farming and gardening in the neighbourhood of Fish Creek by

"Honest John" Glenn, former guide to Captain Butler, author of *The Great Lone Land*, who had nearly one hundred acres under cultivation; from this plot he supplied the Marquis of Lorne's table with fresh vegetables when as our Governor-General, he was making his drive through the country which he named after his Royal spouse—H.R.H. Princess Louise Alberta, second daughter of the late Queen Victoria.

On our way southward, we passed two bands of antelope, one of them composed of three or four hundred of these beautiful creatures, now rapidly disappearing. Many of these inquisitive little animals were within rifle-shot of us, but they gave us merely a fleeting glance, grazing quietly as we drove past them.

The last leg of our journey we found monotonous, there being nothing on which the eye could rest but the vast uninhabited wilderness, now all fenced and cultivated, and with thriving towns and villages. We were, therefore, glad when we arrived on the banks of the Old Man River, on the opposite side of which was Fort Macleod. The large ferry here conveyed the horses, stage and passengers in one load.





#### THE OLD STAGE COACH

Used between Calgary and Macleod, and later between Lethbridge and Macleod, with the famous "Polly" driving.

"Old Kamoose" is seen standing on the platform in his shirt sleeves and bowler hat. John Black is the central figure on top of the stage.



HAY WAGONS AND STAGE COACH AT LETHBRIDGE

## CHAPTER VI

### THE OLD WEST

*I hear the mattock in the mine,  
The axe-stroke in the dell,  
The clamour from the Indian lodge,  
The Jesuit chapel bell.*

*Behind the scared squaw's birch canoe  
The steamer smokes and raves;  
And city lots are staked for sale  
Above old Indian graves.*

—J. G. WHITTIER.

MY first impressions of Macleod were not flattering: the old original fort was built on an island for defensive purposes, by Colonel Macleod and the men who crossed the plains with him in 1874. It was constructed of logs, mud-chinked and earth-roofed and with a crop of grass growing on the latter; the whole being enclosed with a picket stockade. The town itself was to the west of the post and consisted of a crooked lane, it could not be dignified by the name of street, lined with log stores and shacks, the former having square-faced frame fronts, and their whole appearance was decidedly ramshackle and distressing. My heart went down below my boot-tops and I thought, "So this is Fort Macleod, for which I've come two thousand miles or more!" It certainly had the marks of an old-time trading post, decidedly the worse for wear.

My feelings were aptly described by the author of the following stanza from a song which was sung at

a concert given at the Mounted Police barracks in the early eighties:

When I first came to Macleod I was struck with the fort,  
For of architecture it's a wonderful sort;  
It ain't round, it ain't square,  
And it ain't in a row.  
"It went up spontaneous," says Billy Barlow,  
"Oh, dear, here's a nice go;  
It's shingled with mud," says Billy Barlow.

In spite of our long, tiresome journey, "Polly" drove through the town with quite a flourish of trumpets, the perspiring jaded animals being able to muster a lively gallop, when we drew up, with a sudden jerk, in front of the celebrated Macleod Hotel.

This famous—or infamous—hostel was kept by a remarkable character whose name was Harry Taylor, but who was better known throughout the country by the opprobrious cognomen "Old Kamoose" (Squaw Thief). When asked by a visitor when he came to the West he replied, "When Chief Mountain (9,055 feet) was a hole in the ground." He had the questionable distinction of being the first arrest of the North-West Mounted Police. He was taken in charge with a four-horse-team loaded with tins of alcohol, and the whole was confiscated and "Kamoose" promptly jailed. He never forgave the police for this, and had few pleasant things to say of Colonel Macleod. In fact, nothing that he ever said of him in my presence was printable.

After being assigned to a room, partitioned from the others, as usual at that time, by factory-cotton, I made an investigation of the place. Immediately under the sign "MACLEOD HOTEL" was a large sketch in black of a man's head at which was pointed a revolver, together with the enigmatic inscription: "No JAWBONE." This, I afterwards ascertained, was

a variation of the Western motto: "In God we trust—all others cash."

Within the main entrance of the hotel was a general washroom, with a row of graniteware basins, also that ubiquitous and obnoxious institution—the roller towel. After observing some men with bloodshot eyes and scrofulous skin making use of it, I decided to perform my ablutions elsewhere.

Some years after this, when Kamoose employed a Chinaman as a general factotum, the late Rev. Dr. Robertson, the well-known Superintendent of Missions for the Presbyterian Church, arriving after a long, dusty drive, proceeded to remove some of the grime from his face and hands, but on looking up was appalled at the colour of the linen. Summoning the China boy he said, "John, what month is this?" To which he replied, "Thinkee August." "Well," said the doctor, "this is the May towel." "Ha! Ha! velly good," said John, seeing the point as he laughingly disappeared and presently returned with an immaculate drying cloth.

Kamoose's answer to one man who put up a protest was, "Twenty men have dried themselves on that towel and you are the first son-of-a-gun to complain." That was supposed to settle it.

On the walls of the lobby (*sic*) were various notices of meetings, nearly all written in ink, but there was one written on two sheets of foolscap which particularly attracted my attention, namely:

#### MACLEOD HOTEL RULES AND REGULATIONS

(Adopted unanimously by the Proprietor,  
September 1, 1882, A.D.)

Guests will be provided with breakfast and dinner, but must rustle their own lunch.

Spiked boots and spurs must be removed at night before retiring.

Dogs are not allowed in the Bunks, but may sleep underneath.

Candles, hot water and other luxuries charged extra, also towels and soap.

Towels changed weekly. Insect Powder for sale at the bar.

Crap, Chuck Luck, Stud Horse Poker and Black Jack games are run by the management. Indians and niggers charged double rates.

Special Rates to "Gospel Grinders" and the "Gambling Perfesh."

Every known fluid (water excepted) for sale at the bar.

A deposit must be made before towels, soap or candles can be carried to rooms. When boarders are leaving, a rebate will be made on all candles or parts of candles not burned or eaten.

Two or more persons must sleep in one bed when so requested by the proprietor.

Not more than one dog allowed to be kept in each single room.

Baths furnished free down at the river, but bathers must furnish their own soap and towels.

No kicking regarding the quality or quantity of meals will be allowed; those who do not like the provender will get out, or be put out.

Assaults on the cook are strictly prohibited.

Quarrelsome or boisterous persons, also those who shoot off without provocation guns or other explosive weapons on the premises, and all boarders who get killed, will not be allowed to remain in the House.

When guests find themselves or their baggage thrown over the fence, they may consider that they have received notice to quit.

Jewelry and other valuables will not be locked in the safe. This hotel has no such ornament as a safe.

The proprietor will not be accountable for anything.

In case of FIRE the guests are requested to escape without unnecessary delay.

The BAR in the Annex will be open day and night. All Day drinks, 50 cents each; Night drinks, \$1.00 each. No Mixed Drinks will be served except in case of death in the family.

Only regularly registered guests will be allowed the special privilege of sleeping on the Bar Room floor.

Guests without baggage must sleep in the vacant lot, and board elsewhere until their baggage arrives.

Guests are forbidden to strike matches or spit on the ceiling, or to sleep in bed with their boots on.

No cheques cashed for anybody. Payment must be made in Cash, Gold Dust, or Blue Chips.

Saddle horses can be hired at any hour of the Day or Night, or the next day or night if necessary.

Meals served in own rooms will not be guaranteed in any way. Our waiters are hungry and not above temptation.

To attract attention of waiters or bell boys, shoot a hole through the door panel. Two shots for ice water, three for a deck of cards, and so on.

All guests are requested to rise at 6 a.m. This is imperative as the sheets are needed for tablecloths.

No tips must be given to any waiters or servants. Leave them all with the proprietor, and he will distribute them if it is considered necessary.

Everything Cash in Advance. Following Tariff subject to change:

Board—\$25.00 per month.

Board and Lodging—\$50.00 per month, with wooden bench to sleep on.

Board and Lodging—\$60.00 per month, with bed to sleep on.

The bedrooms were tiny and the dining-room commodious, but it was readily seen that the place of real importance was the bar. The North-West Territories (which included Alberta, Assiniboia and Saskatchewan) were under a modified and questionable Prohibition Law, known as the Permit System, in which all liquors required by white residents for medicinal or sacramental purposes had to be admitted by the authority of the Lieutenant-Governor, who resided in Regina. The necessary permit was attached to the keg, or case, containing the wine or spirits;

these documents being checked by the Mounted Police when the packages entered the Territories, and also when they arrived at their destination.

The dining-room was in charge of a unique and ingenious practical joker, who drifted in from the Western States, named Jim Collins. Jim acted as chief waiter, and, if there were not too many guests, sometimes ran the whole "show" himself. Standing at the entrance to the kitchen, he shouted his inquiries for orders, in a stentorian voice, to those assembled, without the formality of a visit, such as: "Say, mister, will you have some soup?" If you were somewhat fastidious, and wished to know the variety, his invariable answer was "Blankety good soup!" The "stunts" which he perpetrated upon the guests became classic, and he evidently spent some of his leisure in thinking them up. One day he appeared at the tables with an armful of soup plates which he proceeded to deal to the diners as one would playing cards. It was then expected that he would next arrive with a tureen, but to the surprise of all, he came in with a huge garden syringe loaded with hot soup, shooting it into the plates of the astonished guests. To those who did not desire it, he simply sucked it back by withdrawing the piston.

There were others, too, of a humorous turn of mind who, in the uneventful life of a "cow-town" passed their pleasantries on to an unsuspecting public.

For sheer good-natured fun an old-timer named John Black would be difficult to beat. He had a large, round, moon-shaped face, usually with a quid of tobacco in one cheek, and at times a suggestion of it on his chin. One would have thought that butter could not melt in his mouth. At that very moment, however, he would probably be planning to "upset

your apple-cart"—as well as your dignity. He possessed an absolutely phenomenal mind for figures, and, as chief clerk in the general store of I. G. Baker & Company, could state offhand the "landed cost" of any article in the establishment. When that chain of stores passed into the hands of the Hudson's Bay Company, John went too—for a time—but the successors were not as indulgent of his drolleries as his former employers, so he was informed that his services were no longer required. Nothing daunted, John, who had many friends, opened an opposition house directly across the street from "The Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson Bay"—known as the Hudson's Bay Company, whose motto is *Pro Pelle Cutem*. John's sign bore the title, "John Black, Adventurer and Trader, Groceries and Guff. *Pro Belly Catch 'em.*"

On Main Street in the old town was a poolroom, kept by a little French-Canadian, Tony La Chappelle. In addition to two billiard tables were two others covered with green baize, but the latter were round; there was also a bar. At the circular tables at any time of the day or night—particularly the latter—might be found men sitting with their hats on, usually with the front brim pulled down shading their eyes, smoking black cigars and playing stud poker. Red, white and blue "chips" were piled in stacks before the players and everything was "wide open." Strangers who dropped in were invited to "sit in," and if they inquired the "limit," they were informed, "Floor to ceiling." Faro banks also, at times, did a rushing business, especially when a new band of cattle and their "punchers" arrived from across the International Boundary.

During the summer and fall of 1884 some large

"outfits" containing from twelve thousand to twenty thousand cattle arrived, one, the Oxley Ranching Company, having driven from as far south as Texas. The cow-punchers frequently rode into town in a body, firing off their revolvers into the air. A quiet and timely warning from the police would advise them to handle their weapons circumspectly or they might soon be boarding with the Dominion Government. One telling was usually sufficient.

Tony's saloon, being of logs, was roofed with earth, like most of the buildings in the village, and while comfortable enough in *dry* weather, was anything but that after a heavy rain, when it dripped for hours after the storm had ceased outside. One very wet day I passed Tony's open door and, looking in, saw a dismal sight: the cotton with which the hall was lined hung in festoons from which great blurs of liquid black mud descended. The floor was covered with six inches of water, yet the indefatigable "sports" had put down some logs and planks, and so arranged them about the tables that, dodging the drops, they continued their game of pool (an appropriate name this day) under circumstances which would dampen the ardour of even the most enthusiastic.

The stakes were sometimes high; I was informed by some of the players that a thousand dollars, or more, was frequently at hazard, a huge sum in those days.

I remember a professional gambler—Black Steve—coming into our store, after an all-night sitting, with his overcoat pockets simply jammed with crumpled banknotes of various denominations. When his financial condition was "flush" he paid his outstanding liabilities with the merchants, his board six months in advance, then went back to the green tables, and

in the usual course of circumstances ended "stony broke."

Now that I had reached my destination the first thing I did was to take stock of my cash in hand. Expenses *en route* had been more than I anticipated—and I still owed the Stage Company twenty dollars. A long stay at the hotel was, therefore, out of the question. On the evening of my arrival I called on Dr. Kennedy and his wife at the new barracks, where I also met Major Cotton, Superintendent of "C" Division, numbering about one hundred men. The doctor stated that although a new townsite had been laid out on high ground, about two miles west of the old village the residents would, like most old-timers, be slow to move, and that, for the present, we had better open shop on the island. Major Cotton kindly placed the old barracks at my disposal, told me to look the buildings over and make a choice. This did not take long to decide as there was but one which was shingled, the old Quartermaster's store, and as it was nearest the main street, it was commandeered. A sergeant and two constables comprised the detachment in charge of the fort; one of them, a handy man, aided me in papering the walls, putting up shelving and erecting a counter. I also fitted up an adjoining room as my private quarters, although for a brief period during the alterations I occupied a room vacated only a few months previously by Inspector Francis Jeffrey Dickens, son of the famous English novelist, who had gone to Fort Pitt on the Northern Saskatchewan River. The constable who aided me had been the Inspector's batman or private servant, and possessed some valuable souvenirs of the great writer, given him by the son. One was Charles Dickens' gold chain with seal, all English hall-marked.

These he offered to me for the paltry sum of thirty dollars; a gold mine, for a like sum would have been equally impossible to me in my financial condition.

The alterations had scarcely been more than completed when some half-breeds with Red River carts arrived with our goods. A good Samaritan, in the form of Captain (afterwards Sir Cecil) Denny, happened to be paying me a visit at that psychological moment and kindly offered to pay the freight, which, needless to say, I accepted with alacrity.

The articles had been well packed and notwithstanding the long journey and rough handling, very little was broken, although one or two tins had knife-jabs made in them by "drouthy" seekers after anything drinkable. During the process of unpacking I had a large "gallery"; ranchers and others who had learned that we were to open a *real drugstore* had come from the surrounding country with long lists of their requirements, and I was kept busy filling orders before the goods were marked or even placed on the shelves. However, I was careful to see, when making sales, that the firm was not at a loss in the transactions. The customary rate from Calgary to Macleod was two dollars per hundred pounds, or two cents a pound. (It was rather amusing to hear ladies, who were purchasing pins and needles in the general stores for twenty-five cents a package, told that the price was due to the high freight rates.) Many of the commodities for sale in the general stores were brought by "bull-train" from Fort Benton, the head of navigation on the Missouri River, upon which stern-wheel steamboats plied. The drivers were known as "bull-whackers" and the head of a "train" as "the wagon-boss." Ten or twelve yoke of oxen with three covered wagons constituted a "team." The North-West

Mounted Police also possessed a bull-team which they used for hauling coal, hay and supplies for the post; one of the "whackers" in their employ was a typical pioneer named "Hank," of whom more anon.

As we were about two thousand miles from our base of supplies—Montreal or Toronto—we were frequently driven to our wits' end for drugs, chemicals, surgical dressings and even bottles. Winnipeg, a place of fewer than ten thousand inhabitants, was only able to furnish us with the barest medical necessities. The doctor would survey our scanty stock of pharmaceuticals and write his prescription accordingly. When the bottle stock was low, I explored the lanes in the rear of the saloons and made good use of the "dead soldiers" there found, whose necks were not too badly broken. With neat labels, corks and wrappings, they were made ready to do duty again for their country.

The medical pioneers were obliged to cope with serious handicaps owing to their isolation and the difficulty of securing equipment. I have seen an instrument which was manufactured by a constable in the Mounted Police, under Dr. Kennedy's direction, and which was used by the latter successfully in a serious case of stricture.

I well remember ordering the first cocaine I had ever seen, from Montreal, the price being nineteen dollars for a vial of it containing ten grains, or at the rate of a dollar and ninety cents a grain. Later on four grains of this were used to allay the pain from an exposed nerve in a tooth of a prominent citizen.

In fitting up my sleeping apartment, I was able to purchase an iron bed from an officer in the force, and bought an empty tick and filled it with hay; but for several months my only headrest was my over-

coat, rolled, with a leather strap about it. When Christmas Day arrived, I received a most useful and welcome gift—a pillow stuffed with real feathers (called by the cowboys "goose hair")—from Mrs. Kennedy. Life thereafter, or at least eight hours of it nightly, was a dream.

There being no Chinese, steam, or any kind of laundry, we washed our own clothes. This scarcity of laundries existed for at least six years longer. In 1888, Mrs. Mewburn and I drove to Macleod to call upon a young lawyer who had been shot through the chest, and who had been saved through the surgical ability of her husband. On our arrival we found three tubs filled with gory sheets—and no one to wash them. The doctor's wife looked at me and said, "John, you have good, strong wrists, I'll wash them if you will wring them." I readily assented, and a roaring fire was soon kindled, and two boilers of hot water made ready, and in a short time the sheets were all out on the line. If laundries were scarce, women were equally so, especially maidens. At one period after my arrival I could not count more than four unmarried white women between High River and the international boundary. Every arriving stage was eagerly scanned, sometimes from the housetops, with field glasses, for the sight of parasols, the brighter the better; then the news went quickly round, and a goodly line-up of the male sex watched, with consuming interest, the passengers leaving the coach. Of course, many of the possessors of the sunshades were brides, and while anything with dresses on was welcome, those who were unattached were doubly so. At more than one church service which I attended, even when the room was crowded, not more than one or two women would be present. What a contrast in

these days of grace when women are as numerous as men!

A Chicago publication—*Heart and Hand*—had a number of subscribers in the foothills, and in some cases an extensive correspondence developed with some of the heart-hungry, love-lorn beauties who advertised in its columns. Matches were actually made by this means. How they turned out might be another story. One rancher, whose persuasiveness in letter-writing brought a young lady from the United States to the nearest railway station to his home—some sixty-five miles or more distant—nearly lost her through the attentions given by other men, due to his tardy arrival. She, however, was “playing safe” as in the event of his, or her, disappointment, she thus had other strings to her bow, also beaux to her string.

Even officers of the North-West Mounted Police were not immune from the contagion; in one case the red-coated wooer took ample precautions against being “gold-bricked.” Perched on a hillside within measurable distance of the railway station, and provided with a powerful pair of binoculars, he watched the unsuspecting damsel step from the train. Scanning her minutely, from top to toe, as she paced the platform, he dispatched his orderly with a note of regret, also sufficient funds to cover her return journey. Later on he “landed” a highly-accomplished lady—history does not relate whether the latter was informed of his previous adventure.

A common method of serenading newly-married couples was to “rock” the roof of their home; this idea was attributed to John Black, and as people who dig pits sometimes fall therein, so the instigator’s shingle-covered house received, at his bride’s coming,

a fusillade of stones—and they were not scarce in Macleod—which certainly must have put it to an heroic test.

Soon after the coming of the "Turkey Trail," a name facetiously given by "Polly," the stage driver, to indicate his contempt for the "Narrow-gauge railway"—a wild and woolly charivari took place in Lethbridge. It was the night Bill Galliher came home with his bride. Bill was a member of the "Onion" Club, and a resident of the "Pound" and later a charter member of the Pemmican Club. He is now Mr. Justice Galliher, of Victoria, B.C. Inspired by spirituous stimulation, and determined that this event was to be celebrated in true Western style, the "Boys" thought up a novel method of receiving the newlyweds. The train then, as now, arrived in Lethbridge in the wee sma' hours and "Curly" Whitney was ordered to turn out his most pretentious carriage for the bridal couple. The club members armed themselves with shotguns and a plentiful supply of shells. As the bride stepped from the passenger coach the "boys," in hiding, fired off their royal salute, which turned out to be an irregular fusillade, or scattered volley, resembling Indian gunfire. This over, Mr. and Mrs. Bill mounted the victoria, the "boys" loading their impedimenta on Frank Colpman's wagon. To reach Bill's house it was necessary to pass through the business section of the town, so some of them clambered into the conveyance and sat on the trunks. By this time they were warmed up to the occasion and resolved to do the thing up right. It was decided to give another salute, so Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! went the guns again right in the ears of Frank's newly-broken bronchos. The driver had no need to use a

whip; they tore down the street like a veritable hurricane.

Over in the N.W.M.P. barracks there was consternation. The rebellion of '85 wasn't so long past that the danger of Indian risings was forgotten. The sergeant reported to the officer of the day, who ordered out the entire squadron. The Mounties must not be unresponsive to the call of duty against the supposed raiders. Out they trooped, in spite of grumblings, and with horses and accoutrements, armed *cap-à-pie*, drew up in formation.

True to the old-time tradition of the British army, Captain Casey, the officer of the day, proceeded to deliver a speech to his men before they went into action. "When I draw my sword," he concluded, "you are to charge!"

To cut the story short, it was with deep chagrin, when they reached the main streets, that the men found them still as death. All search, moreover, proved ineffective that night, and it was not till the following morning when they heard of the bride's arrival, that the police realized that they had made a mistake. Strict inquiries failed to reveal the ring-leaders; as the secret was kept, and still remains a mystery.

Have you ever watched the ice break up in a river in the spring? One day the stream is clad in glittering whiteness from bank to bank. A Chinook springs up, or a warm rain occurs in the mountains or foothills; then a small stream of water is seen washing the centre of the frozen face of the river. This is followed by a *crescendo* of heaving, groaning, grinding

sounds which reach a climax with a noise like an explosion.

The movement of the old-time inhabitants to the new town resembled the above, only in a less noisy and spectacular manner. Building had been in progress for months; some stores and residences had been completed, yet no movement had taken place; then, as if seized by a panic, or pursued by an invading army, a general trek began, and conveyances of all kinds were at a premium.

The post office was to occupy the rear of our building, and after it had been duly installed, the reason the businessmen should follow became manifest. Business was booming in the new town. Before the keys of the new building were turned over to us we had saved sufficient from the profits of the business, not only to pay all of our existing liabilities, but to settle with the contractors in full.

The arrival of the fortnightly mail was an event. Its time-schedule might be described as "movable," the regularity, or the opposite, was seasonal: delays being due to high-water in the streams and the absence of bridges in the spring, and to storms and blizzards in the winter. Prior to the construction of the C.P.R. as far as the Saskatchewan River, the mail came and went via Fort Benton, Montana and, therefore, the outgoing letters and papers bore U.S. postage stamps. As this stage-line covered a very considerable distance, its arrival and departure were even less frequent than the all-Canadian service. Hot in summer and cold in winter, and not a shelter of any kind in the entire distance after leaving Fort Whoop-Up, it was a lonely as well as hazardous undertaking; the pay was small, and the driver was obliged to do his own cooking as well as care for his horses. It was a real man's

job, yet upon one occasion when the driver was indisposed, his work was taken over without hesitation by a mere boy of eighteen years, Norman Macleod,<sup>1</sup> a nephew of the late Col. Macleod.

With no telephone or telegraph for conveying messages, word from the outside world was long in coming, but when it came it was simply devoured. With at least two means of communication unavailable, the third—"Tell-a-woman" was sometimes tried. Knowing how eagerly the lonely females craved the news of the day, our postmaster, Duncan Campbell, would hastily interview driver and passengers while the stage was being unloaded, and then, slipping over to a near-by home where sometimes several of the ladies were gathered, would impart the welcome intelligence to a most appreciative audience. Men from the foot-hills, mountains and the open range, miners, prospectors, cow-punchers, mule-skinners, as well as ordinary citizens would gather to discuss world happenings.

One day a tall, rangy, striking-looking man seated himself on one of our counters. As I looked him over carefully, I said, "Surely, I have seen you somewhere?" "No," said he, "this is the first time I have been in from the ranch since you opened." "Did I ever meet you in the East?" I ventured. "Well," he affirmed, "I came from New Brunswick." Not having at that time been in that province, I asked, "Have you ever been in Ontario?" "Yes," said he, "I passed through it once with the Princess Louise's party." "Were you her boatman?" I next asked. "I was," he replied. "When the Marquis of Lorne was Governor-General of Canada, he used to come down to the Cascapedia for salmon fishing, and the Princess sometimes

<sup>1</sup>The first Anglican to be confirmed in the Province of Alberta.

accompanied him, but she preferred sketching to fishing. One day as she sat in my large canoe she took her materials and painted my portrait in water colours." "Then," I replied, "I saw that picture labelled 'My Boatman' in a collection of her paintings at an exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists in Toronto." Needless to say he was very much surprised.

A few years ago a ridiculous dispute arose as to the origin of the name of our province. Some contended that it was named after Prince Albert; others, after King Edward VII (Albert Edward); still others claimed for the Princess Louise. To set the matter at rest, for once and all, I took the liberty of writing Her Royal Highness, and received the following gracious reply:

KENSINGTON PALACE,  
W.

September 13th, 1924.

To Mr. John D. Higinbotham,

Sir:

I have been very much interested in receiving your letter of the 8th August.

You are perfectly correct in your belief that the beautiful, sunlit and prosperous Province of Alberta was named after me by my husband, the Marquis of Lorne, then Governor-General of Canada. He was asked to name it, as it was wished that the name should be associated with his tenure of his office. There being various objections to my first name, owing to the difficulty of keeping it quite original, he decided to call it after my last name, Alberta, of which he was very fond. Indeed, he mostly called me by it, or abridged it to Alba.

I am intensely proud of this most beautiful and wonderful Province being called after me, and that my husband should have thought of it. It would, it strikes me, be a pity not to stick to historical facts, and I do not understand what other interpretation the Press could have found, to

which you refer in your letter. I was named Alberta after my father.

It is kind of you telling me of the amusing little incident about Duthie. He was a first-rate man and a fine-looking fellow. It was a great disappointment to my husband and myself when Major de Winton, our Military Secretary, persuaded Duthie to go and work a ranch for him, which he had bought in Alberta, and we, therefore, had not the advantage of having him with us in the summer during our last year of office in Canada.

We loved the life on the river, and the settlers round. Let me thank you for your kind tribute to the likeness I did of our boatman, Duthie.

Yours sincerely,  
LOUISE.

Alberta was created a Provisional District in 1882 and a Province in 1905.

GOVERNMENT OF ALBERTA PROVINCIAL LIBRARY,  
EDMONTON, October 13, 1924.

Dear Sir:

Absence from the office on holidays makes this reply to yours of October 3rd somewhat tardy. I was glad, nevertheless, to receive your letter and to have for the Archives of the Library a copy of the exceedingly valuable statement from the Duchess of Argyll.

Having this from the Duchess, and the poem from the then Marquis of Lorne—

In token of the love which thou hast shown  
For this wide land of freedom, I have named  
A Province vast, and for its beauty famed,  
By thy dear name to be hereafter known.

we have certainly the material to set at rest, as you say, for all time, any controversy regarding the name of our fair Province.

Yours faithfully,  
(Signed) J. A. JAFFRAY,  
Librarian.

John D. Higinbotham, Esq.,  
Lethbridge, Alberta.

Church services, when we had them, were usually well attended, the singing, frequently led by a Cornishman named Fred Whear who had a fine tenor voice, was invariably hearty. The Rev. D. M. Gordon, later Principal of Queen's University, visited Macleod during the summer of 1884 and conducted a service—the congregation being composed almost entirely of men.<sup>2</sup> He said he had never in his life heard heartier singing. We had a fair assortment in matter of denominations as well as of auditoriums. The reverends John (afterwards Doctor) Maclean, Methodist, Samuel Trivett, and H. T. Bourne, Anglican, missionaries to the Blood Indians, Wm. P. Mackenzie, Presbyterian, a student from Knox College, Toronto, and Father Van Tighem, Roman Catholic. The latter had his own log edifice and summoned his worshippers by means of a bell which stood on the top of a pile of lumber. It was later placed in the steeple of his new church, when his congregation moved to the new town-site. The old log edifice built by Methodists usually housed the other denominations, although on more than one occasion I have attended services in hotels, pool-rooms, and also at the Mounted Police barracks. This building also served as Macleod's first day school.<sup>3</sup>

There were sometimes distracting elements, as when two young Indians played poker on the doorsteps of the church during the entire service. The door was open, and the players, being in full view of the minister, nearly upset his gravity, if not the current of his thoughts and sermon.

Another time two well-known characters, old Smiler, and Aaron Vice, thought they would do the

<sup>2</sup>One woman, Miss Alma Forbes, later Mrs. Hodder.

<sup>3</sup>Erected by Rev. H. M. Manning in 1879.

right thing and attend service. As it had already begun, Smiler (wishing to be polite, but being a little rusty on procedure) knocked on the door, then walking up to the front seats, shook hands with the few ladies present, smiled and took his seat, thinking he had done the proper thing. Vice balked at this, dropped onto a back bench, and when Smiler joined him, he reprimanded him on his lack of ecclesiastical etiquette.

The love of practical joking did not stop even at the sanctuary. One of the missionaries to the Blood Indians, known as the "Bourne to which no traveller returns" and whose discourses were of the dry-as-dust order, had been announced to preach on a certain Sunday. Two young men—Pocklington and Haultain—under a pretence of making the necessary preparations for the service, appeared prior to the arrival of the congregation. Finding the preacher's book of sermons with a marker inserted, evidently indicating what was coming, they promptly glued two of the sermons together. The culprits met with ample and speedy justice as they were obliged to listen to the two discourses which the absent-minded minister read completely through, although the subjects were upon entirely different topics.

When churches were to be erected the inhabitants were pretty thoroughly canvassed by the representatives of the different denominations and some of their experiences were somewhat amusing. One missionary asked a miner, "To what denomination do you belong?" He replied, "I am a Presbyterian—my mother was a Macgregor, my father was nothing—he was an Englishman."

Rev. Dr. Robertson, the well-known superintendent of the Presbyterian Church, solicited a subscription from a young man named Charlie Bowman,

who, thinking to have an alibi, said, "Oh, I belong to the Church of England." And after a brief reflection added, "but my mother was a Presbyterian." To which the quick-witted doctor replied, at the same time producing his list: "Then how much shall I put down for Mother?" The appeal was irresistible and Charlie came across with a good donation.

Rev. James Endicott, when studying for the Methodist ministry, was in charge at Lethbridge. At that time (1889) the community abounded in all sorts and conditions of men, and the young student was having varied experiences. Once, while making a canvass of the town to raise funds for his church, he solicited a subscription from a notorious, self-styled "infidel" miner, Frank Love by name. Frank listened to the request and broke into a derisive laugh. "What, me give money for that foolishness?" he said. "Listen, young fellow, you have come to the wrong party, I'm an 'Atheist.'" Mr. Endicott was not to be bluffed so easily. "That's fine," he smilingly replied: "You're just the man I'm looking for. Among the subscribers to our funds we have two Jews, five Catholics, a Mormon, a number of Baptists, Presbyterians and a Chinaman. All we need now to complete our list is an Atheist. Any contribution will be welcome." Taken off his feet by this unexpected sally, Frank weakened, and put down his name for a five-dollar contribution.

The winter of 1884 was short and severe. I had been warned in the early fall to prepare for cold weather, so I chinked all open spaces between the logs of my shack with mud, purchased a large syndicate coal stove, extra blankets, and a "cast" (rejected) buffalo coat, which had been issued to the Mounted

Police and for which I paid four dollars. The latter was short, made especially for riding, was wind-proof, and with an extra high collar was hard to beat in the sub-zero weather. In the month of December, 1884, the lowest temperature on record in the Territories was reached. I had two excellent thermometers, one a Negretti and Zambra, which registered fifty-six below zero Fahrenheit and this was confirmed by the instruments at the barracks. On the same day, Sunday, December 21st, the thermometer on the Saskatchewan River registered sixty-two below. On the night in question a pail of water placed on a chair within a foot of a stove, which was kept going all night, was found in the morning to be frozen solid, and a Mounted Policeman had two toes frozen while he was in bed.

While speaking of low temperatures, I might state that on January 30, 1893, we experimented with various materials: mercury was frozen solid as were coal-oil, red ink and whiskey, and brandy was thickened to the consistency of syrup. At Dunmore Junction, two C.P.R. locomotives failed to move one ordinary caboose.

The Indian pony, or cayuse, the wild horse of the range is now being canned and shipped to Europe and many years ago the bovine members of I. G. Baker & Company's bull-trains were converted into roasts and steaks, the toughness or tenderness of which made a one-sided argument, and provoked remarks and complaints for which there was no redress. "Take it, or leave it" was the cook's answer to all "grousers." Our lot was fortunate indeed, with that of the inhabitants of Manitoba in the early eighties, when, after the almost total destruction of the crops by grass-

hoppers, there followed a superabundance of rabbits. One who passed through that experience told me of a jingle common at that time:

"Rabbits hot and rabbits cold,  
Rabbits young and rabbits old,  
Rabbits tender and rabbits tough,  
Thank the Lord, I've had enough."

The narrow-gauge railway, owned by the North-Western Coal and Navigation Company, and better known as "The Turkey Trail," was blocked for weeks, the snow in the "cuts" being over twenty feet deep. There were two locomotives blockaded in the drifts, the smoke-stacks only being visible. This train left Lethbridge on February 1, 1887, and arrived at Dunmore Junction on the Canadian Pacific Railway—109 miles distant—on March 17 at noon. Returning, it left Dunmore on March 18 and arrived at Lethbridge on March 22 at 2 o'clock p.m., or fifty days for the round trip of 218 miles. The train crew consisted of the following: Conductor, John Robinson; engineer of snowplow, Thomas McPherson; fireman of snowplow, Alex. McKay; engineer of first locomotive, David McNabb; fireman of first locomotive, Joseph Molloy; brakemen, Daniel McKay and John Brack.

As postmaster of Lethbridge I had to co-operate with the officials of the railway in arranging for the conveyance of Her Majesty's mails. This was done by constructing short, wooden sleighs, or "jumpers." One of these, drawn by horses, left Lethbridge and was met halfway at Grassy Lake where an exchange was effected with another from Medicine Hat. Even these required several days to complete the round journey.

On the prairie the snow was so deep that when at length the Chinooks began to blow, the flat country

became a vast lake—former dry depressions, lake-beds, etc., being filled to overflowing.

As illustrations of remarkably sudden changes from cold to heat, or vice versa, the following may be cited:

The Annual Ball given by the North-West Mounted Police at Macleod on New Year's Eve, 1884, was attended by townsfolk and settlers from near and far. The weather was bitterly cold—thirty-four degrees or more below zero—and continued so throughout the night. At seven o'clock the next morning we were awakened by the sound of water running from the roof and down the chimney, and looking out on the barracks square, we were surprised to see the constables going about in shirt-sleeves, when but a few hours previously they had been clad in furs. The temperature had risen more than sixty-five degrees in a few hours. Precisely the reverse took place the following year at Lethbridge when the first Ball was given by the citizens in the Company's boarding-house. The month of December had been very balmy. We played baseball on Christmas Day on the "Square," now the beautiful Galt Gardens, and the maximum temperature for that day was fifty-eight degrees Fahrenheit. Great preparations had been made for the above event, people had been invited from Macleod, Pincher Creek and Medicine Hat. Those from the West were provided against all contingencies, but those from the 'Hat, having come by rail, neglected these precautions and arrived in almost summer finery. While the ball was in progress, a north wind sprang up, and in two or three hours the mercury fell seventy degrees—from forty above to thirty below zero. The reception committee, headed by George Houk, an old-timer of 1866, made a raid upon the stocks of Bentley's

and I. G. Baker & Company's general stores, and returned to the scene with a wagon-load of blankets of brilliant colours, and our guests from the East made their home journey in safety as well as comfort.

Although the winter of 1886-1887 was one of great severity, it was followed by a year of remarkable mildness. I played lawn tennis out-of-doors during a portion of each and every month of the year 1888.

Any account of the winters in Alberta would be incomplete without a description of that phenomenon known as the Chinook, which comes down from mountains crowned with perpetual snow and ice, as a summer wind in the midst of winter and transforms an atmosphere of bitter cold into balmy spring, luring cattle from huddling about buildings and haystacks to roam the grass-covered ranges.

The wind is not peculiar to Alberta. In Switzerland it is known as the Föhn, and by other names in other portions of the globe, but its effects are observed wherever masses of moist air are carried over a mountain range. My good friend, Mr. F. W. Godsall, experienced it in Ceylon, but "most strikingly in New Zealand, where in the south island the Canterbury plains are bounded on the west by a high range of mountains, just as Alberta is bounded on the west by the Rockies." He states that "while staying with some friends a few years ago at the foot of this New Zealand mountain range, an arch of cloud appeared in the west, similar to the 'Chinook arch' in Alberta, and the people at once exclaimed, 'See the arch! We shall have a warm wind to-day.'

"Chinook winds do not come through mountain passes, as is sometimes ignorantly supposed, but over the mountains at a great height, depositing their moisture as rain or snow on the mountain tops."

Meteorologists claim that masses of moist air passing over the icy peaks rapidly condense and come under pressure as they descend. This causes them to increase in temperature at the rate of about one degree F. for every 183 feet, and by the time they reach the foothills at the base of the mountains, where it is the warmest, they attain a maximum temperature of about seventy-five degrees F., and, having lost most of their moisture, they melt and absorb with amazing rapidity any snow which may be lying on the range. I have frequently seen from one to two feet of snow disappear within twelve hours, leaving scarcely a pool behind. The Chinook's influence sometimes is felt for hundreds of miles eastward.

## CHAPTER VII

### THE BEGINNINGS OF LETHBRIDGE

*One must remember that in 1879 the site of Lethbridge was as remote from the centres of population in Canada as Great Slave Lake is to-day. The contract for the Canadian Pacific Railway had not yet been signed and two years were to go before construction would be commenced.*

—LAWRENCE J. BURPEE.

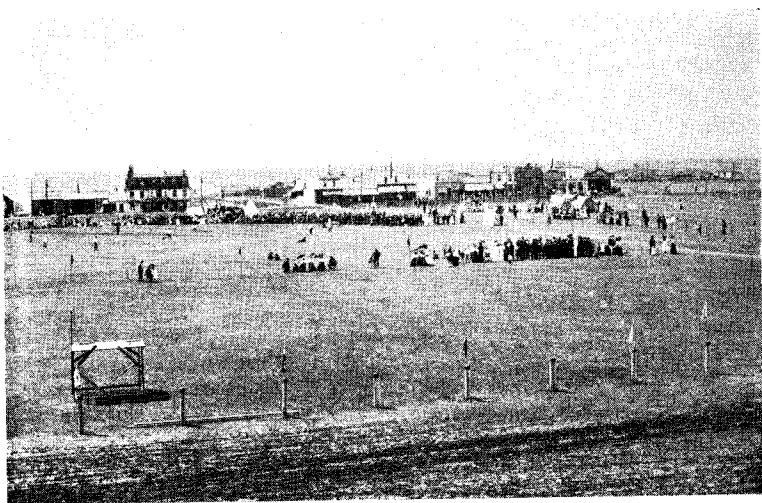
**B**ABYLON, Athens, Carthage, Rome and London once had their beginnings and so had Lethbridge. It remains to be seen whether, like some of these, it will "have its day and cease to be"; at any rate it had its origin in unpretentious surroundings.

Where less than fifty years ago the Indian, buffalo, timber-wolf and coyote roamed free and unmolested, a fair, broad-streeted and progressive city has arisen. The original site on the undulating uplands three hundred feet or more above the Belly River<sup>1</sup> was bare and unattractive, but those who came to build their homes and earn their bread in this land of opportunity decided early in its history that Lethbridge must be made a "City Beautiful." The struggles of the early pioneers to bring this to pass will be dealt with later in this chapter.

The late George Houk, who came from "Pennsylvania Dutch" stock, informed me, several years prior to his death, that he arrived in what is now known as Alberta, having come from Montana, on April 15, 1866, and had ridden over the present townsite long before Lethbridge was dreamt of. At that time the Blackfeet were very warlike, and in order to avoid

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<sup>1</sup>Now changed to Old Man River by the Geographic Board, Ottawa.



JUBILEE DAY, LETHBRIDGE, JUNE 22, 1897



GALT GARDENS, LETHBRIDGE, 1917  
A contrast —taken from the same spot twenty years later.



meeting them, he and his companions kept close to the mountains until well beyond any menace from the Indians, when they headed for Edmonton, where they spent a short time working the sand-bars of the Saskatchewan for placer gold. Leaving his partners, who were content to earn from five to ten dollars a day with their shovels, pans and sluice-boxes, he pressed on for the Peace River country, which, in those days, was the Ultima Thule, or "Jumping-off Place." Upon his return he assisted "Old Man" Gladstone in building Fort Whoop-Up, which stood hardly six miles, as the crow flies, from the future metropolis of Southern Alberta.

For years before the advent of the Mounted Police the out-croppings of coal on the Belly River had been known to trappers, "wolferers," and whiskey-traders who preferred the "black stones" to "buffalo chips" as fuel over which to fry their bacon. Nicholas Sheran had actually opened a "drift" near Fort Whoop-Up in 1872, and later on he moved down stream opposite the present city of Lethbridge, where he developed the first coal mine in what is now one of the richest coal areas in the world.<sup>1</sup> A stone cairn was erected to commemorate this event in Galt Gardens and unveiled by Mr. Justice Howay, in July, 1928.<sup>2</sup> Mr.

<sup>1</sup> The Province of Alberta contains 87 per cent. of all the coal reserves of the Dominion of Canada; 65 per cent. of all the coal reserves of the British Empire; and 14 per cent. of all the coal reserves in the world.

<sup>2</sup> The following is the inscription on the cairn in Galt Gardens:

FIRST COAL MINE IN ALBERTA

In 1872 on the Western bank of the Old Man River, at the present site of the Federal Mine, Nicholas Sheran opened the first coal mine in Alberta. He broke his own trails, found his own markets and hauled coal by ox-team two hundred miles to Fort Benton, Montana, and other distant points. Thus was founded a vital industry that has contributed greatly to the development and welfare of Western Canada.

Erected 1928.

Sheran also constructed a rude ferry which he operated for many years. He supplied the Mounted Police at Macleod with coal, sold it to the early settlers, also teamed it to Fort Benton, Montana, 210 miles distant. On returning from the latter place, he re-loaded his teams with supplies for the Police. It was at Sheran's that Elliott T. Galt, when making his trips in 1879 as Assistant Indian Commissioner, became acquainted with this valuable fuel and reported it to his father, Sir Alexander T. Galt, then Canadian High Commissioner in London. This intelligence led to the formation of the North-Western Coal and Navigation Company in 1882, with William Lethbridge as president, E. T. Galt manager, and William Stafford, mining superintendent.

This locality was known, even prior to the opening of the Sheran mine, firstly, as the Coal Banks (Indian, *Si-ko-ko-to-ki*, meaning black rocks.) Secondly, as Medicine Stone, from a large granite boulder which stood at the mouth of a coulee, due west of the present Galt Hospital, and upon which the Blood Indians placed votive offerings of beads and various trinkets. Thirdly, as Coalhurst, the official title given by the postal authorities at Ottawa—owing to the fact that they did not wish to duplicate the name Lethbridge which had already been bestowed on a small office in Muskoka, Ont. Fourthly, it was changed to Lethbridge on October 14, 1885, as per the following letter:

POST OFFICE INSPECTOR'S OFFICE,  
WINNIPEG, October 14th, 1885.

Postmaster, Coalhurst, N.W.T.

Dear Sir:

I have received this morning the Postmaster-General's instructions to change the name of your office to Lethbridge as quickly as possible, and have given instructions that

after the 15th inst. the name shall be Lethbridge instead of Coalhurst. Kindly govern yourself accordingly.

We will supply you with labels, etc., to suit the new name.

You will, of course, date your letter-bills, correspondence, etc., Lethbridge instead of Coalhurst after the date mentioned.

Yours truly,

W. W. McLEOD,

P.O. Inspector.

Lethbridge was named after William Lethbridge of Courtlands, Devon, England, who was the first president of the North-Western Coal and Navigation Company. Even prior to, and during the time that it was officially designated Coalhurst, the inhabitants persisted in calling it by the name given it by the Company.

Shortly after the opening of the Sheran Mine, Dan Keough (from whom Keho's Lake incorrectly derived its name) a "wolfer" and whiskey-trader, mined coal from the small outcroppings near the lake, and conveyed it to Forts Kipp and Macleod.

The first mine to be operated by the North-Western Coal & Navigation Company was registered as "Coal Lease No. 4." It was located on the east side of Belly River; the approximate latitude being 49°-42' 02", longitude 114°-11'-20", west; surveyed in 1882, and filed on by William Ashmead Bartlett Burdett-Coutts, per Sir Alexander Tilloch Galt. This location was decided on after many seams and out-croppings along the Bow, Belly and South Saskatchewan Rivers had been carefully examined and tested by William Stafford and Captain Bryant.

A contract was signed by the new Company to supply the Canadian Pacific Railway, which required fuel for its line which was then being extended across

the plains towards the Rockies. As the nearest point to that road was where it would cross the Saskatchewan at Medicine Hat, 110 miles distant, it was decided to convey the coal by means of stern-wheel steamers and barges. To build these, Captain Todd, pilot of the Missouri River steamship *Rosebud*, and his brother Nels were brought from Montana, the former as navigating officer, the latter as boat-builder.

1. The steamship *Baroness* was built at Lethbridge and launched in July, 1883. She was of 210 tons, had engines of fifty horsepower, was 173 feet in length and 31 feet in breadth.

2. The *Alberta*, built at Medicine Hat, was 86 tons, 100 feet long, 20 feet broad, and had engines of 31 horsepower.

3. The *Minnow*, built at Medicine Hat, was 73 feet long, 10 feet broad, and had engines of 6 horsepower.

The two latter were built and launched in 1884. The coal barges were constructed in Fort Macleod and floated to Lethbridge.

River navigation was found to be extremely uncertain owing to shifting sandbars and also to the fact that the water rose and fell with great rapidity, making the season too short to be profitable. A railroad was, therefore, the only solution of the transportation problem.

All three steamboats were employed during the Riel Rebellion in conveying troops and supplies on the North and South branches of the Saskatchewan, but, after its close, the *Alberta* alone returned to Lethbridge, where she was docked on July 16, 1886, immediately above the place where the great C.P.R. viaduct stands to-day.

Here she was gradually stripped of her gear and,

most of her cabin doors and windows went to embellish the homes of miners and ranchers along the river. The ship's bell was brought to town and used for many years as a fire-alarm and also as a curfew bell. It is now suspended in an arbour in the Galt Gardens. The hull was used as a bathing-platform until it was carried away in the great floods of 1901 and 1902.

Thomas McPherson, who later drove the first locomotive into Lethbridge in August, 1885, was an engineer on the *Alberta* and made the round trip to Edmonton by water. He tells of picking up enlisted men along the route, and of their encounters with the rebels. In these skirmishes the boat was hotly peppered from the shores, but, fortunately, there were no casualties aboard. The crew of the *Alberta* consisted of Captain Todd, an old British salt, who had sailed the seven seas, two engineers, two firemen, two pilots and a mate.

The *Baroness* brought in the first farm machinery to Southern Alberta, but as she stuck on a sandbar near Bow Island, the implements were unloaded and forwarded overland by bull-team to Macleod. Being of heavier tonnage, and deeper draft, the *Baroness* was never as successful as the *Alberta* in navigating these uncertain rivers.

During the spring and summer of 1885, Messrs. Aldous and Magrath were engaged in laying out the townsite of Lethbridge. While the survey was progressing we acted as agents in Macleod for the sale of the property. The first four lots were sold to D. W. Davis, afterwards M.P. for Alberta, and Collector of Customs for the Yukon. He purchased these for I. G. Baker & Company of Saint Louis, Mo., a concern which had branches throughout the western states and the Canadian North-West. Mr. Davis was

their manager for Macleod and they eventually sold out to the Hudson's Bay Company. Our firm purchased two lots adjoining, and a contract was let to William Henderson (afterwards Mayor) for the erection of a branch store with quarters for the post office in the rear of the building.

The construction of the North-Western Coal and Navigation Company's narrow-gauge railway from Dunmore Junction on the C.P.R. to Lethbridge was proceeding under a military guard, owing to the recent Indian and half-breed rising. This line was completed early in September, 1885, and was officially opened on the 24th of that month by Lord Lansdowne, then Governor-General of Canada. This was done with considerable formality, as the station platform was carpeted, an address was read and some of the early citizens were presented to His Excellency. While the "bowing and scraping" was in progress, a cowboy rode up to the edge of the platform, and without dismounting, called to his lordship, "Hello, Governor, come here!" Lord Lansdowne, looking the picture of neatness and aristocratic suavity, smiled, and walking over to the "puncher," extended his small, delicate hand, which was instantly enclosed in the rough, weather-beaten grip of the cowboy, who said, "Put it thar, Governor, for forty days"; then, with a wave of his hat, turned his horse, dug in his spurs, shouted, "So long, Governor," and disappeared in a cloud of dust.

The following day about fifty of us, on horseback, rode out to the Blood Indian reservation, where the Governor-General held a "pow-wow" with the Indians. The latter sat in crescent rows, the chiefs and sub-chiefs occupying the front and centre facing His Excellency, at whose side sat the interpreter, David

Mills, "Nigger Dave," known amongst the Indians as the "Black white man." One chief after another arose and made his speech, some of them with apparent fluency. Finally the "Old Man Eloquent" of the Bloods, Calf Shirt by name, made a wonderful oration, speaking for nearly twenty minutes. He affirmed, and re-affirmed, the loyalty of the Indians to the Great Mother, Queen Victoria, assuring her representative that as long as the grass grew, the winds blew, or the streams flowed, so long would their friendship endure. Whenever there was a lull in the address, the Governor would turn to Dave and ask what Calf Shirt was saying; but the latter invariably replied, "He want more grub."

This chief had an uncanny hobby—that of carrying live rattlesnakes about with him, next to his person. To anyone not acquainted with the old Indian, a considerable shock, mingled with horror, was experienced when, coming to close quarters, he threw open his blankets and exhibited two or three large, squirming, wriggling, hissing rattlers. Just how he rendered these reptiles innocuous I have never truly learned. Some claimed that he extracted their fangs; others, that he rubbed his body with the juices of some medicinal herb.

On a glorious autumn day, October 2, 1885, my brother Ed and I loaded a buckboard with a trunk and a small supply of drugs and headed for Lethbridge. We were late in getting under way, and by the time we had reached the ferry at Sheran Mine, signalled the ferryman and arrived on the east bank of the river, it was pitch dark. Therefore, it was necessary for me to proceed ahead of the team with a lantern in order to find the trail leading up the coulee to the town.

Putting up our horses at Whitney & Rowe's

livery stable, we headed for the Lethbridge Hotel, which was kept by two Scotsmen, Hogg and Henderson. While larger, and a considerable improvement upon "Old Kamoose's" hostelry at Macleod, it was, nevertheless, a pretty crude affair. The rooms, according to the custom of those days, were divided by cotton partitions; these were but seven feet high, upstairs, so that one, standing on a chair, could see from one end of the building to the other. The shadows caused by candlelight were startling in their clearness. To have any privacy when conversing one was obliged to use the "soft pedal," for any loud tones were audible throughout the flat. The bed-posts were, like those of Og, King of Bashan, of iron, only unlike those of that famous personage they stood—for a thousand excellent reasons—in former tomato tins half-filled with kerosene. Even these precautions did not entirely discourage "the pestilence that walketh in darkness," as they found no difficulty in scaling the cotton walls and ceilings and from the latter turning handsprings upon the unsuspecting victims below. Tallow candles were used for lighting one's way to bed, but oil lamps illuminated the hallway, bar and dining-room. Guests were obliged to fend pretty much for themselves. Those who were fastidious enough to want warm water for shaving might make a pilgrimage to the kitchen, and if able to gain admittance they were usually told that there was "none to spare." All water was hauled in tank-wagons from the river. "Tenderfeet" who left their shoes outside their room doors to be shined had them thrown back through the transoms, as likely as not, and the shoes hit their owners on the head, if the latter were not good dodgers.

Christmas Day was celebrated so hilariously by

the chef and his assistants that next morning (Boxing Day) not one of them appeared and the hotel guests were obliged to repair to the kitchen to prepare their own breakfasts.

Casualties were also numerous amongst the sporting element of the town, and it was a matter of surprise to most of us, who had observed things from a distance, that any of the eighteen saloons were still standing. From our corner we saw a drunken man with a broken leg, which he flopped about in a very alarming manner, being conveyed on a door to his home by four individuals equally inebriated. The whole proceeding resembled a man on a raft at sea tossed furiously on the billows.

The noise and general roughness of the place were too much for me. I therefore took the first opportunity of securing a private boarding-house, sleeping in the rear of our store. It was no uncommon thing to have a dozen or more men occupy the floor space between and behind our counters, where they spread their blankets. Scions of British nobility, and others, were glad of this privilege as regular hotel accommodation was at a premium. Most of our over-night guests were stage-passengers from Macleod, Pincher Creek and outlying ranches.

In the fall of 1885 the Bentley Company had a general stock of merchandise in a small building which they afterwards used as a warehouse. Thomas Botterill owned a hardware store, which was then managed by Fred Nivin, who is credited with being the first man to sleep on the Lethbridge townsite. During November of that year J. H. Cavanah arrived from Medicine Hat and opened a dry-goods store, and Fred Russell furnished the embryo city with its first photographic studio. There were many saloons—

"The Whoop-Up," "The Bucket of Blood," "The Nickel Plate" and others—but no banks, schools or churches, although preaching services were held in the bar and dining-room of the Lethbridge Hotel, and later in Burgoyne's and Alphonse's dance-halls. Whitney and Rowe possessed a livery-stable and large stock corral for the sale of horses. The Company mining superintendent, Mr. William Stafford, occupied a large house near the general offices, which were at the foot of the inclined cable-car track. Here coal trucks were hauled up to the loading trestle on the prairie level, three hundred feet or more above the mine "drifts." Mr. Elliott T. Galt, managing-director of the Company, erected his handsome residence, "Coaldale," on the river-bottom, not far from Mr. Stafford's, but it was torn down later to make way for the great C.P.R. viaduct which now spans the valley. Here he entertained Lord Lansdowne in 1885 and Lord and Lady Stanley some years later, during official visits as Governors-General of Canada. Mr. Howard F. Greenwood, also an official of the N.W.C. & N. Company, built the first large residence on the townsite and with his charming wife kept open house with true western hospitality.

On November 13, 1885, an alarming prairie-fire swept in from Milk River Ridge and came almost to the town's boundary. All able-bodied men were ordered out to fight it.

W. R. McDougall, shoemaker, built our first boots on the new site, and Sam Horner, former staff-sergeant in the N.W.M.P., and Henry Hutchinson were the first saddlers and harness-makers.

The first butcher shop was opened on Ford Street (now Second Avenue) by O. S. ("Hod") Main, who also owned a cattle ranch on the Little Bow River,

Eli J. Hodder being manager of the meat market. In those days there was little use in asking for anything but beef. Later we occasionally were able to buy Chicago "chicken" (pork), but even the latter was difficult to obtain as there were few hogs in the entire Province. Most of the butter during 1884 and 1885 was imported in one-pound tins, at one dollar each, and real chicken or sausages were undreamed-of luxuries.

Sam Brady was the first to open a bakery on the new townsite. His oven was constructed of field-stone for a base surmounted by a domed frame of willow wands thickly coated with clay. His bread was usually of excellent quality.

Fred Bourdon, a French-Canadian barber, bobbed the whiskers on our faces for "two bits" (twenty-five cents) and shingled us for double that sum. It did not appear to concern Fred whether the former operation gave pain to the victim or not, if only the handle of the razor held out.

Climie & Robertson, carpenters and joiners, opened the first furniture shop. They later sold out to John Craig, who built a more pretentious establishment for supplying the wants of the community with furnishings, and as a sideline, took care of those who died, with or without their boots on, with pine-box accommodation. The silver or nickel name-plates, when such were required, were engraved by the postmaster during his leisure, and without charge.

During the late autumn of 1885 a huge excavation was prepared and the erection begun of the large general store of I. G. Baker & Company, on the corner of Round Street and Baroness Road (now Fifth Street and First Avenue S.) This firm, whose headquarters are in St. Louis, Missouri, were the pioneer traders,

beef contractors and bankers in Southern Alberta and had branches in Macleod and Calgary as well as at Fort Benton, at the head of navigation on the Missouri River, Montana, whence large quantities of merchandise were conveyed into Western Canada by means of their "bull-trains."

Adjoining the I. G. Baker & Company establishment was T. F. Kirkham's tinware shop, which, by the way, was opened with a public dance, our favourite amusement in those days. Mr. Kirkham, who came from Winnipeg, where he conducted the tinsmithing and repair department for Mulholland Brothers, hardware merchants, told me several stories regarding the effusive politeness of the senior member of that firm.

One morning, when scanning the *Free Press*, the telephone rang. Mr. Mulholland, who was wearing a soft felt hat at the time, answered the call. "Hello!" said he, "this is Mulholland's hardware store."

Apparently the person at the transmitting end was Mrs. Bridges, a well-known Winnipeg society leader, for immediately off came his hat, while he bowed obsequiously before the instrument.

"Good morning, Mrs. Bridges, a lovely morning, is it not?"

The conversation which proceeded from the other end evidently registered a complaint, as the next words overheard were,

"Damn that man Kirkham for not carrying out his promises!"

Then, once more removing his head-covering and making a deep obeisance in front of the telephone, he said,

"Pardon me, Mrs. Bridges, for my impatience, but that fellow would make anyone swear. I shall see

that your wants receive attention." And with another bow he hung up the receiver.

The following is a description of the social conditions of Lethbridge and the surrounding country in the eighties as they impressed the correspondent of a well-known English journal:

At Lethbridge you strike a country essentially and typically western in its people, proclivities and surroundings, and with a lingo largely of its own. The man who herds your cattle is a cowboy, and the unfenced field—perhaps 150,000 acres—is a "range"; the "lasso" is lost in the "lariat," either of leather or grass, which oftener than not is called a "rope," and hangs from the horn of your Mexican saddle ready for any emergency, which saddle is never girthed, but "cinched," whilst the legs, thrown across it, are not wrapped in Bedford cord, but encased in leather chaparejos, which reach up to the cantle, sometimes oppressively hot with a cover of bearskin, or sometimes all motion with long fringes of split edging, like a tangle of seaweed. The maxim that there is nothing like leather is strictly observed here, for your broad, clay-coloured, felt sombrero is cinched up with a buckled leather girdle, whilst your very cheeks are tanned as deep a brown as your buckskin jacket or the leather bootlace which, passing abaft your ears, stays your hat after the manner of a woman's at your neck's nape. Freedom of speech is also tolerated, and you can hurl, with manlike irrelevance, unclassical objurgations at your cayuse's head to the jangle of your *vaquero*'s rowels on his ribs; you are never to be found at your house, but when dog-tired after a day's broncho riding you'll likely be having a spell at the ranch. If unable to agree with a friend's statement, you'll let him know that "it's dif'rent here, partner," or if constrained to admit an interrogatory, which carried its own answer, "that's what it is" will convey your world of meaning better than hundreds of terse affirmatives. You never black your boots, "a chunk of coyote fat is good enough for you." The term, "Sheol," with endless variations, is unreasonably applied to everything, good, bad or indifferent; and the mildest conversation is redeemed from vapidity by continuous double blanks.

And all these bold, bad phrases, dear reader, may not perhaps proceed from the fierce-moustachioed desperado, but quite possibly from some golden youth with less pretensions to beard than a head of barley. To this type of plainsman, however, there are some exemplary exceptions.

During the early development of the mines at Lethbridge, religious services were very infrequent. Rev. John Maclean, Methodist missionary to the Blood Indians, used to drive in on his buckboard, and Rev. W. P. McKenzie, Presbyterian student, rode over on horseback from Macleod. These pioneer "Sky Pilots" ministered to the spiritual needs of the small group of miners who were largely from Nova Scotia, and the services were usually held in the home of Mr. William Stafford, superintendent of the mines.

While the building of the narrow-gauge railway was in progress, Rev. Wellington Bridgeman, the Methodist minister of Medicine Hat, travelled up and down the road on the construction-train and preached to the men in the camps. He was also one of the first to conduct services on the then new townsite of Lethbridge.

I remember attending divine service on Monday, October 5, 1885, in the dining-room of the Lethbridge Hotel. The service was jointly conducted by Rev. H. T. Bourne, Anglican, and Rev. W. P. McKenzie, Presbyterian. Why it was held on a *Monday* I cannot now recall, unless it was that the bar-room and dining-room were not available for Sunday.

Organic Church Union, at that time, had not even been discussed, although we actually had a demonstration of its working on this, as well as upon other occasions. Whatever their belief, all might be worshipping together at services whether in charge of minister or priest.

During the latter part of 1885, Church of England services were held in Burgoyne's Hall by Rev. H. T. Bourne and Rev. Samuel Trivett, missionaries at the Blood Reserve. This building, the only one available at the time, was for many reasons unsuitable for public worship as it was connected with a saloon, and the services were conducted to the "fragrant incense of stale beer, whiskey and tobacco smoke," therefore a cottage on the north side of Ford Street (now Second Avenue, South) was rented.

At that time Lethbridge was in the Diocese of Saskatchewan, and the episcopal see was at Prince Albert. Owing to the great distance and scant railway communication, Bishop Maclean (irreverently called "Saskatchewan Jack") knew little of what was going on in so remote a section of his diocese, although he had visited Macleod during the summer of 1885 and I had the pleasure of hearing him preach a most eloquent sermon on "The Last Judgment" with Lord Lansdowne, then Governor-General of Canada, as one of his auditors.

The first Anglican incumbent was Rev. F. Davis, of Virden, Manitoba, but he remained for only a few days. He was succeeded by the Rev. E. K. Matheson, who conducted his first service on August 15, 1886. It was not, however, until Ash Wednesday, February 23, 1887, that the name "St. Augustin" was chosen for their parish.

On October 11, 1885, our first Sunday School was organized. Five little children were gathered from the streets. Few of these, if any, had ever heard the name of Christ before save in oaths. Two kindly carpenters, Climie and Robertson by name, offered us the use of their shop, and also constructed benches for the children. What more fitting place than a car-

penter shop for a school where the little ones would learn of "The Carpenter of Nazareth"?

When Knox Church was completed and opened for worship on February 15, 1886, the little school was moved over there where the quarters were more commodious. The first break in our ranks occurred when Rev. Father VanTighem came down from Macleod, organized his flock and took a few of our members. About a year later, the Rev. E. K. Matheson, of Saint Augustin's Church of England, removed about thirty scholars. Nearly three years later, the Baptists under Rev. C. J. Coulter-White appropriated almost the same number. The Methodist pupils remained with us until November, 1890, when, under the guidance of Rev. James Endicott (now Right Reverend Dr. Endicott, Ex-Moderator, The United Church of Canada), they moved to Wesley Church. In spite of this exodus, our numbers increased until, shortly before the "Disruption" of 1925, the total membership of the school, in all its branches, was almost six hundred. This school, so humbly begun, became the parent religious institution of Lethbridge and the surrounding district.

Even when our numbers were few it was a severe ordeal for me, as superintendent, to appear before the scholars, to lead in the singing, to address them, and especially to offer prayer in public. It was, indeed, a weekly cross which had to be borne, and the nervous strain entailed was such that I invariably returned home from school as limp as the proverbial wet rag. And this nervousness was not fully overcome, even after thirty years' experience. Once, when leading in the Lord's prayer, the shrill, piping voice of a child, who was several words behind the recital, so

distracted my attention that I was obliged to close it with an abrupt "Amen."

In reviewing the whole school at the close of the lesson-period, I sometimes received answers which upset my gravity. All teachers, doubtless, have had similar experiences. One of ours was asked by a small boy, "Teacher, please tell us about the kid in the slough," referring to the story of Moses.

One of our primary teachers had been at great pains to relate to her class the story of creation as recorded in Genesis. In order to test her scholars and ascertain how much of her teaching had been remembered, she asked, "Can any of you tell me how Eve was made?" All the faces had blank expressions upon them. Then, to refresh their memories somewhat, she told them that the Lord took a rib out of Adam's side and then asked, "What did He do with it?" Little Teddy Hawley, who had a pronounced lisp, shot up his hand and said, "Please, Mith Milne, I know. He made thoup out of it."

On October 31, 1884, the first white child in the settlement was born in the person of Henrietta, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Stafford. She died at the age of seven years.

In March, 1886, the first wedding was held in Knox Presbyterian Church when Mr. E. J. Hodder was united in marriage to Miss Alma I. Forbes by the Rev. Angus Robertson, missionary, and predecessor of "The Fighting Parson," Rev. Charles McKillop.

The first death amongst the white people in the community was that of Henry Stafford, son of Mr. and Mrs. William Stafford. He died in August, 1883, and was buried in the river bottom, where his grave may still be seen. The first death on the present

townsite was that of the infant child of Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Hodder. One of four pallbearers, I remember carrying the little casket in turn upon our shoulders down one of the coulees to the river bottom.

The first effort towards providing the children of the rising town of Lethbridge with at least a beginning along educational lines was made by a young English-woman by the name of Miss Coe (who afterwards married Falkland Warren, son of General Warren, Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police Force, London, Eng.). One of the smaller cottages, erected by the North-Western Coal & Navigation Company for the use of their employees, was placed at her disposal and here she taught the three R's to less than a dozen youngsters.

During the winter of 1885-1886 application was made to the Territorial Government at Regina for the creation of a school district; this was speedily granted and a board of trustees formed consisting of William Stafford, Howard F. Greenwood and, if my memory serves me correctly, John Craig.

In the early spring of 1886 a frame school-building was erected on the site of the present city hall, and on April 11th in that year, L. B. Latimer was installed as principal and Miss Margaret Duff (later Mrs. Frank Fane) as assistant.

These were humble beginnings of the truly splendid educational work now carried on in the many substantial and well-equipped schools in all parts of the city.

The first School Inspector for what is now Southern Alberta was the Rev. (later Dr.) John Maclean, then missionary at the Blood Indian Reserve. When he received his appointment as inspector in 1886 his field extended from the international boundary to Red Deer, and from Medicine Hat to British Columbia. In

that huge area, sixty thousand square miles, there were then but six schools.

When Dr. Maclean first came into the country, by the old Benton Trail, with his bride, Miss Barker, of Guelph, they ran into a herd of buffalo, perhaps one hundred thousand of them, for the plains were covered with them as far as the eye could see, and the observers stood on one of the Sweet Grass Hills. The new missionary was not long in coming to the conclusion that the buffalo had to go. With these creatures roving the plains the Indian was independent, as his means of sustenance was but a few miles away. But with the disappearance of the buffalo the Indian became dependent, and allowed the white man to come in and occupy the land which the red men had possessed for centuries.

Lethbridge, during the years 1885 and 1886, experienced a period of great activity in building. The sound of the hammer and saw might be heard all day and often far into the night and, as the Lord's Day Act was not enforced at that time, Sunday rest and religious services were frequently disturbed by breaches of the Fourth Commandment.

To meet the demand for building materials a saw-mill was erected by the N.W.C. & N. Company on the river bottom in the neighbourhood of Noel's Brewery, and almost opposite the Sheran Coal Mine. Three and a half million feet of logs were cut in the mountains and floated down the Old Man River. The lumber was so fresh from the forest and stream that carpenters used to complain that the water would spurt into their faces when they were nailing boards to the studding of buildings. Many of us discovered, to our sorrow, that after the warm sunshine and winds of summer, the shrinkage and warping of the wood

admitted far more air and sunlight than the laws of health demanded.

The small engine at first installed in the mill was augmented by one taken from the steamer *Alberta* after her arrival from Medicine Hat in July, 1886.

Knox Church, which was opened on February 7, 1886, was (so I was informed by the contractor, George Cody) shingled by moonlight and in January.

In the autumn of the same year an edifice of red brick, made locally by the late John Bruce, was reared for the Church of England. A small cottage on the corner of Sixth Avenue and Tenth Street was the first house to be built of that material in Lethbridge. From October to December of the same year the Barracks of the North-West Mounted Police, a small hospital for the accommodation of the employees of the Company, an office and residence for the Union Bank of Canada, also many stores and houses were erected. The first mentioned, built by Scott & Merrill, at a cost of over thirty thousand dollars, accommodated one hundred officers and men. The Bank was a frame structure on the east side of what are now the "Galt Gardens," and is at present used as a boarding-house. Mr. J. G. Billett was the first manager.

It was at this time that Mr. C. W. Watkins, keeper of stores and supplies for the N.W.C. & N. Company, and I purchased a cottage containing two bedrooms and a large living-room, together with some furniture and the twenty-five-foot lot on which it stood, for the very moderate sum of \$475. As these premises are now incorporated into the present site of the Balmoral Block it might be interesting to note that this property, unfortunately no longer in our possession, was a few years later valued at from eight hundred to one thousand dollars per lineal foot.

I also purchased from E. Walton, of Medicine Hat, two lots measuring in all 50 x 125 feet, on the corner of Round and Ford Streets (now 5th Street and 2nd Avenue) upon which was erected a two-storey frame building, for \$1,900. Four years later I disposed of twenty-five feet of this property, a vacant lot, for eight hundred dollars. This structure I used as a store and post office until 1904, when it was replaced by one of brick and metal, and added to in 1907, until the corner lot was completely covered. Here it was that the business known by our name was conducted until April 30, 1929, when it, together with our branch store in the Marquis Hotel, was sold to the A. M. Sutherland Drug Company.

As the townsite proper (or bench-land above the river upon which Lethbridge now stands) contained in 1885 neither tree, shrub nor flower, some of our early residents made efforts to supply that want. John Kean, foreman of the N.W.C. & N. Company's sawmill, and Johnny Hall, a "bull-whacker," both made experiments in tree planting. The former brought some cottonwood saplings from the river bottom and planted them in front of his residence; they made an excellent showing until a fire destroyed both house and trees. Hall experimented successfully with Manitoba maple and wild cherry. The latter sprang from some pits thrown into her garden by a Mrs. Miles, with whom Hall boarded, after making cherry wine; one of these Manitoba maples, supported by props, may still be seen in the western section of the Galt Gardens, and is one of the oldest trees in Lethbridge. Alfred Barber, station-agent, and Thomas McNabb, master mechanic, were also successful tree planters.

The first real efforts in arboriculture on a large

scale were made by Captains Deane and Casey in 1889 at the N.W.M.P. barracks, but owing to a succession of dry years, only one tree survived, a gnarled old specimen, at the north-west corner entrance to the barracks. Rev. Father VanTighem planted some apple and cottonwood trees in the grounds of old St. Patrick's Church, and some Manitoba maples for his friend Dr. Mewburn in the latter's garden. Mr. Alex. Fraser tried the experiment of digging trenches and placing poplar logs therein and cultivating or training the shoots into trees. This proved a success. The first satisfactory attempts at beautifying the streets in like manner were begun on Redpath Street (now Third Avenue, South) by the late Hugh Scott, C. B. Bowman, my brother E. N., and myself. Many efforts were made to grow trees on the Square, which was in the early days a turning-ground for bull and mule teams, and is now the beautiful "Galt Gardens" of which we are so proud. A wag remarked that the citizens had thus transformed a bull-yard into a boulevard. But as the trees were put into round holes dug into the hard clay, they shortly became pot-bound and died. Not discouraged at this failure, a chain fence, erected by public subscription, was placed around the common, as it then was, to keep out range cattle which still persisted in invading the town, destroying our little attempts at gardening, overturning our water barrels and garbage receptacles, and making themselves generally obnoxious. A Pound By-law was enacted later which had the effect of arresting the nuisance to some extent, but the fencing of all gardens became a necessity.

The extension of an irrigation canal into Lethbridge in the year 1900 solved the problem of aboriculture as well as floriculture, not only in the city itself, but

throughout the district. Flowers, hedges and trees sprang up as if by magic, and homes, gardens, streets and parks were transformed into places of beauty.

Apropos of making a city beautiful, when it was decided to hold the Dry Farming Congress at Lethbridge in 1912 the first requisite was to secure adequate building accommodation, secondly, a suitable site. The latter was acquired by the late William Henderson, Mayor of Lethbridge, from the Canadian Pacific Railway Company and comprised a tract of several hundred acres. Within this area was a depression, or former lake-bed, approximately one-quarter of a mile wide and three-quarters of a mile long. It was, by an agreement with the Company, filled with waste water from the irrigation system. When this had been accomplished, bathing beaches were created, boat-houses erected, and canoes, rowboats and sailing craft soon appeared and, what even the most optimistic dreamer could have scarcely ventured to predict a few years earlier, aquatic sports became regular events. Upon one occasion I counted no fewer than twenty-nine sailing boats at one time upon this artificial lake.

The logical thing to be done now was to beautify the area surrounding this sheet of water, and we had a striking demonstration of what may be accomplished by community spirit and enterprise. On a certain Arbor Day, prior to the Great War, between twelve and fifteen hundred citizens, representing all classes, headed by a band, marched in a body with picks, shovels, spades, hoes and rakes to this new creation, Henderson Park, about two miles from the City Hall, where they gave a day of their time to the planting of trees and shrubs following a plan mapped out by the city engineer. To make certain that this good work

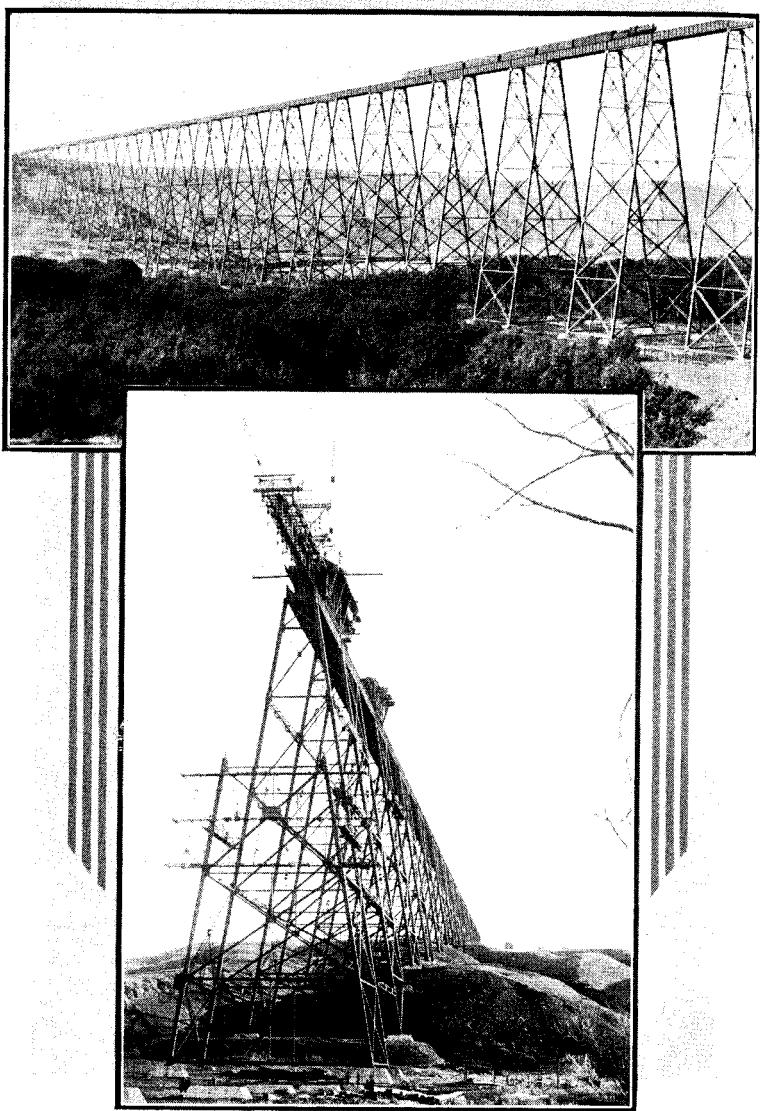
should not be hindered, the ladies motored out at noon and served refreshments to the whole body of workers.

All old-timers will recall the diminutive shack which stood alongside the railway, north of the present "Galt Gardens," and was used for a considerable time as a Customs House. The size of the building was not commensurate with the amount of business transacted, as sometimes huge sums of money were paid by the N.W.C. & N. Company on importations of mining, railway and other machinery, as well as by stockmen who brought in large bands of cattle, sheep and horses. The threat was not altogether an idle one when some of the so-called "wild and woolly" inhabitants boasted that on some dark night they would load building, safe and furniture on a bull-train and move out.

Her Majesty's representative as collector was the genial, big-hearted Fred Champness, and although he sat at the receipt of customs, he was everyone's friend. His capacious pockets always contained a supply of ginger-snaps, raisins, nuts or sweets which he readily dispensed to youngsters irrespective of their lack of ablutions or social standing. When some lonely bachelor, who did his own housekeeping, was indisposed, this Good Samaritan might be seen, with a pitcher of soup or a basket of delicacies, wending his way thitherward. He was one of the real Greathearts of the early West.

It was, if I remember correctly, in the autumn of 1886 that I witnessed the departure, from the front of my office, of a democrat, or light wagon, loaded with four passengers commissioned to spy out the land, whose subsequent findings profoundly affected the history of the whole of Southern Alberta. I refer to Charles Ora Card, John W. Woolf, Samuel Matkin





C.P.R. VIADUCT, LETHBRIDGE, ONE MILE LONG, 307 FEET HIGH  
*Lower:* Viaduct under construction.

and another, now all deceased. These men were delegated by the heads of the Mormon Church in Salt Lake City, Utah, to select a tract of land suitable for the settlement of a large number of their co-religionists. The Company had offered large sections of land to them at a most reasonable price—\$1.00 per acre—and on long terms of payment, and they were naturally anxious to examine the soil, ascertain if it was well watered and grassed, and if the climatic conditions were as healthful as had been reported.

In June, 1887, Mr. Card brought his family along with a party of forty to the locality which afterwards became Cardston, and on June 5 the first religious service was held in a tent and the community was given a formal organized existence.

I had many conversations with these rugged old patriarchs at that time and later numerous business transactions. On their work as tree planters, farmers, stockmen and irrigationists I need not dwell: their prosperous community centres, farms and ranches speak for themselves. With their general abstinence from tea, coffee, tobacco and liquors I have no quarrel, that policy having been adopted by them after long experience with stimulants and their effects upon the human body. Even in pioneer days, and under difficult conditions, these settlers were never a charge on the community, province or country.

One of the most outstanding characters of the Mormon settlements, Mrs. Charles Ora Card (affectionately known as "Aunt Zina"), was an early guest at our home. She was, I think she informed me, a daughter of the third wife of Brigham Young, the famous founder of Salt Lake City and their colonies in Utah, and inherited much of his energy and ability. One evening she spent hours in my library discussing

religious and other themes, searching the scriptures and consulting many books of reference until tables and chairs were covered with them. We debated many questions, drew our own conclusions and parted the best of friends. Later on I received, with her compliments, and autographed, the Book of Mormon, also a copy of *A Key to the Science of Theology*.

Mrs. Card was a fluent and convincing speaker, as well as a woman of grace and charm, and exercised a far-reaching influence on the life of Southern Alberta.

Several years later, in company with Mr. C. A. Magrath, who went to check up surveys made by Mr. Card, we enjoyed the hospitality of the founder of Cardston and his clever and charming helpmeet.

## CHAPTER VIII

### THE TRIALS OF A POSTMASTER

*A man of letters amongst men of the world.*

—MACAULAY.

*Postmaster curst, their wrath was nursed  
By waiting for the mail.*  
“*Hurrah, at length the window's up—  
There's nothing, John, for me?”  
John knows the face—the letter place—  
“Two bits on that,” says he.*

—JAS. ANDERSON, in *Cariboo Rhymes*.

WITH the exception of the front windows our store was now completed. Supplies of glass having been exhausted, we had to resort to that readily available, translucent, but not transparent, substitute—factory cotton. In the meantime our goods from the East had arrived, and after these were unpacked, marked and placed, our premises were opened for business on October 7, 1885. Upon this date also Her Majesty's mail was given to the public through the regular channels. Prior to this, it was unwillingly handled by clerks in the Company's office. The assistant manager and chief accountant, Mr. Howard F. Greenwood, was nominally postmaster—although he had nothing to do with postal duties—until my official appointment in 1887. My tenure of office as postmaster continued until 1910.

Before transmitting the first quarterly report of stamps sold, I wrote the Postmaster-General asking what amount was to be placed to our credit as salary. He replied that ten dollars per annum might be

credited, and that should the business of the office warrant a further increase, it would be granted.

A set of lock-boxes, of brass and plate-glass, was installed, the rentals from which the first year paid the original cost, the continuing payments being a steady source of revenue. Later on this was augmented by successfully tendering for the conveyance of the mail between the office and the railway station. In this work I was associated for many years with Major Burnett, John H. Fleetwood and the Late William Hardy.

Post office hours in the majority of Western communities are invariably long, and ours were no exception. Most of our mails arrived and departed during the night and it meant that we were obliged to be early and late "on the job." Mail for morning delivery had to be sorted and placed in the boxes before eight o'clock and we closed at ten p.m. The stage-coach for Macleod, and western connections, departed at eight a.m.

For a brief period the mail for the East departed at noon—a "rush hour"—therefore it was not surprising that on one occasion we missed the train, which, at that time, was a tri-weekly one. A delay of two days was serious, and as we would be reported, and subsequently reprimanded by the Department, the matter was placed before our newly-formed Bicycle Club. Five of the members instantly volunteered to leave within an hour on their wheels, each carrying a leather school-bag containing letters. It was a run of 109 miles, over a prairie trail, yet, in spite of various mishaps, the cyclists reached the C.P.R. station at Medicine Hat the following morning, before eight o'clock, just a few minutes before the arrival of the east-bound train.

As a railway terminal and a mining centre where many of the miners had families in the east, we transacted an unusually large money-order business. Immediately following pay-days at the mines I have written orders until, through writer's cramp, I could scarcely hold a pen. However, I found the work congenial, and after over a quarter of a century's experiences, relinquished the post with regret. As holder of a government office, I meticulously abstained during my incumbency from political expressions, gatherings, or other actions which might be construed as partisan; prior to my appointment as postmaster, however, I had acted as agent for Dr. J. D. Lafferty, of Calgary, who contested the constituency of Alberta in the Dominion elections and after my resignation as such, as agent for the Hon. W. A. Buchanan, who, in the election of 1911, entered the field in favour of reciprocal relations with the United States, as enunciated by Sir Wilfred Laurier. I did this opposing the views of my life-long friend, Hon. Charles A. Magrath, former chairman of the Ontario Hydro Commission and the International Waterways Commission. This was one of the most difficult, as well as painful, decisions I have ever been called upon to make, for as a man, gentleman and friend I esteemed him greatly. To me it was a case of,

I could not love thee (Sir) so much,  
Loved I not honour more.

Reciprocity, as an ideal appealed to my imagination, even as it appealed to many Westerners at that time as a wonderful thing for our country. Whether rightly or wrongly, I earnestly and conscientiously devoted my efforts on its behalf. Mr. Magrath was generous enough and sufficiently broad, apparently,

to overlook this seeming defection, and although we did not see eye to eye on this great question, it never changed my admiration for him. Whether or not this were a sin on my part it was certainly so construed by those with whom I differed. Punishment was speedily visited upon my brother E. N., an able, obliging and painstaking official, who had scrupulously kept aloof from politics, but who was dismissed unceremoniously, and without any warning, a small piece of yellow paper, upon which was inscribed an order to turn over the office to the new appointee, being his sole notification. A meeting of the supporters of the new Government who were not in sympathy with this action was held. A petition was largely signed and two delegates, both prominent and respected citizens, were sent to Ottawa. But this was of no avail; the die had been cast, and a piece of discreditable politics was enacted.

For two or more years (1891-1893) a conflict raged in our community, in which I was, unfortunately, the storm centre, over the question of Sunday mail. Our office had never been open on that day unless following snow blockades, or upon special occasions when a delayed mail arrived on that day. Then we invariably and without demur distributed it for the public. To do this every Sunday, even though it was customary in some offices in the West, was another question.

The struggle was brought on in a very simple way. A petition was prepared, asking that the mail be sorted and the post office lobby left open for certain hours every Sunday, and it was, apparently, signed by residents. This was forwarded to the Post Office Inspector, W. W. McLeod, at Winnipeg. The Inspector wrote me asking if I had any objections to carrying out this wish. Unfortunately I was in the

East, and my assistant undertook to answer it, using my name, which he signed to the letter in reply placing his initials, rather inconspicuously, underneath. In this he objected to the principle, but closed with the following statement, "Nevertheless, if you consider it advisable to open, we will." The Inspector, assuming that we had no very decided objections, upon his own responsibility, issued peremptory orders for Sunday opening. Upon my return to town the office was, as usual, not opened from Saturday night until Monday morning. This action was immediately reported to the Inspector, who issued an angry and imperative demand for us to open the office at once, as previously directed. We complied with this, but, under protest, and a long and acrimonious correspondence followed. The town was divided into hostile camps, and our weekly paper, the *Lethbridge News*, editorially, and in its letters from correspondents, expressed opinions pro and con. The Inspector, recognizing that he had exceeded his authority, endeavoured to have me dismissed on other grounds. He made numerous inspections, dropping in on us as early as seven a.m. to see if we were at our work. One morning, after thus attempting to surprise us while we were sorting the mail, he strolled into the lobby, where he met, for the first and last time, that redoubtable man "Who never feared the face of mortal clay." I refer to the Rev. Charles McKillop, the Presbyterian minister. After an exchange of greetings, the two Highland Scotsmen were soon engaged in a fierce dispute, and were drawing a large "gallery." I, therefore, left my duties, went out and suggested that they adjourn to my back office, where they might argue without molestation. To this they

agreed. Having finished my task, I went to breakfast, as usual, and, returning an hour later, found the two still hotly engaged, and a large table covered with correspondence dealing with the situation. For the first time I saw the original petition which had been sent to the Postmaster-General. I was able at once to see that many of the names signed to it were fictitious, whilst others were those of bar-room loafers. Some with no standing in the community, interspersed with the signatures of men who had no conscientious scruples on keeping the Lord's Day. Mr. McKillop treated the question as a moral and social issue, and, as a parting shot to the Inspector, said: "You may trump any charges you please in order to effect Mr. Higinbotham's dismissal, but I wish to assure you that the grave will close over me before I am through with this fight, and by that time, your own position will not be any too secure."

In order to satisfy himself of the true feelings of the citizens, Mr. McLeod then made a personal canvass of the town, calling upon the business houses, banks, hotels, the customs, and the Mounted Police. To his great surprise he discovered that a large majority did not desire their mail on Sunday, and even when temporarily open on that day, made no use of the service. He submitted his report to the Postmaster-General accordingly, and as a result, I shortly afterwards received a letter to the effect that I might use my own discretion with respect to opening or closing on the Lord's Day.

While highly elated with our victory, we did not unduly exult over those who opposed our stand, though they were so certain of winning that they had chosen the name of my successor as postmaster.

Few of those who sought my official life are now alive, and post offices are closed on Sundays from one end of this Dominion of ours to the other.

Postmasters may have their trials and tribulations, but they also encounter much that is amusing. While acting in the capacity of Assistant Postmaster at Macleod I had the pleasure of handing to the addressee a letter with the following inscription:

This is for a friend of mine,  
A jolly good friend is he;  
Expect to see him here this fall  
When he leaves the N.W.T.  
To FORT MACLEOD this is to go,  
Where, when dry, he takes "the horrors,"  
ST. MARY'S CROSSING is where he lives,  
And his name is BALDY MORRIS.

Mr. Morris was of a risible nature, and dearly loved a joke. His peals of laughter upon receiving this letter might have been heard for a great distance.

One day there was posted in our office a letter contained in a long, official envelope. This bore upon its face no written address, but in lieu of this three photographs (newspaper cuts) 1, of the sender, a Dominion Topographical Surveyor, and member of the Legislative Assembly of the Territories; 2, the addressee, a Queen's Counsel, and prominent member of the bar; 3, the Postmaster. In one corner of the envelope was the warning: "Mr. Postmaster, you may pound Her Majesty with impunity; but beware of this, one of Her Majesty's Advisors." An arrow pointed to the picture of the addressee, and "From" indicated the joker.

These readily found the persons for whom they

were intended. It is doubtful, however, if many of the following were as successful:

John Smith,  
Alberta,  
Manitoba.

Thomas Jones,  
Lethbridge,  
Ottawa Co.,  
United States.

S. Tompkins,  
Post Office,  
North-West Territory, Canada.

George Brown,  
At a farm 1700 miles beyond Montreal,  
North-West Territory.

The following was taken from the back of a postal card, evidently addressed to a poor writer:

SACRED  
TO THE  
MEMORY  
OF

CHAS. B. BOWMAN

WHO  
DEPARTED  
THIS LIFE  
WHILE  
TRYING TO  
DECIPHER  
AN EPISTLE  
FROM  
H. E. H.

DIED JULY 4, 1895  
AGE 97 YEARS

WHOM THE GODS LOVE DIE YOUNG

"H. E. H." retaliated with a card addressed to The Executors of the Estate of the late Chas. B. Bowman, in which he regretted to learn of the demise of his former friend, but trusted that the executors would appreciate the fact of his having himself accomplished what the Fool Killer had evidently neglected to do.

## CHAPTER IX

### A COLD DEAL IN HORSES

*Ill luck comes by pounds and goes away by ounces.*

—OLD PROVERB.

THE years 1897 and 1898 were famous on account of the Klondike Gold Rush. News of the fabulous finds of the early prospectors set most of the Western towns aflame with excitement. Those who possessed a few hundred dollars, and were unattached as to family ties, headed for the coast in order to take the first ship by which they might reach the gold fields. When navigation closed for Alaska, alternative routes were sought, namely, via Edmonton by pony and dog sled down the frozen lakes and rivers to Fort McPherson where the mountains would have to be crossed in order to reach the Yukon Basin. The outfitters at Edmonton did a rushing business in furnishing supplies and equipment, but there was a great shortage of ponies. Urgent calls were sent out for anything in horseflesh with hair and hoofs on.

In Lethbridge three of us formed a syndicate. We arranged with one who had a third interest in the company, and an experienced stockman, to purchase two hundred head of good, "stocky" cow-ponies. Something turned up at the last moment which prevented his going, and I was obliged, though inexperienced, to assume this duty as well as to finance the enterprise. A newly-arrived English lad, Ernest Sharman, was to assist me in collecting and driving the animals to Leed's ranch, where they were to be branded and shipped by train to Edmonton.

We purchased horses at the Blood Indian Reservation, Pincher Creek, Porcupine Hills and also from the Trefoil ranch, where we made our temporary headquarters. Ninety head were bought from Sam De Rinzy of the Porcupines, and a half-breed boy, Sweet Grass Billy by name, was engaged to aid the latter in delivering this band at Leed's.

The evening of February 16, 1898, when we left Macleod, where we went to purchase supplies, the place was greatly excited over the news that the U.S. Battleship *Maine* had been blown up in Havana Harbour, and this might prove to be a *casus belli* between Spain and our Southern neighbours. This was indeed a memorable date to me, because of the experiences which followed, and I shall always "Remember the *Maine*."

Our adventures are described in a letter which I wrote on February 18, at Nelson's ranch, on Meadow Creek:

The horse business is not all "beer and skittles." This has certainly been to me the experience of a lifetime. The weather has been most unfavourable, thus far, for our work, especially driving and herding. It was cold, snowy and muddy coming from Lethbridge to Macleod on Monday, the 14th, and was equally cold the next day when driving eight miles to the Trefoil Ranch, Mr. Hyde's, and then fourteen miles to DeRinzy's in the Porcupine Hills. Returning, we drove through a blinding snowstorm, and were chilled to the bone by the time we reached Mr. Hyde's comfortable home, where a good, hot dinner soon caused us to forget our troubles.

Here we purchased more horses, and consequently were delayed in getting away on our twenty-mile drive to Leed's ranch. Prior to leaving, we packed three horses with our impedimenta, which included a tent, camp equipment and supplies. As both Ernie and I were inexperienced in throwing the "diamond hitch," considerable time was

taken up in accomplishing the task. We had scarcely gone a mile when one of our pack-ponies took fright at the rattling of some of the cooking utensils in the pack and stampeded the whole band. This pony also, by kicking and bucking, divested itself of its burden, which was strewn broadcast over the prairie. Fortunately, this occurred while we were still inside of one of the large, fenced pastures of the Trefoil ranch, and we succeeded in roping the runaway and repacking him. In this escapade we lost two axes, and perhaps other things, but we had no time to spend in looking for them.

Mr. Hyde and Miss Macdonnell, his sister-in-law, rode out a short distance to see us on our way. Night came down upon us before we reached our destination, and, as the horses were tired and hungry, and increasingly difficult to drive, we determined to herd them for the night. Not knowing the country, we thought it unwise to look for ranches or other shelter.

The snow was about six inches deep on the prairie, and, as badger-holes abounded, the horses frequently fell. My own pony, "Cut Finger," was thrown no fewer than four times. In three of them I was able to retain my seat, but the last was a rather serious fall, as he rolled over on me before I could extricate my feet from the stirrups. For a brief period I was unable to rise, but, after a few rubbings, I succeeded in remounting, although with extreme pain. This happened just before we called a halt, and was an exceedingly unfortunate experience for me.

At about seven o'clock Ernie said that he would ride ahead and ascertain where the trail forked for Leed's, and, as I was somewhat crippled, asked if I would mind remaining with the band. Of course, I expected him to return soon, perhaps with some cowboys. Imagine my dismay, when from that moment to this time of writing, I have not seen him, and was, therefore, alone with the herd throughout that eternity of a cold, miserable night.

The temperature was nearly twenty below zero when we left the Trefoil ranch, and it had been falling steadily until it must have reached fully thirty-five degrees below. I am grateful to Almighty God that I did not freeze to death, as it was with the utmost difficulty that I could keep up circulation, especially in my hands and feet. It became too

cold to sit in the saddle, and, when I dismounted, I was too lame to walk. I was, therefore, obliged to hop on one foot the greater part of the night. I sang, prayed, whistled, and talked to the horses, and I shall never forget to my dying day the miseries of that seemingly never-ending night. I had forgotten to wind my watch and, in consequence, it had stopped, and I could only approximate the hours by the constellations Orion and the Great Bear. But they appeared to move so slowly that I thought they would never go their rounds. Early in the night, in order to let my pony feed, I removed the bridle, hung it on the horn of my saddle, and at the same time held one end of his rope as I hopped around a circle in the snow.

After a time I was able to descry a small butte, or rounded hill, about fifty yards distant, to which I now led him and where I eagerly awaited the dawn. Throughout the night the air was still, but now a slight wind from the north arose. One of the leaders of the horses, with head back and tail flying, ran around the herd, encircling them three times.

This seemed to create an uneasiness amongst them, and, before I was aware, the whole band stampeded for the south, going the very direction from which they had been driven. Knowing that none of them had our brand upon them, I decided to mount and follow them, which I did as best I could and, soon passing the stragglers, reached the main body—the leaders, however, could not be headed off. Coming to a small, winding stream, which I later found to be Meadow Creek, I forced my pony across the glare ice, as it had been freshly frozen, the other horses, not being shod, did not venture to cross.

I now saw, in the distance, smoke ascending from a house. Taking the shortest way possible, I rode up to the door and persuaded two men to saddle up and assist me to head off the stampede. This we did by opening a large gate into a field and turning the horses into it. We had scarcely more than done this, and cut the ropes off our pack-ponies, when a howling blizzard came on, and raged for fully twenty hours.

The Nelson brothers, for so I found them to be, were just cooking breakfast, and, as I had been without food for many hours, I was almost famished. Four cups of boiled

tea, smoking hot, put life into me once more. Soon we were discussing the pros and cons of ranching, in which I came in for some pretty hard raps for "butting into" the horse business.

As I rode up to the ranch I must have resembled Santa Claus, as icicles hung from my moustache and my breath was frozen upon my short, buffalo coat. This garment, which I bought from the Mounted Police, doubtless contributed in no small measure to keeping me from freezing to death.

While the tempest raged without, we all hugged the large kitchen stove, and piled on the fuel, the men only once venturing as far as the stables in order to feed and water their stock.

On removing my overshoes and boots, I found a considerable swelling about my left ankle joint, which I attempted to reduce, as well as to alleviate the pain, with the only nostrum in the ranch first-aid equipment, namely, Electric Oil.

My chief anxiety, however, was concerning Ernie, and I earnestly hoped that he had reached some sheltering abode before the blizzard. This was relieved on Saturday, the 19th, when he and Sweet Grass Billy, who had been searching the country for me, arrived. He too had lost his way and been out all night, but managed to make Sharples' ranch before the storm. When he got thawed out, he told Mr. Sharples of my predicament, and the latter very thoughtfully rode to the nearest Mounted Police detachment and gave the alarm. The police began a systematic search at once, but were turned back by the blizzard.

The weather had now moderated, and so we drove the band to what is now the town of Claresholm, a station on the Calgary and Edmonton Railway, where a stock-shipping corral was located, and there we loaded the horses on a train for the north. On reaching Calgary the animals were all unloaded, fed and watered.

Here I consulted Dr. Mackidd, who drove me to the hospital, put me upon the operating-table and set the break, which he described as a Pott's fracture.

He was most anxious for me to remain in the hospital, but, as I was determined to proceed to Edmonton at once,

he put it in a plaster cast, and, with the aid of a pair of crutches, we entrained for the north.

On reaching Edmonton I made the necessary arrangements for the sale of the horses, leaving the boys in charge. I then returned to Lethbridge, where I went to bed, and, under Dr. Mewburn's care, remained there for six weeks.

We were followed by train after train loaded with horses, and the prices dropped so that they could scarcely be given away. Some fine animals were sold for as little as six dollars and fifty cents each. When the last one was disposed of, and all bills settled, I found that if the horses had been scattered in the blizzard, and never afterwards seen, we should have been money in pocket, as my total losses amounted to over three thousand dollars.

## CHAPTER X

### THE FRONTIER PRESS

*A chiel's amang ye takin' notes and, faith, he'll prent it.*

—BURNS.

*Be it a bonfire, or a city's blaze,  
The gibbet's victim, or the nation's gaze,  
A female atheist, or a learned dog,  
A murder, or a muster—'tis the same—  
Life's follies, glories, griefs—all feed the flame.*

—SPRAGUE.

THE first printing in the Canadian North-West was done on a Hudson's Bay Company fur press. It is a far cry from this rude, wooden contraption for baling furs, and used by the Rev. James Evans—"The man who taught birch-bark how to talk"—to the great cylinder printing presses of to-day which turn out thousands of copies of a forty or fifty-page newspaper per hour folded and addressed.

It was in the year 1841 that the pioneer Methodist missionary, Evans, not to be beaten by "The Great Company" which positively refused to bring in a printing outfit for him in the regular way, made his own type from the lead lining of tea chests, which he melted and poured into wooden moulds carved with a jack-knife. His ink he made from chimney-soot, oil and grease, and for news print used strips of birch-bark. This genius also invented the Cree Syllabic, "one of the most important achievements of any scholar of any time." By a critical study of the Ojibway, he discovered that eight consonants and four vowels comprised their whole language, so he prepared a

syllabic alphabet of less than fifty characters which covered it. So simple is the system that an intelligent Cree can use it in reading after one week's study. In 1841 he printed five thousand pages and bound one hundred copies of a small book of hymns.

With feelings almost akin to awe I carefully examined the type, made with such painstaking labour, and handled with reverential care the frail bark leaves of his first printed speller, as well as the more substantial one on white, hand-made paper, bound in deer-skin, and dated 1841. I considered it a very great privilege when Dr. Barber, of Victoria University, opened the vault where these priceless relics were stored and showed me the first book printed west of the Great Lakes. Most interesting, too, were Mr. Evans' original plans by which he worked out the Cree Syllabic, also pencil sketches of scenes in the neighbourhood of Norway House, where he conducted his missionary labours.

Later on, the Hudson's Bay Company allowed him to import a small printing press and regular type on condition that they were used exclusively for his mission. Rev. Dr. John Maclean, former missionary to the Blood Indians, after a visit to Norway House, brought away a small box filled with this type, also carefully preserved by Dr. Barber. Lord Dufferin, Governor-General of Canada, on hearing of the work of James Evans, said, "The nation has given many a man a title, and a pension, and then a resting place in Westminster Abbey, who never did half as much for his fellow creatures."

Before taking up his missionary duties in the West, Rev. James Evans was stationed in my native town of Guelph in 1839. He died at the early age of forty-six on November 23, 1846.

The late P. G. Laurie, of Battleford, had the honour of publishing the *Saskatchewan Herald*, the first newspaper in the North-West Territories, on August 25, 1878. It was a four-page sheet, ten by fourteen inches. He brought his outfit by ox-cart from Winnipeg, a journey of six hundred miles, which consumed seventy-two days. He was assisted in this enterprise by his son, the late William Laurie, barrister, of Lethbridge and Cardston. This Battleford pioneer paper has been published weekly since that time with the exception of about six weeks during the Riel Rebellion of 1885 when its publication was suspended while the editor and proprietor did garrison duty in the Fort. William Laurie used to tell of their tribulations in getting out their paper in the early days when so far from the sources of supplies. On one occasion they were obliged to make use of colored poster paper, when the family organ startled the inhabitants by appearing in all the hues of the rainbow. The *Macleod Gazette* had a similar experience later.

The second paper to be established in the Territories, and the first in what is now the Province of Alberta, was the *Edmonton Bulletin*, which made its modest bow to the public on December 6, 1880. It was five and a half by eight inches in size, "the smallest newspaper in the British Empire," if not in the world, and was printed on a toy hand-press brought over a thousand miles over the prairies by Red River cart from Winnipeg by Frank (later the Honourable Frank) Oliver, who in still earlier days had set type on the *Globe*, under the Hon. George Brown, and on the *Manitoba Free Press*, under W. F. Luxton.

Before the *Bulletin* was established, Alex. Taylor, telegraph operator, used to copy out with pen and ink those despatches from the outer world which he

thought would be of interest to their isolated community. This was tiresome work. Frank Oliver happened along at this juncture, and felt so strongly the lure of printer's ink that on his next trip to Winnipeg a small press and two cases of nonpareil type, purchased in Philadelphia in reply to an advertisement, were included in his consignment of freight. Oliver and Taylor pooled their resources and the *Edmonton Bulletin* was born.

The first item of news on the front page of Volume I, Number I, was an "Extra" from the *Saskatchewan Herald*, dated Battleford, November 22, 1880. By cable to the *Herald*, London, Nov. 15: "Hanlan beat Trickett by three boat lengths, winning the championship of the world." And from Winnipeg: "Garfield, Republican, has been elected President of the United States." The editorials were vigorous, courageous and informative. During the first year of publication, it was issued in winter only, as during the warmer weather the editor was obliged to superintend his ox-cart service. The subscription price was \$2.00 for the six months. There were two hundred subscribers.

Some of the ads were, to say the least, amusing:

A pig of the Shanghai pattern (feminine gender) came to my premises two weeks ago. The owner had better pay expenses and take it away, otherwise the pig will mysteriously disappear.—Donald Ross.

#### THE EDMONTON HOTEL Established 1876

The pioneer House of Entertainment west of Portage la Prairie. Pemmican and dried buffalo meat have long been strangers at the table, and their places have been taken by substantials more in keeping with the onward march of civilization. A cosy billiard room. Good stabling attached.



# THE BULLETIN

VOL. I.

EDMONTON, N.W.T. DECEMBER 6, 1880.

NUMBER 1.

## NO TELEGRAMS.

As the line has been down since Saturday between Hay Lake and here, we are without telegrams for this issue. A line will have to be run to repair it, and by next week we hope to be able to give the latest news from the East up to date.

## "HEWALD" EXTRA.

The following extra from the "Saskatchewan Herald" office arrived here by last mail:

BATTLEFORD, Nov. 22, 1880.

By Cable to the "Herald"—LONDON, Nov. 15.—Hanlan beat Trickett by three boat lengths, winning the championship of the world.

From Winnipeg—Garfield Republican, has been elected President of the United States.

A provisional contract has been signed by which the syndicate binds itself to complete the prairie Section of the C.P.R. in three years.

It is said there is great trouble among the people. (Original copy too indistinct) have been shot, and should there not be a change in the aspect of affairs a revolution is imminent.

REPUTING THE FORCE.—Frances papers say that the Department of the Interior, having concluded to reduce the number of officers in charge of the Mounted Police by six, the position made vacant by the death of the late Superintendent Dalrymple Clarke will not be filled. There are to be no immediate dismissals, but as officers are removed by the half dozen or more, they will in the re-sessions, their respective offices will be abolished, and the work divided up among those remaining.

The Government has relieved Mr. Ryan of the contract for the first hundred miles of the C.P.R. west of Winnipeg, and will proceed with the construction in a more substantial manner than his contract called for—and it is to be hoped, a little quicker.

The Scott Temperance Act has been carried by a large majority in Marquette County, Manitoba. The people of Portage la Prairie have entered a protest against it. They don't know what is good for themselves.

Track was laid on the C.P.R. east of Winnipeg to within three miles of Rat Portage at last accounts.

The only millwright has been exended to Jind Tail Creek settlement.

Sitting Bull is again talking of going south.

## LOCAL.

MR. A. LANG has captured a young silver grey fox. A SPECIAL CONSTABLE is to be sworn in for duty around Edmonton.

Rev. Mr. STINTZHAUER, of White Fish Lake, lately addressed the Methodist conference in Montreal.

MR. CUST has the contract for the Indian Department flour at \$7.50 for Edmonton delivery and \$8.50 for Victoria.

GEORGE GAONON lately killed a very large wolf which, after disposing of one of his sheep, came back for another.

Tax sheep lately imported from Montana by J. Voller, and sold in this district are doing much better than was expected.

ALEX. MCDOUGALD and Albert Boyd left for Bow River to-day. The former expects to return to Edmonton on Dec. 1st, and the latter on Dec. 2nd.

MR. GLASS has started a subscription list for the purpose of supplying the Methodist Mission church with firewood, oil, etc., for the winter.

ABRAM SPLEYN and others from the Battle River settlement 50 miles from here, brought the first grain to the Edmonton Mills to-day—31 bushels of barley.

NEW YEAR'S DAY is drawing nigh, and we have not heard of any arrangements being made about the games.

Would it not be advisable to postpone the ball? A BIG LAKE resident wants to know why the Government potatoe contract was not awarded to him, seeing that his offer was 20 cents lower than that of the party who secured it.

MR. LUCAS, Government farmer at Peace Hills, has been supplied with his share of that band of rovers. They are reported to be the sickest looking lot of animals in the country.

The following are the ruling prices for produce in this vicinity:—Oats \$1.00 per bushel of 34 lbs., wheat \$2.02 to \$2.55, barley \$1.00, pease 23 per lb., potatoe \$1.03, onions \$2.00, and butter .50.

Last Saturday morning the thermometers at Ft. Edmonton and Saskatchewan registered 47° below zero. This cold spell has set in since Tuesday, is much more severe than the corresponding one last year, but appears to be about over.

MR. WM. CUST is in a bad fix about his threshing. Lamoreaux threshed out 1,000 bushels on his Sturgeon River farm, and quit, leaving two stacks unthreshed, and says that he will set fire to his machine rather than thresh another bushel, while Smith is going to quit threshing, on account of the cold, and make shingles for the rest of the winter.

This excerpt is from "The Left Hand Corner" of the *Lethbridge Herald*.

From the *Edmonton Bulletin* "Forty Years Ago" column we take the following:

"Editor's note: There is no copy of the issue of the *Bulletin* of Saturday, July 11, 1891, on the *Bulletin* file; hence, forty years ago items will be omitted from this column until Saturday, July 18th."

We do not pretend to believe all the stories we have heard about Hon. Frank Oliver's early days of publication of the *Edmonton Bulletin*, but it is a well-known fact that Hon. Frank had a command of what the early settlers call "langwidge." It may have been the occasion of the missed edition mentioned above about which a story we heard many years ago revolves.

It seems that in the little shack where the *Weekly Bulletin* was printed there were two rooms, front and back. The type was "stuck" by hand in the front, put in the forms, locked up and carried to the little press located in the back room. On the press day in question Hon. Frank had the week's edition of Alberta's pioneer newspaper all set up ready to go on the press. He picked up the locked form and started for the back shop. There was a rise of a step or two between the two rooms. Just as the editor and publisher reached the door, a man appeared at the back entrance to the shop. Just out of the far north, where he had spent a couple of years trapping, living on sow-belly, beans and bannock, he let out a roar of joy in greeting his old editorial friend. Hon. Frank stubbed his toe on the step, dropped the week's edition, which was "pied" all over the back shop—and then delivered himself of a flow of "langwidge" which is still a classic along the banks of the North Saskatchewan.

That may have been the week he missed an issue.

The third newspaper to be published in the Territories was the *Macleod Gazette*, the first number of which appeared on July 1, 1882. Charles Edward Dudley Wood was the editor and Elias Talbot Saunders (better known as "Si") was the practical printer.

Both were former members of the N.W.M. Police, and Wood, prior to his enlistment in the Force, had been a Master in Trinity College School, Port Hope. The printing press and equipment had been brought by bull-train from Fort Benton, on the Missouri River. Until an engine could be installed the power was supplied by twelve Blood Indians, who, stripped to their breech-clouts, each took a turn at the handle. The *Gazette*, when first published, was twice the size of the *Edmonton Bulletin*, but the type was larger. It was ably edited. The last page was almost entirely devoted to the advertisements of stockmen and contained many cuts of horses and cattle each with its owner's brand. The subscription price was three dollars a year, and the circulation about 250 copies which later was increased to about one thousand.

For twenty-one years Mr. Wood edited and managed the *Gazette*, but in 1896 he took up the study of law and established a partnership with F. W. G. (later Sir Frederick) Haultain. For some time he served as Deputy Attorney-General for the N.W. Territories, and in 1912 was appointed judge of the judicial district of Weyburn.

When westward bound in May, 1884, I first gazed upon the small, straggling village on Pile-of-Bones Creek—Regina—Nicholas Flood Davin had already established the *Regina Leader* as a weekly paper. I think it was in 1887, when returning from a visit to the East, I had the pleasure of meeting that witty and cultured Irishman. We talked of his book *The Irishman in Canada*, which he had dedicated to our popular Governor General, the Earl of Dufferin. Several years later we again met on the train; to my surprise he instantly recognized me although he was

not absolutely sure of his own section on the sleeping car, or, for that matter, of his destination. Mr. Davin early became immersed in politics and was elected to the Dominion Parliament, one election to that body having been won, as he said, "by the grace of Dixie Watson," the returning officer, who, after the contest had resulted in a tie, gave him his casting vote. Davin was a trenchant writer, a brilliant orator and a very likeable fellow, but was his own worst enemy.

Closely connected with the *Macleod Gazette* was the *Lethbridge News*, which was, for a considerable period, owned and published by the same firm—Wood and Saunders. On Friday, November 27, 1885, Volume I, Number I, made its appearance. Genuine horse-power supplied the impulse which turned the wheels of the press, as a real Dobbin occupied the treadmill. Many of the early editorials were written by F. W. G. Haultain. Dr. C. F. P. Conybeare later succeeded to this post and rendered good service.

The difficulties which beset the pioneer publisher are well exemplified in the following wail:

The *Rocky Mountain Cyclone* opened its first number as follows:

We begin the publication ov the *Cyclone* with some phew diphiculties in the way. The type phounder phrom whom we bought the outfit phor this printing ophice phailed to supply any ephs or cays, and it will be phour or phive weex bephore we can get any. We have ordered the missing letters, and will have to wait until they come. We don't like the idea ov this variety ov spelling any better than our readers do, but mixtax will happen in the best-regulated phamilies, and iph the c's, x's and q's hold out we shall ceep (sound the c hard) the *Cyclone* whirling, aphter a phashion, until the sorts arrive. It is no joque to us; it is a serious aphair.

Almost twelve years after the birth of *The Lethbridge News* a new star appeared in our firmament in the form of *The Lethbridge Daily Herald* (It had been issued for two years previously as a weekly). This proved to be a real newspaper and for many years has shed its benign rays over Southern Alberta. Its influence for good has been felt over a wide constituency. Its articles are bright, wholesome, illuminating and extensively quoted. Its news is gathered from a world-wide area and presented in terse and attractive form. From the *Herald's* first appearance (this may also be said of its predecessor, the *News*) each and every issue contained our advertisement, and this steady and consistent advertising proved effective, as we had regular mail orders from Idaho, Wyoming and Montana in the United States, also from as far north as Fort Resolution on Great Slave Lake.

Due, perhaps, to a youthful desire for expression, I occasionally contributed to *The Macleod Gazette*, *The Lethbridge News*, *The Lethbridge Herald*, as well as to the following eastern journals: *The Guelph Mercury*, *The Globe*, *The Mail*, *Grip* (comic weekly), *The Westminster* and Prof. Goldwin Smith's literary publication, *The Week*. It was the ambition of many young Canadian writers to have an article accepted by the latter, and great was my joy when, after weary weeks of waiting, my contribution at last appeared and was copied by other papers. For several years I acted as a regular paid correspondent for *The Great Falls Tribune* (Montana, U.S.), and *The Manitoba Free Press*. For the latter I managed a few journalistic "scoops," notably that of the Frank Rock Slide on April 29, 1903, by which a mining town in the Rockies

was almost totally destroyed and sixty-two persons perished. For this despatch I received a special letter of thanks from the editor. Later, for other work in connection with the *Free Press*, I was the recipient of a set of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*.

# CHAPTER XI

## A PIONEER SKY PILOT AND A PIONEER SURGEON

*I will not be won by weaklings, subtle, suave and mild,  
But by men with the hearts of Vikings, and the simple faith  
of a child.*

--R. W. SERVICE.

### CHARLES MCKILLOP, THE FIGHTING "SKY PILOT"

**N**O record of the early days in Southern Alberta would be complete without devoting some space to the Rev. Charles McKillop. He was widely known as the "Fighting Parson," "Sky Pilot," "Devil-Dodger," as well as by other titles, complimentary or opprobrious.

When he arrived in the summer of 1886, Lethbridge was a typical western town with its full proportion of undesirables. Nowadays it is as moral a city as can be found in the Canadian West. This is largely due to the uncompromising stand which he took against all forms of evil doing.

His successor, Rev. A. M. (now Doctor) Gordon, in speaking of him, said:

Charles McKillop was born in Campsie, near Glasgow, on June 20, 1848. It was most fitting that the lad who was to bring with him to Canada the best traditions of the Kirk, and who was to help in doing for Canada what the Kirk has done for Scotland, should be baptized by one of the noblest ministers ever produced by the Church of Scotland, Dr. Norman Macleod. When Charles was but a

child his father died. When he was six years old he came to Canada with his mother, intending to live with an uncle already settled in this country. The family made their home in Almonte, near Ottawa. The lad's life was stirring, and his experience a varied one. He was certainly not nurtured in the lap of luxury. In some respects it might seem as if his early training was a strange one for a future minister of the gospel, especially the gospel of peace. Yet, in the providence of God, those rough experiences through which he passed were all fitting him for the work he afterwards did in the West. The lad learned boxing, studied it and practised it, simply that he might prevent a certain bully and a coward from abusing one near and dear to himself. When he had acquired the necessary strength and skill, he did prevent him, and so effectively that the bully never raised his hand to such work again, and hardly ventured to raise his head either, for he learned to hang his head in shame. The punishment was just what the bully needed, and it proved the means of his conversion.

As a child I lived in Ottawa. Many a time I have seen the great river full of logs being rafted to the sea. But I had no personal knowledge of what went on in the lumber shanties. Mr. McKillop had. He knew it all at first hand. It was as familiar to him as ABC. In his early life he worked as a lumberman and as cook in the shanties. You have read Ralph Connor's book, *The Man from Glengarry*. You will remember the chapter entitled "Vengeance is Mine." It describes the fight between Macdonald and LeNoir. The Frenchman insulted the Highlander, and nearly killed his brother. Yet Macdonald contented himself with humiliating the Frenchman, and did not kill him as he deserved. Here are a couple of sentences from the description. "LeNoir prepared for a supreme effort. Swiftly retreating, he lured Macdonald to a more rapid advance, then with a yell he doubled himself into a ball and delivered himself at Macdonald's head, hands and feet. It is a trick that is sometimes used to break an unsteady guard and to secure a clinch with an unwary opponent. But Macdonald had been waiting for that trick. Stopping short, he leaned over to one side and stooping slightly, caught LeNoir low and tossed him clear

over his head. With a terrible thud LeNoir fell on his back." It was Mr. McKillop who gave Ralph Connor the description of that fight.

One day of his seven years, ministry in Admaston stands out prominently, June 23, 1881. He used to say that on that day he did the best day's work of his life, for on that day he married Elizabeth Fisher. And what a helpmate she was! Even with the cares of a young and large family, with inadequate household assistance, and with the open hospitality of a western manse, she found time to take an active part in everything which concerned the good of the community. As a "Mother in Israel" for more than forty years she has always been ready to give advice, sympathy and encouragement to anyone in trouble or distress.

Again quoting Rev. A. M. Gordon:

Always fearless and outspoken, Mr. McKillop never hesitated to speak his mind when candour was called for. By virtue of his prowess and his thorough knowledge of men and conditions, he came to be looked on as the acknowledged leader of those who had at heart the true welfare of the town. He was the embodied conscience of the place. His utterances were not allowed to pass unchallenged. And whenever the challenge was given it was accepted with glee. "*Dieu et Mon Droit*" was the minister's motto. Many an opponent felt the force of that strong right hand of his, and the objector thought twice before he invited the minister to a second combat. But the triumph lay in winning the respect and affection of those who had been his enemies.

I have the account of Mr. McKillop's arrival in Lethbridge, in his own words:

No welcoming hand took mine as, tired and travel-stained after a journey of two thousand miles, I stepped out on the platform of the depot. I felt as a stranger in a strange land. I lifted my heart in prayer to my Master



*Upper left:* INDIAN CHIEF (Joe Healey). *Upper right:* CHARLES MAIR, July 5, 1920, at Fort Steele, B.C. *Centre:* REV. C. McKILLOP, "Pioneer Sky Pilot." *Lower left:* A ROCKY MOUNTAIN RANGER, 1885. *Lower right:* CHARLIE PARKER, "The Lost Mounted Policeman."



to give me courage and wisdom for my work. That night, under the pilotage of a Presbyterian whom I had met on the street, I "roosted" under the roof of what was then known as a hotel. The minister's room was one of two directly over the barroom. One layer of inch flooring was all that separated him from the scenes below. I went to sleep with the clinking of glasses, bits of ribald song, fierce oaths and a jumble of talk all mingled in my ears. In the middle of the night I was awakened by the sound of a number of shots fired beneath. In alarm I jumped out of bed, dressed and hurried downstairs. The manager, who had heard me moving about, met me on the stairs and said, "Don't be alarmed, it's only the boys shooting for drinks. Come in and look on!" On doing so I found a number of men, seemingly in the best of humour, shooting at cards tacked to the wooden walls of the room. "Only our western way of doing things," remarked the manager. "Not bad fellows, perhaps a bit tough," he added.

I soon discovered that in the eyes of the community I was practically a nobody. I had no money to spend; I wouldn't gamble; I wouldn't consort with "sassiety." The big men of the town were familiarly spoken of as "Harry" and "Billy" and "Curly," and the popular women as "Georgie" and "Minnie" and "Annie." These and others like them, whiskey sellers, smugglers, keepers of disreputable houses and gamblers, were the aristocrats of this western village. They dominated society and moulded public sentiment.

Throughout the West it is generally conceded that the first virtue is "sand," the second is generosity, and the third is resourcefulness. Even the most outspoken of the minister's enemies admitted that he possessed all three of these.

When he first appeared on the streets it was in the correct ministerial garb of the East. Black broad-cloth Prince Albert coat, clerical collar, and a tall silk hat. Which latter was taboo—Indian chiefs being the sole possessors of such finery! The red men, however, usually cut holes in the crowns o

them. The wearing of the silk "topper" was the origin of the following incident, which is in Mr. McKillop's own words:

On a bright, hot afternoon, while going about my pastoral duties, I had occasion to pass the window of a certain office where "five-gallon permits" were popular. I was attracted by a loud tapping on the panes. I stopped, looked back and saw a number of grinning faces behind the glass. On a sudden impulse, I quickly stepped into the office, which was a few feet above the level of the street.

A young lawyer, who has since become a very notable figure in western politics, and who was evidently ring-leader and spokesman on this occasion, remarked in his drawling manner, "Mr. McKillop, we merely wished to know where you got that hat?"

"Well, gentlemen," said I, very pleasantly, "if you will permit me to put my hat and coat on this shelf, I will give you an answer that perhaps will be satisfactory."

Having rid myself of my coat and the obnoxious hat, I turned and faced the half-dozen young men who formed the gang, none of whom seemed formidable, and said, "Gentlemen, for answer, I propose to pitch you all out of this office." A chorus of jeers greeted this statement. Like a whirlwind I turned myself loose, as we say in the West, and in a few minutes the job was done. As I stood on the doorstep, looking at the sprawling figures, I quietly asked, "Do you desire any further information, gentlemen, about that hat?"

The lawyer, who is a good fellow and a humorist, said, as he was dusting his coat, "Mr. McKillop, I am very sorry to say that I seem to have lost all interest in that hat."

This closed the episode, but I noticed next Sunday evening a marked increase in the size of our congregation. The weapons of our warfare are not carnal, yet the Lord can use even such poor means to win men.

Leaving the farm when but a youth, Mr. McKillop struck into the woods. For some time he was employed as a cook in a lumber camp, where he prepared the meals for forty lumberjacks. These duties

over, he found ample time, in the absence of the men, for reading and self-improvement. It was here that he prepared himself for teaching, also for the college where he intended to study law. Here, too, in the backwoods, he improved himself in the noble art of self-defence by lessons from skilled boxers and wrestlers until he became highly proficient. Sturdy, strong and exceedingly agile, he was a bad combination for trouble-seekers to run up against, and more than one camp-bully cried quits after a few rounds with McKillop. It was in the lumber camps that he read Tom Paine, Ingersoll, Voltaire and Renan and became a pronounced agnostic. Later, while studying law in the city, he became converted and decided to become a Christian minister.

At the Presbyterian Theological College in Montreal he found it hard scraping to pay for board, books and clothing. Confiding his financial embarrassment to a fellow student, John Mordy, the latter advised him to take his trouble to the Lord. This he did, stating that he required fifty dollars. While on his knees a knock came to the door and an elderly gentleman was admitted. This benevolent old man had for some time taken a fatherly interest in the young student, and came now to inquire regarding his progress, asking particularly with reference to his finances. Mr. McKillop replied that he had just risen from asking the Lord for assistance. "Well," said the old gentleman, "the Lord has just sent me with fifty dollars, which is all I have on hand at present." The young student thanked him for his kindly offer, but insisted that he would only accept it as a loan.

In 1875, Mr. McKillop was sent as a student missionary to Beauharnois, which at that time was a

fashionable summer resort. The weight of poverty was still upon him, and was rendered heavier by meeting so many well-dressed people. On looking over his scanty wardrobe, he felt that he needed some white shirts for his duties as those he had were home-made and coloured. The difficulty was presented to the Lord one morning. That evening, when he returned from a journey, his landlady gave him a parcel, which, when opened was found to contain three white shirts. Excitedly he inquired who had brought the parcel, and was informed that it was from a lady member of his congregation. With the package under his arm, Mr. McKillop went at once to call upon the good woman. She admitted that she had sent the shirts, but trusted that he was not offended. She explained that they had been made for another, but, being too small for the person, she had thought that they might fit the young minister. Mr. McKillop then told her of his dilemma and his prayer. The good woman broke down when she found that she had been an instrument in the Lord's hands for carry-out His purpose.

On one occasion, following a preparatory service, Mr. McKillop was very downcast because no candidates had presented themselves for the Communion which was to take place the following Sunday. He concluded that his work was finished because fruitless. Throwing himself upon his knees, he asked the Lord, as a sign of His approval, that He would induce Mr. M. to come forward as a follower of Christ on the Lord's Day. Next Sabbath, when Mr. McKillop opened the door of the church vestry, whom should he see awaiting him but Mr. and Mrs. M., who told him of their desire to unite with the Church.

When I related the above incident to Rev. Dr.

Charles W. Gordon ("Ralph Connor") he said that such an experience would have sent him many days on his journey.

At one time when an infant daughter of Mr. McKillop's was apparently dying with spinal meningitis (her limbs were cold and there were other signs of approaching dissolution) the physician did not think that she could survive an hour at the most, and requested the anxious father to ring him up in about that time. Immediately on the doctor's departure Mr. McKillop went into his study and prayed most earnestly that if it were God's will He would spare her life. Arising from prayer, he extended his hands over the sleeping child and said, "In the name of Jesus of Nazareth, be well." One hour later he telephoned Dr. Mewburn that the child had taken nourishment. The doctor replied, "This was not through anything that I have done; another Power has been working."

Mr. McKillop was a close observer and frequently made very clever deductions from his observations. He could usually name the country from which a person came after hearing him speak a few sentences. Once, when passing through Medicine Hat, he visited a men's furnishing shop. The merchant had heard of his skill in naming one's habitat from his accent or dialect, and offered Mr. McKillop the best hat in his establishment if he would tell from what part of the world he came. After a few minutes' thought Mr. McKillop said, "I should judge that you are from the Isle of Man." The merchant nearly fell over. However, he had breath enough to tell him to pick out the choicest hat in the place.

As previously stated, Mr. McKillop was a highly-skilled boxer and wrestler. Not two years before his death he mastered jiu-jitsu, the Japanese art of self-

defence, in which "an ounce of brains is worth a ton of brawn." He demonstrated to me many of the vulnerable parts of the human body, and showed how a blow from the inside edge of the hand would put an opponent *hors de combat*. He had hardened the edges of his own hands by striking them, one at a time, while reading, on the arms of his Morris chair.

One fine morning, before the days of waterworks, Mr. McKillop was sitting at the front door of the manse when Charlie Hyssop, the waterman, arrived carrying his huge buckets of water. Charlie was a giant of a man, weighing in the neighbourhood of two hundred and fifty pounds. He greeted the minister in his usual bluff and hearty manner and stopped to talk, the recent death of a well-known wrestler being the theme of the conversation. The preacher and Charlie disagreed as to the merits of the late athlete. The waterman, noticing that everything about the place was unusually quiet, said, "Are there any women-folk about?" The minister assured him that the whole family were out. "Well," said Charlie, "What do you say to trying out your pet system of wrestling against mine?" The tables, chairs and so forth, were soon put outside, the stove run into a corner, and the doors thrown wide open. As the waterman was in his shirt-sleeves, Mr. McKillop quickly divested himself of superfluous garments, and the two faced one another on the freshly-scrubbed floor. In less time than it takes to write this sentence the minister had Charlie on his hip, then over his shoulder and out onto the lawn. Not realizing how it was done, and still unsatisfied, the vanquished one returned to the fray. This time he was left in no doubt, as he was shot through the door once more as quickly as in the first instance. Humiliated to think

that he had been defeated by a man scarcely more than half his size, he did not remain long enough to replace the furniture.

Rev. Mr. Halsell, a student in the Methodist ministry, who had recently come from England, was fond of practical jokes. Mr. McKillop used to give him lessons in Latin and Greek two mornings each week. One morning Mr. Halsell informed his quondam teacher that he understood a new family of Presbyterians had arrived in town. He also gave their approximate location. Mr. McKillop thanked him for the information, and said he would call upon them. Next day he made a pastoral visit to a Scots family who lived next door to the new arrivals. When leaving the former, he asked the mother of the house if she knew anything about the strangers, as he learned that they were Presbyterians. "Oh, mercy no!" the good woman replied, "they are dreadful people, you must not call there as they will kill you." "I'm not in the least afraid," said the minister, and with that he entered the garden of the newcomers. The front door of their cottage was ajar, and Mr. McKillop could hear a sound of hammering. He approached and knocked. "Get to h—l out of this," in stentorian tones, was the greeting he received. The minister at once threw open the door to see a man on his knees with a broadaxe nailing down some flooring. "What do you mean by talking to me like that?" said the minister. To which the man replied, "What business have you preachers to come around here when you think that the men-folk are away at their work?" "None of your vile insinuations, or I'll give you a lesson you will not soon forget," was the reply. Walking quickly over to where the man knelt, Mr. McKillop in a commanding voice, said, "Put down that axe."

This the owner did, and as soon as it was laid down, the minister kicked it into a corner of the room, where it would be less dangerous. "Now, get up and sit on that chair," commanded the preacher. "You're a pretty likely-looking fellow," said the man, now thoroughly cowed. "I've licked far better men than you," was the answer. While this heated conversation was going on, Mr. McKillop noticed a girl's face peering at them through the open back door. "Is that your daughter?" asked the minister, pointing in her direction. "Yes," said he, "that's Rosie." "Come in, Rosie, and sit beside your father, as we are going to have worship." The young girl obeyed, and a selection from the Bible was read, and they all knelt in prayer. When they arose the minister spoke most pleasantly to them, and, taking their hands, invited them to attend the church services. Next Sunday the minister noted, with much pleasure, the presence of Rosie and her father in the sanctuary.

One evening shortly before Christmas, while decorating a tree, Mr. McKillop was seized with a stroke, from which he never fully recovered. Because of this, he now felt that the care of a growing congregation like Knox, Lethbridge, to which for more than sixteen years he had been devoted, was too heavy a burden for him. He was, therefore, given a lighter charge, that at Raymond, Alberta, which he occupied for a short time. But he who was once so strong, mentally and physically, was obliged now to relinquish his life-work. He returned to Lethbridge, where, after a lingering illness, he passed peacefully to his reward. As a good soldier of Jesus Christ, his Great Commander, whom he had so faithfully served, had issued marching orders to him to another field.

To my great regret, I was absent from the city

when he passed on. While on the train returning from the Yellowstone Park, having been apprised of his death, I wrote the following lines with which I now desire to close this sketch of one to whom I owed very much as a counsellor and friend:

REV. CHARLES MCKILLOP, B.A.

Died August 20, 1907

Moan out, ye winds, and you, O glorious Sun,  
Withdraw behind your curtains dark and fell;  
Forbear, O Moon, to shine; ye clouds, drop tears  
Upon the grave of him I loved so well.

The lightning strikes the eagle down which soared  
On powerful pinion in the sun's fierce ray,  
And there lies one brought down from heights supreme  
Who never feared the face of mortal clay.

The avalanche descends with thunderous sound,  
Sweeping the lofty cedar from its place;  
The bluebell and the moss which hugs the ground  
Alike are hurled upon the mountain's base.

Open your arms, O Mother Earth, receive  
The poor, worn vestments which a mighty soul  
Hath cast behind him in the arduous race,  
Well run, for his imperishable goal.

#### A PIONEER SURGEON OF THE WEST

One of the most colourful figures of early Lethbridge was Dr. Frank Hamilton Mewburn, member of a family which for almost one hundred years had been pioneering in Canada. He was born in Drummondville (now Niagara Falls), Ontario, in 1858, his father and his grandfather having been surgeons. The latter sat at the feet of the great Dr. John Hunter, who died in 1793, and Dr. Hastings Mewburn, Orthopaedic

surgeon of University Hospital, Edmonton, fourth in the generation of "Medical Mewburns" continues (unbroken for 170 years) this noble tradition.

I shall never forget the appearance of the new doctor as he stepped from a caboose on the old "Turkey Trail" on Wednesday, December 2, 1885.

As he left Winnipeg in below zero weather and arrived in Lethbridge in the early morning clad to the eyes in furs, his looks of astonishment may be more easily imagined than described when he found the railway employees and the citizens going about in shirt-sleeves, no snow visible and a soft, warm Chinook blowing. The doctor had been offered the post of medical officer to the North-Western Coal and Navigation Company, and although he had come West to look over the field, he decided then and there to hie back to Winnipeg, assemble his effects and return to this newly-discovered "Banana Belt."

Meanwhile Lethbridge was without the services of a resident physician. For a few days in early October, a person advertising himself as a doctor occupied quarters in the Lethbridge Hotel and wrote a few prescriptions, but his bibulous habits were such that no confidence could be reposed in him and he soon hit the trail for other "diggings."

Fortunately for the peace of mind of the community there were two medical practitioners in Macleod, about thirty-five miles distant, namely Dr. George A. Kennedy, surgeon to the North-West Mounted Police, and Dr. Leverett George de Veber, who had been a member of that body at Calgary, but who had taken his discharge and had opened an office in Macleod for the practice of his profession.

It, therefore, devolved upon me to render first-aid to those who were injured, prescribe for the ailments

of the populace and make visits when and where necessary. In a daily letter to Dr. Kennedy, I described the symptoms of each patient; in reply he either confirmed or altered the treatment. As the Lord is said to temper the wind to the shorn lamb, we fortunately did not add to the death-rate.

To my great relief Dr. Mewburn at last arrived, and immediately took up his work. I accompanied him on his first rounds and introduced the patients to their new physician.

One morning shortly after his arrival, the Doctor came into our dispensary the picture of dejection, and informed me that a Swedish miner on whom he had called the previous day, and who occupied a small "dug-out" cabin in a side hill of one of the numerous coulees north of the town, had been found dead in his bunk. Said the doctor, "To think that this was one of my first patients here! What will the people say? Doesn't that beat H—I!" As it was his duty, the doctor reported the death to Mr. William Stafford, superintendent of the mines, who, after hearing the mine surgeon's melancholy recital, comforted him by saying: "Well, doctor, we all must die sometime or another, and some pass away no matter how we may try to prevent it. It cannot, therefore, be avoided, so there is no use worrying over it."

Dr. Mewburn's gentleness with his patients was proverbial. He sometimes used quite strong language, especially when his instructions were not carried out, or his orders fully obeyed. No call, night or day ever appeared irksome to him, and the social standing of the sufferer made absolutely no difference whatever to his call to duty—a miner or a Midas—it was all the same to him. I have never seen anyone with such an insatiable appetite for work, or with such an "infinite

capacity for taking pains," which is said to be the definition of genius.

As a pioneer physician he had to put up with all of the disadvantages and handicaps incident to small western towns remote from a base of supply, yet he did not hesitate to take a bold course when the occasion demanded, and he was a pioneer in his field in numerous operations. He did his first appendectomy in 1893, countless hernias, and a Caesarian section in 1903.

Although physically frail, Dr. Mewburn possessed an indomitable spirit, which was described by Westerners as "all pep and ginger." An old-time gambler, seeing the doctor for the first time and noting his pipe-stem underpinning, exclaimed: "Well, if I had a pair of legs as thin as that I'd buy a double-barrelled shotgun and make a pair of breeches out of it." The Doctor had a wholesome fear of western horses, for he had heard much about the bucking broncho and therefore would not take a risk with anything of the equine tribe. However, as his practice increased and the distances in going his rounds became more extensive, the use of a horse became obligatory. On my brother's ranch was a dapple-grey cow pony called "Chester" upon whom the doctor cast envious eyes. He was well-broken, good-natured, yet so full of pluck that he would carry on until he dropped in his tracks. After some negotiations, the Doctor purchased him, and for many years thereafter the two, horse and rider, were familiar figures on Lethbridge streets. Upon one occasion the doctor walked Chester into our store and post office, in order to obtain his mail; and upon another day, for a lark, rode into the billiard-room of the Lethbridge Hotel causing the

players and dice-throwers to scatter and seek refuge under the billiard tables.

Upon the outbreak of the Great War he offered his services to the Government of Canada, and in 1915 went overseas. Made a Lieutenant-Colonel, he had a distinguished war record at the Canadian hospital at Taplow, his services bringing him as a reward the Order of the British Empire at the hands of His Majesty King George Fifth.

Numerous stories are related of Colonel Mewburn in his experiences at home and abroad, but the following will suffice.

Once in the Galt Hospital in Lethbridge, in the midst of an emergency operation, the electric lights went suddenly out. The assistant surgeon and nurses looked expectantly at the "Chief," anticipating an explosion. To their great surprise, and relief, the doctor simply remarked, "I can't do the subject justice."

During a "Mission," at which a number of the Roman Catholic clergy, bishops and priests, from various parts of Alberta gathered at Macleod, one of the visiting fathers, who was over eighty years of age, was suddenly stricken with a strangulated hernia. Dr. G. A. Kennedy was called in, but feared to operate owing to the patient's advanced age. He telephoned to Lethbridge for Dr. Mewburn and the latter immediately responded by Mounted Police conveyance. He decided to operate at once by local anaesthetic and arranged that one of the bishops (Legal, I think it was) should read to the patient and thus divert his mind during the operation. In the midst of the clinic a fly entered the room and buzzed so close to the operating table that it got on Dr.

Mewburn's nerves. His lips began to move convulsively yet he continued with difficulty to work without exploding. Finally, as the objectionable intruder persisted in annoying him, he looked up at Dr. Kennedy, who shook his head as a warning to the "Chief" to contain himself, and said, "Kennedy, kill that fly or put the bishop out, I don't give a damn which, as I can't hold myself any longer."

I never learned whether the fly was swatted or the bishop made his exit.

Mrs. H. E. Kelley (*née* Jean Stafford) tells the following incident:

Several years ago an old squaw, leading a little girl by the hand, approached me and gave me a paper to read. This was the wording:

"Dear Dr. Mewburn:

"This old woman has a little girl with her who has a large lump on her neck, which she would like you to remove. Also the old lady has in her pocket a lump of twenty-five dollars which she would like to have removed at the same time.

"(Signed)

"Indian Agent."

With respect to his experiences overseas, when he was at the Canadian Hospital at Taplow the following occurred which Lady Astor loves to relate, an incident of which she was an eye-witness. The Colonel and his surgical staff were having a very busy morning in the operating-room when a nurse informed the doctor that Mrs. Mewburn was on the phone, and wished to speak with him. Moreover, she would not confide the message to the nurse. The doctor left the table, walked through the open door into the hall, or corridor, and without touching any part of the telephone with his sterilized hands called

into the receiver, "Is that you, Louise? Go to h—I," then walked back to the room and went on with the operation.

The old "Chief" as we loved to call the doctor, frequently expressed a desire to die in harness, and he had his wish abundantly fulfilled. For eight years he was Professor of Surgery for the University of Alberta (the first to hold the Chair of Surgery in this University) which honoured him with an LL.D. His old Alma Mater, McGill University, bestowed upon him a similar honour.

We were associated in many ways, over a period of nearly half a century, and a few months before his death we took the Mackenzie River trip together. We went above the Arctic Circle and back, a distance of over four thousand miles. At every post where the river steamers landed he offered his services freely to anyone requiring assistance. Prior to our arrival, a plague of influenza had almost devastated the North. Indians and Eskimos had died in hundreds, and there were still many stricken ones who needed attention. On arriving back at Fort McMurray, the last day of our journey, Dr. Mewburn and Dr. Ings performed an operation on a Swede who had almost severed his foot with an adze, and their timely attention saved this humble lumberman from bleeding to death.

From a superheated operating-room where he had been engaged for many hours, operating, with his son assisting him, he went out into a biting northern January temperature of many degrees below zero, and walked the distance to his home, a most unusual thing for him to do. His chauffeur had mistaken his orders and motored to the wrong hospital.

Four days of pneumonia were sufficient to break

down the resistance of the frail physical frame of the great "Little Man" as he was affectionately known by the Mounties. He knew from the first that his case was hopeless, and he said apologetically to the nurses attending him that "he hoped his going would not give them too much trouble."

So passed over "The Great Divide" Frank Hamilton Mewburn, pioneer physician and surgeon, helper and benefactor of thousands of rich and poor, great and small, human sufferers.

Of him it might be truly said, as of others in his noble profession:

They finger death at their glove's end, where they piece and  
    repiece the severed gut,  
The ruptured liver they stitch and mend, tamponing and  
    packing the gaping cut.  
Early at dawn ere men see clear, they stumble forth from  
    their bed so warm,  
From clinic to office, from far and near, in summer's heat  
    and winter's storm.

• • • • •  
To them from birth is vacation forbidden, for them till  
    death is relief afar,  
By the solemn call of the sick they are bidden to leave the  
    office door ajar;

• • • • •  
Not for the gold that so rightly they merit, not for the  
    show or the praise of the crowd,  
They strive to excel at the job they inherit, in the joy of the  
    deeds of which they are proud.

## CHAPTER XII

### THE RIDERS OF THE PLAINS

*Before you came the Indian crept about, now he is not afraid to walk erect.*

—OLD INDIAN CHIEF, addressing a representative of the North-West Mounted Police.

*O'er many a league of prairie wild our trackless path must be,  
And round it roam the fiercest tribes of Blackfoot and of Cree;  
But danger from their savage bands our dauntless heart  
disdains,*

*That heart which bears the helmet up  
Of the Riders of the Plains.*

*Our duty is to plant the rule of British freedom here,  
Restrain the lawless savage, and protect the pioneer,  
And 'tis a proud and glorious trust to guard these vast domains  
With but three hundred mounted men,  
The Riders of the Plains.*

—CONST. BOYS, N.W.M. POLICE, 1880.

MY acquaintance with the North-West Mounted Police was coincident with my arrival in Macleod in May, 1884. I was associated in business with a medical officer of that Force, the late Dr. G. A. Kennedy, and through the hospitality and thoughtfulness of the commanding officer of the post, Superintendent John Cotton, I obtained a local habitation, and later, accommodation for our drug store in what had previously been the Quartermaster's building. Both of these were located in the north-west corner of the old Fort erected by Colonel Macleod and his men in the autumn and winter of 1874 and used by them for almost a decade.

After the erection of Fort Macleod, the first efforts of the Police were directed to the establishment of confidence, and of law, and order among the Indians throughout the territory to which the Force was assigned.

Arrests of whiskey-traders and border outlaws who had been corrupting the red men were effected, and the guardroom at Macleod was kept full. It was obvious, therefore, that for those sentenced to long terms of imprisonment another place must be procured, and as the nearest (Stony Mountain Penitentiary) was nearly eight hundred miles distant, the task of conveying the prisoners thither entailed great responsibility. There were no roads or trails save those made by buffaloes, and the direction of travel was ascertained by compass; the guard was necessarily a small one, and the going and returning took five months (May to October), yet every last outlaw was safely delivered to the authorities at Stony Mountain, Manitoba. The late Fred Pope, who passed away recently (June 5, 1931) at Pincher Creek, at the age of eighty-five, and with whom I was acquainted, was a member of this expedition.

Every Commissioner of the Force, with the solitary exception of Colonel (afterwards Sir George) French, I knew intimately, as well as the majority of the officers and a considerable number of the men, including almost all of those who were the first to sign up in November, 1873, in the old stone building at Fort Garry.<sup>1</sup> These "Old Originals" were joined in June, 1874, by six

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<sup>1</sup>Those who signed up for the North-West Mounted Police at the Stone Fort, near Winnipeg, on November 3, 1873, were Griesbach (later Major General), Neale (later Superintendent), Steele (later Major General, Sir Samuel), Antrobus (later Superintendent), Belcher (later Colonel), McIlree (later Assistant Commissioner), Walker (later Lieutenant-Colonel), Harper, Maunsell and La Belle.

troops of fifty officers and men, three hundred in all. They had travelled from Toronto to Fargo, North Dakota, by rail, where, after putting their wagons<sup>2</sup> together, they continued the journey to Dufferin, Manitoba, whence the great trek across the plains began.

I have seen these men of the "Scarlet and Gold" at their duties from Manitoba to British Columbia, and from the Montana border to far above the Arctic Circle. In the homes of the officers I have dined and slept, eaten in the sergeants' mess-rooms, had food and shelter in many of the outlying detachments, camped with superintendents of the Force on tours of inspection. I have also driven as Coroner, when conducting inquests, ridden in wagons drawn by four-in-hands, in sleighs and "jumpers," and on hand-cars propelled by muscle power, chiefly of arms and back, and that in February when no trains were available, and have ridden on horseback with them through blinding blizzards in the depth of winter. On one occasion, with Superintendent Richard Burton Deane, I conducted an inquest one blisteringly hot day on the bald prairie under the friendly shade of a wagon loaded with hay. Witnesses, jurors and coroner were obliged to assume recumbent positions but it was distinctly preferable to being parboiled under a scorching sun. In many of the outdoor sports such as cricket, football, baseball and lawn tennis I have played, and upon at least one occasion participated in amateur theatricals with members of the "Silent Force."

Those who now cross the great plains in automobiles, or in luxurious Pullmans, with every bodily comfort can scarcely visualize the importance and the hardships of that great trek of 1874.

<sup>2</sup>The transport consisted of 80 wagons and 140 ox-carts.

When these three hundred troopers set out across the "Great Lone Land" for an uncertain destination, somewhere this side of the Rocky Mountains, there were not more than one hundred white people west of Winnipeg. Not a map of the entire region existed. One of the subalterns, Walker (later Colonel) who had taken a course in military drawing was detailed by Commissioner French to sketch the route of march. The half-breed guides employed were unreliable, none having been west of the Cypress Hills; the Blackfeet and Cree Indians, numbering twelve thousand in all, were inimical and suspicious of the intentions of the red-coats, or "pony soldiers" as they called them.

During the early stages of the march they were tortured by mosquitoes, later by flies of various species, and finally by lice (the latter acquired from a former Indian camping-ground). They were delayed by detours around and through sloughs, lakes and swift-flowing rivers, by stampedes of their horses, caused by terrific thunderstorms, by a shortage of rations for both man and beast, the prairies having been eaten bare by a plague of grasshoppers, by countless thousands of buffalo (*bison Americanus*), which harassed them and frequently disputed the right of way, by the illness of heart-sick and weary men and horses, and worst of all, by a scarcity of water. Even that which they found was almost undrinkable, owing to its alkalinity. It was enough to tax the patience of saints and discourage the stoutest of hearts.

One of the most critical experiences during the trek across the plains in 1874 was the great stampede, which almost set them completely afoot. The Force invariably pitched their camp in the form of a hollow square: the covered wagons formed three sides and the tents of the officers and men the fourth. One

dark night, shortly after their arrival at Dufferin, approximately thirty miles north of the international border, a severe electrical storm came suddenly up. Three hundred horses, crazed by thunder and lightning, made a wild dash for freedom and galloped madly between and over the tents. As they rushed past, Sub-Inspector Walker and a few of the men, with great courage, as well as presence of mind, seized and mounted some frightened chargers and followed through the storm upon the heels of the fear-stricken band. They rode desperately for hours and eventually caught up with the laggards of the stampede. Walker states that thrice he changed mounts, and, having overtaken the leaders, turned them northward. At daybreak he found that he was twenty miles south of the international line and not far from Grand Forks, North Dakota. But for this heroic exploit the newly-formed Force would have been in a bad predicament.

I have heard old-time Mounties relate how they used to place their meagre monthly cash allowances under their spare clothing which lay folded on the shelves above and at the heads of their trestles, boards and blankets,<sup>3</sup> yet not one of these poorly-paid troopers would disturb a dime of his comrade's hoard. This sublime confidence in their fellows could not always be maintained, and it was discovered later on that some of the additions to the Force did not live up to this code of honour. In recent years the quality and fibre of those enlisting in the Mounted Police has not suffered in comparison with the standards set many years ago.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>3</sup> "While Indians at the Industrial School have iron beds, this, the finest body of men in the country, still sleep on boards and trestles." —Commissioner Herchmer in a letter to the government.

<sup>4</sup> The first year's pay arrived in huge, uncut sheets of one-dollar bills, from which the required amounts were clipped with scissors.

Abler pens than mine have recorded the deeds, the quiet heroism and the achievements of "The Silent Force," but these do not tell the whole story by any means, nor are they to be discovered in the annual reports of the Commissioner. Their actual accomplishments would fill volumes and occupy a high and honourable place in the records of any country.

I have observed these "Riders of the Plains" on dress parades and fatigues, quenching prairie fires and sounding out the fords of swift-flowing rivers, carrying mail to outlying settlers, showing the newcomer the way to his homestead, teaching the red men the virtues of honesty, work, temperance and peace, handling the "bad man" and the violently insane, quelling strikes and riots, searching for lost travellers (once I was one), aiding the rancher in finding his livestock, keeping tab on the whiskey smuggler, the narcotic drug pedlar, the gambler, the violater of game laws as well as those who took liberties with the decalogue, and always did the Mounted act with quietness, tact and efficiency.

These men wore no halos either above or below their forage-caps, helmets or stetsons. They were not "plaster paris saints" but, as Kipling describes his Tommies, "Just single men in barracks, most remarkably like you."

Meanly paid, they must have been subjected to the severest temptations by the moneyed representatives of the Powers of Darkness—and these were legion. The remarkable thing is that their multifarious duties were so faithfully and efficiently performed. For nearly half a century I have observed with a disinterested but admiring eye the progress and achievements of this famous force.

A commission for the preservation of historical sites, even with the aid of old-time members of the Mounted Police, had difficulty in mapping out the exact location of old Fort Macleod, now no more.

In 1884-1885, when I camped beneath its sheltering timbers, Superintendent Cotton endeavoured to protect this historic place from fire and vandalism by placing a small detachment there. This was composed of Staff-Sergeant Horner and Constables Herron and Parker. All three were more or less conspicuous among their comrades: Horner, for his famous ride with despatches on "Caesar," Herron, for his association with Inspector Francis Jeffrey Dickens, son of the great English novelist, and Parker, who was known as "The Lost Mounted Policeman," and whose adventurous trip is described in the following ballad from incidents related to me by him in 1884.

### THE LOST MOUNTED POLICEMAN

The police camp was on the St. Mary's River and, some miles below, Lee's Creek joined it, forming a Y. The directions given were: "Cross Lee's Creek and go on till you come to the river, then follow it till you find the camp." But it was an easy matter to lose the trail in the snow, and the river was crossed below the fork under the impression it was only the creek. Beyond was nothing but a "waste howling wilderness," and over this the Mounted Policeman wandered a full week, famished, snow-blind, hopeless. When found at last, by the driver of the Fort Benton mail stage, he completely gave up and fell inert from his horse, strength and energy both failing when he knew he was safe.

"Come, Parker, 'tis a bitter day,  
Though March winds make you shiver;  
But saddle with what speed you may  
And take this to the river.

"And come and have a bite of food,  
Before you ride away,  
For you will need a good square meal,  
To keep the cold at bay.

"I willingly would go myself  
But I know not the road;  
And travel is so bad just now,  
I'd make too great a load.

"But you are light, and young and strong,  
With warm blood in your veins,  
'Twill take the numbing cold a while  
To make you drop the reins.

"So rustle now, my bonny lad,  
These days have little light,  
And this despatch must reach the camp  
Before the fall of night."

Thus spake my Sergeant, and for me,  
'Twas only to obey;  
But well I knew what risk I ran  
In riding out that day.

The hurried dinner soon was done,  
And Custer had his feed;  
And having put the saddle on,  
I mounted on my steed.

Adieu all said, away we sped  
As fast as we could go,  
But winds from the gaunt Rockies' steep  
Had filled the trail with snow.

Still on we plodded, and the trail  
I patiently did seek,  
Until at last I saw ahead,  
A welcome sight—Lee's Creek.

"Soon I will reach St. Mary's brink;  
It can't be very long  
Before I see my comrades' fire,  
And hear their merry song."

But ah, my lad, false hopes are yours,  
The river you have crossed;  
Out on the prairie's waste you are,  
And worse than that, are lost.

On, on we went till o'er us fell,  
The sable robes of night;  
Watchful, but weary, down I lay,  
And waited for the light.

I took the saddle off his back  
And let poor Custer go;  
Then up and down I tramped to form  
A coffin in the snow.

My ears were frozen, so I wrapt  
The blanket round my head;  
And taking one last look around  
I sought my snowy bed.

The wind was roaring overhead,  
The snow fell thick and fast;  
The dreadful howl of prairie wolves  
Was borne upon the blast.

Even with the howls of wind and wolf  
Sweet slumber came to me;  
I dreamt of banquets, lordly feasts,  
And friends no more to see.

The tempest passed, and morning's sun  
Shed its bright beams around;  
And found me laid in stately pomp  
Upon a narrow mound.

The ground was bare about my bed,  
Custer stood at my feet,  
For he had scraped the snow away  
In search of grass to eat.

Though hungry still, we started out  
The long lost trail to find;  
Naught but the snow was seen before,  
And the vast waste behind.

The prairie looked so weirdly red,  
 Such strange thoughts crossed my mind,  
 Vague dreadful things now made me feel  
 That I was struck snow-blind.

No shipwreckt seaman, far from shore,  
 Beneath an angry sky,  
 Could have less hope of being saved,  
 Nor suffer more than I.

My throat all parched from eating snow,  
 Face blistered with the sun,  
 Hungry, half frozen, blind and lost  
 Helpless and hopeless, done!

In fancy, I could sometimes see  
 A flock of grazing sheep,  
 And while I saw them famished wolves  
 Upon their necks would leap.

Again, I saw a smuggler's camp,  
 Which looked to me quite near;  
 But as I turned my horse that way  
 It seemed to disappear.

And then there came a pretty sight,  
 Which gave me comfort too;  
 I saw, in evening's light, the form  
 Of her I used to woo.

Fair as the sunny flowerets,  
 And lovely as the rose,  
 A heavenly smile lit up her face,  
 And gentled all my woes.

But oh, those joys were transient,  
 The dread reaction came;  
 I longed for death or to be found  
 To me it was the same.

Day followed day 'til six were past,  
 And still no help was nigh,  
 When in the snow, upon my knees;  
 I called to God on high.

My prayer was heard, an answer came—  
God's mercies never fail—  
For I could hear and faintly see  
The coming Benton Mail.

When found, at last, my strength gave out,  
Friends took me from my steed;  
Kind helping hands were soon at work,  
Supplying every need.

When nearing Fort Macleod at last,  
I raised my head to see;  
My comrades gathered 'round the gate,  
They cheered me lustily.

One day, when in the hospital;  
Though only bones and skin,  
They brought poor Custer to the door,  
But could not bring him in.

"Come, Custer, come," I cried aloud;  
He neighed, then eyed the place,  
And walking up to where I lay,  
He gently licked my face.

"O noblest of a faithful race!  
The horse that brought me through,  
If I should lose myself again,  
Send me a friend as true!"

## CHAPTER XIII

### FORTS WHOOP-UP, STAND-OFF AND KIPP

*The ears of night were rent and riven  
By turbulent men made stormy with wine.*

—JOAQUIN MILLER.

*There's many a man in these parts  
Whose right name nobody knows.*

—T. HENRY, in *Australian Ballads*.

FROM the advent of the Mounted Police into a purely Indian country where extreme lawlessness existed, prohibition of intoxicating liquors became a necessity. The chief objective of the force was to make life and property secure, in other words, to establish law and order where previously they were non-existent. The chief offenders were the whiskey traders who established trading-posts throughout what is now Southern Alberta where blankets, trinkets, antiquated firearms, but, more especially "fire-water" were traded for beaver, bear and other pelts and buffalo robes. The usual price for the latter as indicated by ledgers and accounts, some of which are still in my possession, was one dollar in trade for each robe. These posts, or forts, were usually stoutly built in order to repel the attacks of the outraged red man who found himself despoiled of his furs, robes and horses with nothing to show for it but a bad headache or wounds and bruises received from his red brothers with whom he had no previous quarrel. The better known of these evil posts were Forts Whoop-Up, Kipp, Stand-Off, Slide-Out; there were also trading-posts

near High River and another near the present site of the city of Calgary.

Fort Hamilton, the pioneer trading-post in what is now Southern Alberta, was built in 1867-68 by men employed by John J. Healy and A. B. Hamilton. It consisted of eleven log houses, or huts, placed in the form of a circle and connected by picket fences, the whole forming an enclosure, or corral, into which the traders' horses were nightly herded. It was built at the confluence of the St. Marys and Belly Rivers, and shortly afterwards burned to the ground.

The second post, afterwards known as "Fort Whoop-Up," was erected on a much more pretentious scale for Healy & Hamilton by a Scotsman, formerly a ship's carpenter and Hudson's Bay *voyageur*, who employed thirty or more men on its erection. It was solidly built of logs and its defences were strengthened by two bastions of squared timber, neatly dove-tailed, one of which contained a two-inch smooth-bore, muzzle-loading cannon, mounted on a gun-carriage; the other bastion housed a well of water over which was suspended a large bell for sounding a general alarm. It also contained a six-pounder mountain howitzer. In both bastions there was a plentiful supply of grape and canister in the form of twenty-five-pound sacks of trade balls.

The fort was constructed in the form of a hollow square, the various buildings being roofed with one to two feet of earth. The heavily-timbered walls were chinked with mud, and the doors and windows opened into the square, the latter being set about seven feet from the floor. The walls were loop-holed in places for musketry and there were three small port-holes, or wickets, for trading purposes at the right of the entrance to the fort, whose gate was of oak, heavily

constructed and barred from within. Open fireplaces built of stone and mud were to be found in the kitchen and living-room and gave a cheerful aspect to the interior which was grim enough from without. Iron bars were placed across the chimneys in order to prevent the entrance of Indians by that way.

Wild, woolly and wicked Whoop-Up was not without its touch of romance. In the early seventies Miss Marcella Sheran arrived in this neighbourhood to keep house for her brother Nicolas, the pioneer coal-miner of the West. Here she met Joseph McFarlane, a former member of the N.W.M. Police and at this time a pioneer stockman. Their marriage was the first among white residents of what is now Southern Alberta, and was described in the *Benton River Press*, August, 1877, as follows:

Joseph McFarlane and Miss Marcella Sheran were married at Fort Whoop-Up, British North-West Territory, on the 4th of July last. Father Scollan performed the ceremony, the happy couple receiving a salute of six guns from Fort Whoop-Up, after which they were escorted to the McFarlane mansion (?) by their friends. This is the first marriage of a white couple recorded at Whoop-Up. Such is the progress of civilization.

In the autumn of 1890, Mr. Barlow Cumberland, of Toronto, and I were guests of Dave Akers, the proprietor. We were served by him and his Indian wife with a sumptuous dinner and later escorted through the various sections of his establishment. In addition to the living quarters, already mentioned, there was the trading-room, the robe-room, the gun-loft, the blacksmith shop, the warehouse, several bedrooms, as well as ample stabling for the horses.

The late George Houk, who was employed in the construction of the place, informed me that it was

first called Fort Hamilton after one of the original partners of Healy & Hamilton, but during the winter of 1868 the camp ran out of whiskey and a Dutchman, by the name of Joe Wye, was dispatched to Fort Benton for this and other supplies. Joe was well-known throughout Montana, and when his Benton friends inquired what he was doing in Canada, replied, "Oh, we're just whoopen-on-'em up," which, interpreted, meant that they were whooping up the whiskey trade with the Indians and making big profits out of it. Joe had always the same answer to similar inquiries so the odd-sounding queer name "Whoop-Up" stuck, and the milder Hamilton was discarded.

During 1869-1870, Healy & Hamilton employed thirty-eight men as hunters, "wolfers" and traders, and business was very prosperous. In 1872, Whoop-Up and the land adjoining was sold to Dave Akers, who was in possession at the time of the arrival of the first contingent of Mounted Police in October, 1874.

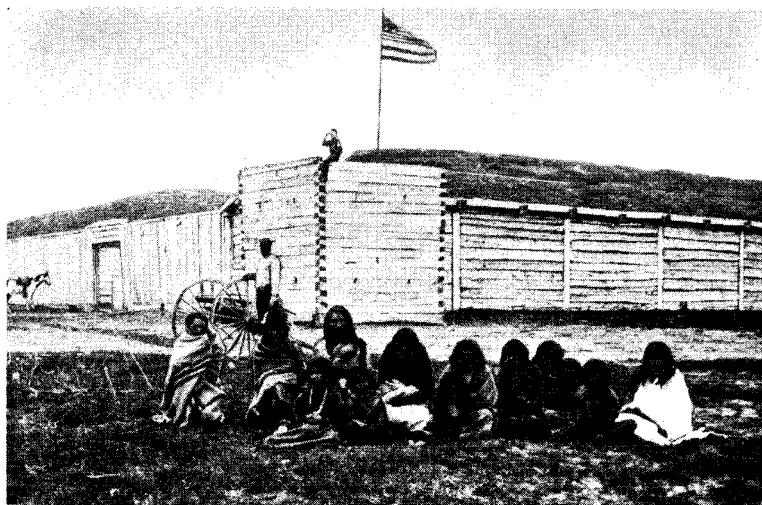
The Mounted Police, anticipating stiff opposition to their armed entrance into what had previously been a lawless domain, approached the place with extreme caution. They were, therefore, much astonished and not a little relieved when they were met with open gates, the entire "garrison" being composed of less than half a dozen men. The traders, no doubt, were warned of the approach of the Canadian troopers and, having buried their contraband in the centre of the fort, evacuated the place "while the going was good." I have met several officers and men who were present on this occasion. Colonel Macleod, it is said, offered ten thousand dollars for the establishment, but, as it was claimed that it cost over twenty-five thousand dollars, the offer was refused and the Mounties proceeded thirty miles westward to Galligher's Island on

the Old Man River, where they built Fort Macleod, named in honour of their gallant commander, James Farquharson Macleod, C.M.G.

The above-mentioned muzzle-loading gun had a somewhat roving career.

It was cast in St. Louis, Missouri, by Horace E. Dimmick in 1846, and brought up the Missouri River by the American Fur Trading Company who afterwards sold out to the North-West Fur Trading Company. The gun was located first at Fort Brule, Montana, secondly, at Fort Cotton, where it was taken by Major Culbertson, thirdly, at Fort Berthol, next at Fort Benton, and then it was conveyed to Fort Whoop-Up by Healy & Hamilton in 1871. Finally it was sold by Dave Akers to me in 1892 and brought to Lethbridge, and given in 1929 to the city of Lethbridge, where it now stands beneath an arbour in the beautiful Galt Gardens.

It was in the neighbourhood of Whoop-Up that in 1870 the beginning of the last battle between the Crees and Blackfeet took place. I knew several of the participants, including Jerry Potts, the famous guide and scout, but as Jerry was very taciturn, I was never able to obtain much information from him. However, both the late Dr. George A. Kennedy, of Macleod, and Mike Mountain Horse, a Blood Indian, have written fairly complete accounts of this action. The article by the former was prepared originally for the Macleod Historical Society, of which I was a member, and was given to me by Dr. Kennedy several years before his death. As it constitutes an important historical account of the last great Indian battle, and is of interest at least to thousands of people now living within sight of the scenes of that encounter, I am including it in these chronicles in a later chapter.



EXTERIOR OF FORT WHOOP-UP  
Note U.S. flag flying over Canadian territory.



INTERIOR OF FORT WHOOP-UP



The late Howell Harris, who for many years was manager of the Circle Ranch, although he mostly resided in Lethbridge, was an interested spectator of the battle, which he followed out of curiosity, but took no part in the engagement.

### FORT STAND-OFF

The Government of the United States having learned of the crime and debauchery existing amongst the Indians of the Canadian West, as well as among those of their own wards in Northern Montana, due to the whiskey-trade, decided upon repressive measures.

In the year 1870, they sent a United States Marshal named Harding to Fort Benton to put an end to this nefarious traffic at its source. This action on the part of the government caused consternation in the ranks of the American traders.

Marshal Harding lost little time in confiscating most of the existing stocks at Fort Benton and he also issued a warning that alcoholic supplies found within the Indian territory would be seized.

Two of the traders, Joe Kipp, after whom Fort Kipp is named, and Charlie Thomas, his partner, devised a scheme to outwit the Marshal. This was to go to Helena, which was outside the forbidden district, purchase there a large supply of alcohol and run it across the International Boundary into Canada, where they planned to build a trading-post in Blackfoot territory. Kipp bought seventy-five cases of pure alcohol from Helena merchants who delivered it at a specified point where it was floated down the Missouri on a raft to where that stream joins the Sun River. Here he was met by Thomas with three four-horse teams, and the contraband was quickly

loaded and gotten under way for the North. Three days later they crossed the north fork of Milk River. Kipp, looking back, saw a lone rider following them at a rapid pace. "It's the Marshal," said he, "and right here's where we stand him off." The traders did not slacken their speed, but they were soon overtaken by the government officer, who ordered them to turn about and return to Benton.

"Mr. Marshal," said Kipp, "you're just twenty minutes too late." They were safely beyond his jurisdiction and knew it. The post was built shortly after and named "Stand-Off" in commemoration of their experience with the Marshal. During the construction of the fort, teams were kept busy hauling merchandise and trading goods from Benton. The country was black with buffalo and by spring the traders possessed three thousand fine robes and over two thousand small pelts, the greater portion of which were shipped by stern-wheel steamer to St. Louis, Missouri.

Later on, Kipp and Thomas abandoned Stand-Off and built Fort Kipp at the junction of the Belly and Old Man Rivers. It was not a pretentious place, merely a few log cabins erected, forming three sides of a square. The open, or south side, faced the river, as the traders concluded that a fortified post was unnecessary.

## CHAPTER XIV

### RANCH LIFE

*Oh, its hinges are of leather, and its windows have no glass,  
And its roof lets in the snow-drips and the rain;  
I hear the hungry gopher as he crawls up through the grass,  
In my little old sod shanty on the plain.*

*Home, home on the range,  
Where the deer and the antelope play,  
Where never is heard a discouraging word,  
And the skies are not cloudy all day.*

—From *Cowboy Songs*.

SHORTLY after my arrival in Macleod I purchased a dapple-grey Indian pony to which I gave the name of "Chester." He was good-natured, most intelligent and as full of courage and endurance as a gamecock. Daily I took a long or short ride on him, according to weather conditions. On some of these outings, particularly during visits to Captain (later Sir Cecil) Denny's ranch, I was struck with the pastoral beauty of a triangular tract of land at the confluence of Willow Creek and Old Man River. It had excellent soil and some beautiful clumps of large and small trees and shrubbery. It also possessed a living spring of clear and cold water which in the severest weather never froze over. After more than one inspection of the place I purchased the 640 acres from Mr. (later Judge) C. E. D. Wood, then editor of the *Macleod Gazette*. This gave us practically one thousand acres. As the property lying east of us was in the fork, or junction, of the two streams, it could not be reached without passing through our premises. There was a

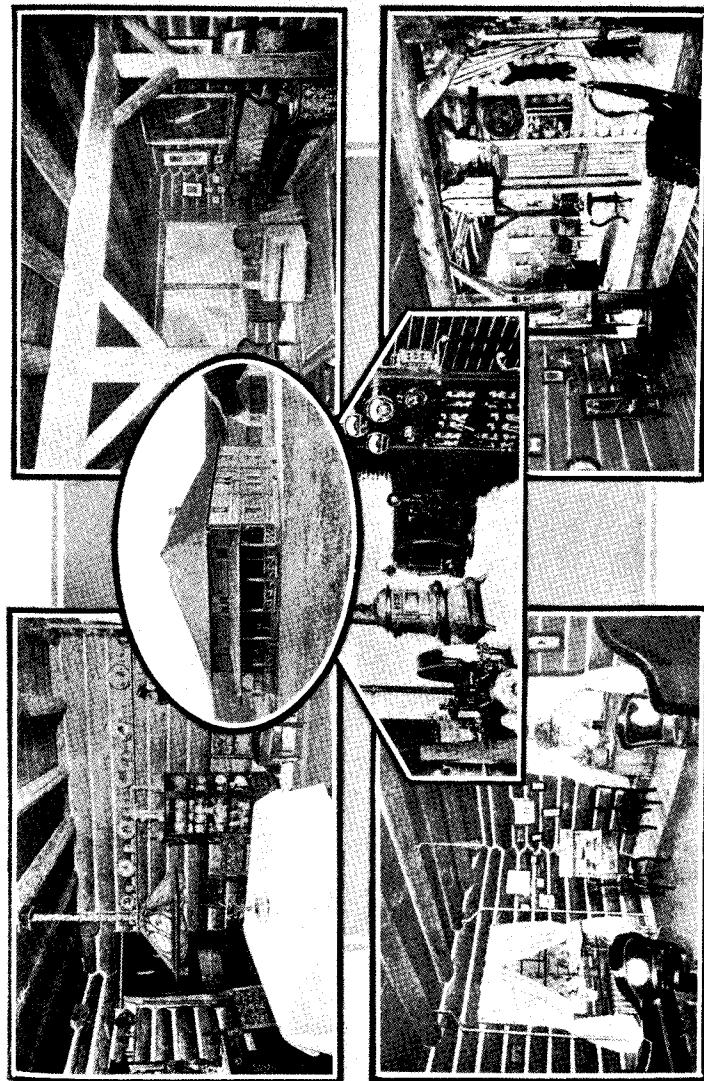
small shack on the place and about thirty acres had been cultivated.

In the summer of 1885, my brother Edward came from Ontario with the intention of living on the ranch, but as Captain Denny wished to visit the Old Country, he induced my brother to look after his place in his absence. In April, 1886, our brother Harry arrived with some dairy cattle and farming implements, and the two proceeded in earnest with the erection of a house, stable, corrals and fencing, hauling their materials nearly thirty miles from the Porcupine Hills.

On one of these trips, which should not have been made alone, my brother Harry had an awkward experience. He had drawn up his four-horse team and was about to have his mid-day meal when a party of Piegan Indians rode up and brusquely demanded all of his food. Although not a great distance from their own Indian reservation, they claimed that they were starving. My brother saw that they were in no mood to be argued with, so handed over his precious tea, bacon and bannocks, which his unwelcome visitors speedily consumed to the last crumb with evident relish. Unfortunately my brother was bound into the hills and he was obliged to proceed there, cut his timber, load it and return to the ranch on an empty stomach.

The gentle, Ontario-bred, dairy cattle<sup>1</sup> were a source of wonderment to the men from the neighbouring ranches, where, although they might have thousands of range cows, not one of them could be milked without being roped and thrown, or run into a

<sup>1</sup> The first dairy cattle in Southern Alberta were brought in by Joseph McFarland in 1875, and the late George Houk informed me that in 1866 he saw several milch cows, the property of the factor of the Hudson's Bay Company at Peace River, in what is now Northern Alberta.



BUFFALO RANCH, PINCHER CREEK, PROPERTY OF MRS. MARY BELLE RICH  
(Destroyed by fire during her absence on a world cruise.)



narrow chute, the milking taking place with a bottle instead of the customary pail, for some of these creatures were as wild as wolves. Small wonder that an Eastern visitor exclaimed, "I have seen more cattle and less milk, more wheat and less flour, have seen farther and seen less than in any place I have ever been."

Upon one occasion I saw Willie Cochrane, of the celebrated Cochrane Ranching Company, which had more than twenty thousand head of cattle, leave Macleod in a democrat loaded with cases of condensed milk.

As an illustration of the old adage that, "there is a black sheep in every fold," also of the better authenticated proverb that "evil communications corrupt good manners," one of our Ontario-bred cows began to associate with a band of range cattle. On account of her headstrong disposition, as well as her dark colouring, my brothers named her "Satan."

One fine morning our dairy herd (with the exception of "Satan," who was absent as usual with her wilder companions on the uplands) were peacefully pasturing on the meadow near the base of a high cut-bank bordering on Willow Creek. My brother Harry rode up on the bench to drive her down. Inexperienced as to the lay of the land, "Satan" took a short turn down a slope which terminated in a sharp drop of over 150 feet. Suddenly realizing her predicament, she endeavoured to stop, but her hoofs failed to grip and she tumbled headlong over the precipice and into the creek. She landed on a huge boulder, broke several ribs and dislocated her spine as well. There was nothing to do but hitch up a team and drag her out. After an examination it was decided to butcher her at once. The carcass was cut up, placed in strong brine

and stored for future use, but the shock prevented adequate bleeding and the meat failed to keep. Thus "Satan" was perverse to the very last, even to a posthumous perversity.

The winter of 1886-1887 was extraordinarily long and severe, the snow being very deep, and there were no Chinooks to remove sufficient snow to enable the cattle to reach the grass beneath it on the prairie. The ranchers had put up hay for emergencies, but, not anticipating weeks of sub-zero weather, the supply was soon exhausted. The hungry cattle, driven by northern blizzards from their ranges, sought the shelter of the coulees and well-treed river bottoms where they browsed upon the alders, willows, and small shrubbery, many of them having their stomachs punctured by the twigs. The rivers, creeks and valleys throughout the country were strewn with the carcasses of starved and frozen animals. The bellowing, especially during still, frosty nights, was pitiable.

One morning, as my brothers went to the stables, they found a range-cow lying stark and stiff outside the barn door, and her calf alive, but emaciated, standing by her. Thinking that the little one might be saved by warm, fresh milk, Ed brought out a pail of it. Try as he would, however, the calf refused to touch it. First, he stuck its mouth down into the fluid thinking that it would "get the taste," but no, the foolish creature shook its head, spraying my brother with what had not frozen to its nose. The experiment of using a finger in the bottom of the pail as a "sucker" also failed, and with it my brother's stock of patience. Seizing the obstinate creature by the "scruff" of the neck, and exclaiming: "I'll teach you how to drink!" he threw it upon its back, with all four feet in the air, and, taking an empty tin standing near,

filled it from the pail and poured it down the bovine's throat. As was to be expected, the calf coughed, covering Ed from head to foot. Quietly smoking a cigarette, and leaning on the side of the corral, Harry, who had watched the early proceedings with mingled surprise and amusement, after this crowning act in the comedy, broke into a loud guffaw, which added fuel to the fire already blazing. A little reasoning on Harry's part caused Ed to "cool off" ere any further damage was done. The calf survived.

During this winter, the longest and coldest in the Territories since records were kept, when for six weeks the temperature never once rose to zero, it is estimated that one-half of all the livestock in the country perished.

During the summer of 1885, my father paid a visit to the ranch. One day he accompanied my brother Ed who was driving in to Macleod for the mail and supplies. As they approached the ford on the Old Man River opposite the island upon which the old fort stood, my brother drew up the team and said, "Here is something you will not see in the East," pointing to a long string of bull-teams attached to heavily-loaded hay wagons then in process of crossing the river. Presently, while they were watching, the heavy chain which connected the animals with the wagons suddenly snapped and the oxen walked leisurely out and stood on the river bank. Milt Emslie, the head bullwhacker, or wagon-boss, who waded the stream and was wet up to his waist, also emerged from the stream-bed. Walking slowly to an open spot alongside the trail he tossed his big bull whip to the ground, on top of it he threw his coat, waistcoat and broad-brimmed hat with considerable deliberation, then, falling on his knees upon the

assembled heap of garments, he began to utter a succession of such blood-curdling blasphemies that my father cried out, "Drive on at once, Ed, or the ground will open and swallow us up."

After this experience of western profanity, my father was convinced that it was no country for unsophisticated youths.

My father's visit was in 1885, and in the autumn of 1887 he was followed by my sister Mary. Needless to say she inaugurated many changes in the domestic economy of the place. Curtains were hung on the windows, rugs placed on the floors, a clothesline erected which was an infallible sign to men of the range that there was a woman about the place, as a bachelor usually hangs out his washing on a willow bush or a barbed wire fence. The dishes were more carefully washed, likewise the cooking utensils, and all were more systematically arranged. Instead of having but one plate for soup, stew, bacon and beans, as well as dessert, extra ones were now installed. "Rooms" were also formed each night by the suspension of blankets from wires stretched from wall to wall: during the daytime the draperies were taken down and folded. Mary remained on the ranch only a few weeks, but the example she set and the domestic truths she inculcated brought forth good results.

My sister was an excellent horsewoman, and although afraid of small dogs, cats or mice, she would ride the most spirited animal that the boys could saddle. During her brief stay many neighbouring ranchers and Mounted Police officers visited the ranch, and flat and hurdle races were enjoyed. We had a small, good-natured pony named "Little Johnny" who was full of mischievous tricks, could "turn on a silver dollar," or, during a stiff gallop, stop as quickly

as a modern motor car equipped with four-wheel brakes. Johnny was invariably turned over by my brothers to any guest who arrived without a mount, and, especially during a free-for-all steeplechase, his stopping habit had ludicrous results.

During the years from 1884 to 1887 many large bands of cattle were driven into Alberta from the United States, some coming from as far south as Texas. These "outfits" usually had a large complement of cowboys and horse-wranglers together with their chuck wagons. After reaching their respective ranges many of these men were discharged, and for a time the country was overrun with unemployed punchers and broncho-busters. One of the latter, Ed Williams by name, drifted into our ranch. He was a little cockney but came over to America to be a "wild and woolly" cowboy of the dime novel type. He was employed about our place doing chores and repairing fences and corrals. One summer evening my brothers were seated back to back at the table reading the papers from home while Williams sat on the doorstep toying with his beloved six-shooter. A brainstorm entered his almost empty skull and he decided to shoot out the light. All unconscious of this fantastic scheme my brothers continued reading, when suddenly there was a blinding flash, a crash of broken glass, and a smoke-filled room. My brothers leaped from their seats, not knowing what had happened, only to see, as the reek cleared away, the diminutive cow-puncher and his "gun." Needless to state he was immediately disarmed before he could cause further damage, and seized by two irate men, was used, in lieu of a vacuum cleaner, for dusting the ranch floor.

Upon another occasion, one evening shortly after

the lamps were lighted one of the window panes crashed, followed immediately by the sharp crack of a rifle. Not knowing the why or the wherefore of this sudden attack, my brother and cousin Billy, who was visiting us, first threw themselves upon the floor then crawled on their hands and knees through the doorway out into a clump of shrubbery. As the rifle shooting continued, my brother Harry saddled up, rode into Macleod and laid a charge against a neighbouring ranchman, who, when sober, was a gentleman, but who, when in his cups, had strange ideas of neighbourly amenities. Haled before Colonel Macleod, stipendiary magistrate, he was severely reprimanded and bound over to keep the peace.

Prior to the building of the railway through the Crow's Nest Pass into British Columbia, lumber and shingles were scarce and expensive. Most of the ranch houses in the eighties were built of logs chinked with mud and had roofs of poles, brush and earth capped with sods to prevent the soil from being blown away by the wind. Houses so constructed were cool in summer and warm in winter and comfortable except in wet weather. After a prolonged period of rain, infrequent except in May or June, the water-soaked roof would drip liquid mud long after the rain outside had ceased, when it might be truthfully stated that there was "running water in every room." Under these circumstances it was no uncommon sight to see the inmates of the household extending umbrellas over the kitchen stove while cooking was in progress, or over the kerosene lamp if any reading was to be done, while waterproofs or topcoats were utilized over the bedspreads in order to ensure a night's repose. Meanwhile pails, basins, milk pans and wash-tubs might be seen at strategic places in the rooms

catching the muddy droppings. When these had ceased, and the sun again appeared, the rancher's wife, if he had one, might be seen tearfully inspecting her store of fine linen or dainty clothing which she had brought with her from the East or the Mother-land. My brothers found that the kitchen table, which was covered with white oilcloth, was an excellent protection for their bed especially when placed in a slanting position. These little discomforts were taken as a matter of course and usually with good-natured banter. Some such experience must have given inspiration for this well-known western song:

Oh for life in the old-time shack, when the rain begins to fall;  
Drip, drip through the mud in the roof and the winds blow  
through the wall.

The tenderfoot curses his luck and sighs out feebly, "Ah!  
"This bloomin' country's a fraud and I want to go home to  
my ma."

The timely opening of a sawmill in the Porcupine Hills and, later on, in Lethbridge, sounded the death-knell of the sod hut and the mud roof on the settler's shack, and the coming of the rainy season was no longer anticipated with dread.

A ranch frequently takes the name of the horse or cattle brand of its owner; in the earlier days this was followed by the word "outfit," as for example, the C.Y., Bar-U, Trefoil, Thistle, Circle, Diamond-R, outfits. Other ranches took the name of a locality: Alberta (owned by the Marquis of Lorne and other British gentlemen), Halifax, The Powder River, High River Cattle Company; sometimes the name of its owner: Ross, Brown, Cochrane, Burns, Winder, Stewart, etc. Again, others selected more or less picturesque titles such as Mountain View, Sunset, Oxley, Butte and The Grange.

In the days of the open range we were warned by cattlemen never to venture on foot when a herd of cattle was in the vicinity as it was seldom safe to do so, we being strange animals to them, whereas, no matter how wild the range cattle were, they were accustomed to the mounted cowboys. There was, therefore, no greater crime in a cattle country than to steal a man's horse and set him afoot and at his peril. Small wonder that horse thieves received very severe penalties in western courts of justice.

During a summer vacation trip to Pincher Creek and the Crow's Nest Pass in 1886, I had an opportunity of visiting some well-known ranches in that vicinity, notably those of Colonel Macleod, Lionel Brooke and the Garnett Brothers. We were passing the home of the former one bright Sabbath, shortly after the morning service, when the Colonel espied us and invited my companion and myself to "come and dine." We thanked him for his proffered hospitality, but declined owing to the number of guests which we observed had already assembled in front of his house. He would not, however, listen to a refusal so we drove in and an employee took charge of our horses. Mrs. Macleod greeted us most cordially and we were just in time to meet the other guests and be paired prior to entering their large dining-room. My dinner companion, if I remember correctly, was Mrs. Scobie, wife of Captain Scobie, a very delightful Scottish lady. The Macleods were noted for their lavish hospitality and, needless to say, we enjoyed the company as well as the dinner. The Macleods had a negro servant known as Old Nancy, or Old Auntie, upon whom charcoal would almost leave a white mark, who used to assert that "me and Mrs. Macleod were the first white women to come to this country."

"The Chinook," the ranch home of Mr. Lionel Brooke, was beautifully situated on the banks of a lovely lake surrounded by trees and shrubs. The house was built of roughly hewn logs and was very commodious. A unique feature was the large living-room, the walls of which were panelled with cotton and on these were to be seen highly artistic charcoal drawings of bears, wolves, stags, and bucking bronchos all done by the proprietor himself, who was no mean artist.

Although "far from the madding crowd," Lionel Brooke, were it not for his coat of fringed buckskin, might easily have just emerged from Bond Street or Piccadilly. He had a fresh, ruddy complexion and very blonde hair, wore a monocle (on account of which he was called by the Indians, "Window Pane Chief"), white stock-collar and riding breeches. In these habiliments he accompanied us in our visit to "The Grange," the picturesque ranch of the Garnett Brothers, which was beautifully situated at the entrance to the Crow's Nest Pass. We were met by Mr. Jack Garnett, who escorted us over the place, and were greatly pleased with the quality of their horses and cattle, and more than surprised at the size and beauty of the ranch-house, situated, as it was, a hundred miles from the nearest railway. We noted a piano—a rare article in the West in those days—in the living-room, and the walls of the dining-room were decorated with pictures of English hunting scenes. At dinner the three brothers, Jack, Arthur and Lewis, also the wife of the latter, all appeared in evening dress. In answer to our looks of astonishment, Jack apologetically explained that this was not a display of swank or "side," but a custom to which they had rigidly adhered since their arrival in the West and

designed to keep them from reverting to savagery. We accepted the explanation, but Brooke was greatly annoyed; later on he described it as nothing less than snobbery, adjectives omitted.

At a later date I had the privilege of being more than once a guest at the celebrated Cochrane Ranch, situated not far from the Waterton Lakes. Their lease covered two hundred thousand acres, more or less, and they owned large holdings by purchase which were afterwards sold to the Mormons. They ranged about twenty thousand head of choice cattle, mostly Herefords. The house was substantially built. The bedrooms were immediately off the large living-room, which was well stocked with books and magazines. Over the bedroom doors of Mr. Willie and Mr. Ernest Cochrane were two inscriptions, namely: "The Lady" and "The Tiger," doubtless taken from Stockton's well-known tale.

It is one of the maxims of the range country that "a man who does not love his mount does not last long in the cattle business." As a rule few men are cruel to their horses, in fact cowboys who own their mounts almost "baby" them with kindness, and ranch foremen are not overly anxious to hire men with "individuals," or horses that are the private property of the rider, especially if he expects to get much work out of them.

One ranchman in the vicinity of our place was a notable exception to the above rule. He was a member of the nobility of a certain Nordic kingdom and was exiled because of the fatal ending of a duel in which he was engaged. He possessed a violent temper and apparently vented his paroxysms of anger on his animals, which, sad to say, averaged but one eye each. His faithful old dog, "Wolf," was totally blind from

various beatings by his inhuman master, yet he followed him about, caressing the hand that smote him, until a kindly fate removed him to the "Dogs' Paradise." Those who visited his ranch said that when one entered the stable, every horse shuddered and shook. Unfortunately, we had at that time no Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals or this monster would have been sent to the penitentiary. After a lapse of a few years he received a pardon from his king and returned to his native land with his Canadian wife, who, we trust, was able to take care of herself, or was spared his malevolent moods.

The "cattle rustler" and the horse thief were not unknown in the Canadian West, but they were obliged to be very alert and cautious in clapping their branding irons on colts and mavericks if they wished to escape the vigilance of the Mounted Police or the Stock Association. Those found guilty in a court of law seldom received any leniency, but were usually visited with very heavy sentences.

There were two notorious characters in our vicinity, of whom it was said that nothing was safe within the range of their operations that was not bolted down. One of them, "Old Donald," used to say that he never went to town without two monkey-wrenches, as one sometimes was quite useless in removing a coveted piece of farm machinery usually "parked" in front of a repair shop or an implement warehouse. With respect to the other "light-fingered" individual, "Whiskey Cox," it was said of him that he could make away with anything short of a red-hot stove; he was known to have taken a cold cooking-stove from the Quartermaster's store in the barracks of the Mounted Police at Macleod, removing it piece by piece until nothing but the frame remained. Then he had the

effrontery to ask Captain Winder how much he asked in cash for "the old wreck." The Captain replied that as he, Cox, possessed all the other parts he might as well make a job of it by taking what was left, as it was now useless to them.

The late E. H. Maunsell, one of the original Mounties who crossed the plains in 1874, and whom I met shortly after my arrival in Macleod, also has a story to tell of Whiskey Cox. The following is an abridged account taken from an old number of the *Calgary Herald*:

Rigs were not numerous in those old days, and the only one in sight was an old buckboard owned by J. B. Smith. He offered it cheap, and, on examination, Maunsell found that one of the nuts holding the wheel to the axle was missing. As this could not be procured at Macleod, hardware being almost as scarce as buckboards, the deal came very near being passed up as hopeless.

Smith, however, not wanting to lose a possible sale, was sanguine. He said, "Look! You might possibly get one from Whiskey Cox, as he has all kinds of things stored away in his junk pile. I don't happen to be on speaking terms with him myself, so you had better go and ask him about it."

Now, Whiskey Cox (also called Dave for short) was a very well-known personage in those days, and even to-day one cannot get a few old-timers together without some of them relating a Whiskey Cox story. He had joined the police at the same time as Ed Maunsell, and took his discharge at the same time. Maunsell knew little of him as he was in a different troop, so he was uncertain whether Cox had revealed any indication of being that brilliant genius he afterwards proved. If there ever was such a thing as a kleptomaniac, he was one. Nothing was too useless for Dave to pick up, and he would just as soon pick up something else for another man as for himself. If, unhappily, he was discovered in his little peculations, Dave's ready audacity and wit saved him.

Well, Cox was located. He had a house in Macleod

and on being informed of what was wanted, he promptly conducted Maunsell into an inner chamber, having all the appearance of a museum. After a search he found two or three nuts, which he gave to Maunsell to see if they would fit. None were of any use, and they were returned.

"That's too bad," said Dave, looking genuinely grieved. "We've certainly got to get you fixed up. Lemme see, now, lemme see! I believe I can get you what you want."

Sure enough, that night he brought a nut to Maunsell, feeling mightily uplifted over his success. Next morning it was taken to Smith's buckboard and it fitted perfectly. Maunsell put the nut in his pocket and set out for Smith's intending to conclude the bargain.

"He gone. Look for horses," he was told briefly by the Indian wife of Smith. Maunsell, strolling back to the barracks, met a man named A. C. Farwell, who had the contract for carrying the mail from Macleod to Benton. He was in a terrible stew.

"Of all the doggoned luck," he burst forth as soon as he met Maunsell. "If I ain't been and lost one of the nuts off my democrat! Ain't that a helluva note! I crossed the slough and, on the other side, off came the wheel. I spent about three hours wading round in the water, looking for it, and I guess it's floated down the stream."

The man was nearly frantic with rage and disgust, as the terms of his contract bound him to catch the boat at Benton with the mail. Farwell had been up to the barracks, had seen Captain Winder and had tried to borrow a light police democrat, but the captain could not let him have it.

Maunsell was possessed with an uneasy feeling. He had more than a strong suspicion that in his pocket safely reposed Farwell's lost nut. However, to avoid awkward explanations, he made sympathetic noises at the mailman, and went back to that good Samaritan, returned him the nut and said it would not do. He then returned to the barracks, and met Farwell going home.

"Abe," said Maunsell, "I forgot to tell you that Cox has some nuts, and perhaps you can find one to suit."

The agitated mailman, clutching desperately at any straw, dashed madly to Cox's place, and the cheerful Dave

readily handed over all he had. One fitted perfectly. Her Majesty's mail was duly delivered. Smith lost the sale of his buckboard.

One day Whiskey Cox went to town for supplies, and, returning somewhat late, dropped in on Donald, who, as an old acquaintance, invited him to spend the night. After a hearty supper the two smoked their pipes and yarned until bedtime. Donald, who could not sleep from curiosity to ascertain what Cox had on his wagon, arose in the early morning hours. Cox, on the other hand, had an attack of insomnia from a desire to know what Donald possessed that might be of use to him. While these investigations were taking place in the semi-darkness the two old prowlers met in the barnyard and enjoyed a good laugh. This episode was a confirmation of the adage, "Set a thief to catch a thief."

The one-time range has now been largely handed over to the farmer, "granger" or "sod-buster" as he was contemptuously called by the cattlemen, who also had small affection for the sheep raiser. Both cattle and sheep ranches have been crowded out or pushed back into semi-arid regions remote from railways. The picturesque lingo of the cowboy, whose talk was of bullocks and whose expressions and similes were "Greek" to the tenderfoot, are seldom, if ever, heard nowadays. As Montague puts it:

No more does the leather-faced plainsman—  
If leather-faced plainsmen there are—  
Protest his regard with a "Howdy, ole pard!"  
Or grin as he growls, "Put 'er thar!"

Some of the new settlers who took up farms were from cities and many of them were quite innocent of the ways of the West, or of what to us are common

experiences. The late Angus Mackay, of the Dominion Experimental Farms, used to tell of a newly-arrived Englishman whom he found cutting up turnips and planting small sections of them as is customary with potatoes. This was eclipsed by the tales of those who visited the Barr Colony at Lloydminster at its beginning. One merchant who had sold an unusually large number of washtubs inquired from one of the colony why they did not share them with one another. "Oh," he replied, "we do not use them all for bawthing and washing, but to stand in when we chop wood in order that we shall not cut our feet."

Ignorance of the ways of doing things in a new country is sometimes fraught with great inconvenience if not with the gravest danger. As an illustration of this our old-time friend and neighbour, the late E. H. Maunsell, told of two Englishmen whom he met at Fort Benton, who were on their way to Macleod:

The younger of the two men appeared to be a wealthy individual, and it transpired, in the conversation, that he was the son of the then British Ambassador to France. He had recently left Oxford, and was accompanied by an older friend, who was an Oxford tutor. Both were charming men and highly educated. The education they possessed, however, did not include knowledge of how best to travel on the prairie.

Maunsell went into some detail as to what they should and should not do, even to the point of insulting their intelligence, but at that, as it turned out later, he was not sufficiently explicit.

They had purchased a team and a democrat wagon, also a tent and some cooking utensils. As nothing could be more disastrous than losing horses on the prairie, the Englishmen were strongly impressed with the necessity of picketing their horses, and as an extra

precaution, they were advised to hobble them. So far so good.

They were then told about getting a fire, and given to understand that whenever they camped near water, they would always find plenty of buffalo chips, but for fear the weather might be wet, a few sticks of cordwood were to be included in the outfit.

Maunsell heard nothing more about these gentlemen until he returned to Macleod, his brother, H. F., having arrived in the meantime. His neighbour, Douglas Allison, had a lot to say about them. He had been to Benton to buy some farm machinery and the evening before he arrived there he met the two Oxford scholars. They were camped at the time and Maunsell quite easily identified them from Allison's description as the two he had met. Allison said they had collected an enormous amount of buffalo chips and were, at the time he drove up, engaged in trying to light a fire. The pair were on their knees with a stick of cordwood between them, and had burnt an astonishing number of matches trying to ignite it. Allison, with the aid of an axe, cut kindling for them and made a fire. The Oxford men stood by in stark amazement. "My word! s'prising!" was their comment on the wonder of these "backwoodsmen fellows."

Allison camped with them the night and tried to mother them a little. The poor chaps, naturally, had lost their tent first crack out of the box. It must have dropped off soon after leaving Benton, as Allison never saw any sign of it on the way in. Maunsell, in giving directions about hobbling and picketing the horses had omitted some directions. The picket pins were only driven a few yards apart, with the result that the horses got into a bad tangle, and in the

morning the team was found nearly choked to death and at the last gasp.

Ed Maunsell, in telling the story, says that he subsequently had a lot of experience with this class of men and had come to the conclusion that that portion of the human brain which is mostly highly developed in the savage, or in those compelled from an early age to "rustle" for themselves, has become atrophied in those that have been accustomed to have everything done for them.

## CHAPTER XV

### MY LITERARY AND OTHER FRIENDS

*All these were honoured in their generations, and were the glory of their times.*

—*ECCLESIASTICUS 44.*

*Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,  
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel.*

—*SHAKESPEARE.*

AS might be expected in a small community like Macleod, at that time over one hundred miles from a railway, there were few men with whom I had much in common. Naturally the talk of the stockmen was of bullocks, while that of the "Mounties" was mostly Force gossip, usually interlarded with expletives more forcible than elegant.

During the summer of 1884 a student missionary from Knox College, Toronto, Rev. William P. McKenzie, B.A., arrived. He made his temporary home in the old barracks in what were known as Dickens' quarters, which I had previously occupied for a brief period. Later, there followed, by slow freight and Red River cart, a huge box of books which provided him—and me—with mental nourishment as well as enjoyment during the months which followed.

"Mack" was a man with a keen sense of humour, of scholarly tastes and fine culture, a lover of art, poetry and music, a writer of truly beautiful poetry and yet uncommonly dexterous with hammer, saw and plane, a most useful accomplishment in those

pioneer days. He manufactured his own tables, chairs and bed, built shelves for his books, and soon possessed comfortable quarters. We had many long rambles together on the island, along the river banks and over the prairies, during which we discussed art, literature and the higher things of life, and laid the foundation of an enduring friendship.

The mail-stage also brought in the same year a young barrister, F. W. G. (later Sir Frederick) Haultain, who afterwards rose to prominence in the political and legal world. He possessed a rich baritone, had a repertoire of good songs and frequently led the singing in the little log church.

Another local disciple of Blackstone who later acquired eminence in the legal profession, was Charles C. McCaul. I occasionally accompanied both of these men on outings. Haultain was a great lover of Dickens and enjoyed discussing his books and characters. He made a point of reading *Our Mutual Friend* annually. McCaul frequently made water-colour sketches of foothill scenes, also collected botanical specimens to be later classified and mounted.

Walking is not usually a popular form of exercise in the range country. Few men walk unless obliged to, and fewer still for pleasure. They used to tell of a stockman who tried to dig a well on horseback. This fiction served to illustrate the prevailing tendency among westerners: a cowboy will chase a horse up and down the pasture, and after roping and saddling him may ride only a distance of a few hundred yards. A similar condition obtains nowadays with users of the automobile.

Shortly after coming to Lethbridge I discovered one person who was invariably ready for a stroll, Mr. C. F. P. (later Dr.) Conybeare. In addition to

being a good walker, he was a very entertaining companion. A rapid and omnivorous reader, he possessed a memory like Lord Macaulay. During some of our walks abroad he repeated a poem which he had written, entitled "Sir Adamo," changed later to "Vahnfried," which contained several cantos of about one thousand lines each, all of which he knew by heart. A song, "Spirit of Love," contained in one of the cantos, is as follows:

Spirit of Love, when the sunset glow  
On weary earth was falling,  
I watched the lengthening shadows grow  
And heard the night-bird calling,  
But ever her songs seemed sad with wrongs  
And joys too early over;  
The night-winds wept as they lightly swept  
O'er fragrant fields of clover.

Spirit of Love, when day was o'er  
And night in silence darkling,  
I stood on the verge of the ocean shore  
When the moonlit waves were sparkling;  
The sullen splash of the billow's crash  
On rocky headlands breaking  
Seemed not as strong as the angry song  
Within my heart awaking.

Spirit of Love, when Autumn days  
Shone fair upon the river,  
I loved to watch the sunset rays  
On every ripple quiver;  
And as we flew the waters through  
Love burst the bonds that bound me,  
And taught my gladdened heart to view  
The happiness around me.

Spirit, those Autumn days are flown  
The flower of love is blighted,  
Once more I roam the woods alone  
By shades of grief benighted;

And though the breeze among the trees  
All bare of leaves is wailing  
I gaze on high, across the sky  
The moon of hope is sailing.

In September, 1887, F. W. G. Haultain and C. F. P. Conybeare were candidates for election to the North-West Assembly, and Haultain was elected by 275 to 156.

Dr. Conybeare was very absent-minded as well as short-sighted and many stories are related of his eccentricities.

My brother Ed dropped in one cold winter day at Conybeare's office. It was but a tarred-paper shack and he used a portion of it for sleeping quarters. When my brother opened the door he beheld an extraordinary study in black and white. Conybeare had a large stone bottle, containing a quart of ink, which had frozen solid during the night, and in order to thaw it out he had placed it—without removing the cork—upon a red-hot stove. As might have been expected, there was an explosion. Great blobs of ink flew everywhere, black icicles hung from the ceiling of factory-cotton and dropped intermittently on a table covered with legal documents. Conybeare himself, black as a chimney-sweep, bent over and, with his nose almost touching the papers (he was very short-sighted) was attempting, with his handkerchief, to mop up the hideous mess. My brother's intention at first was to aid him, but the scene was so ludicrous that he was obliged to flee incontinently rather than offend the already distracted man.

One morning Conybeare startled the inhabitants of our usually steady-going town. He arrived at the post office with one leg of his underwear protruding outside of his shoes and trailing on the floor. A

kind-hearted friend drew him aside and whispered something into his ear. Apparently he was neither excited nor abashed over the conveyed information. He simply tucked the misdirected linsey-woolsey into his shoe and proceeded on his way. He did not succeed in improving matters, for before he reached the other side of the street it had again made its appearance, to the amusement of the spectators and the apparent unconcern of the *litterateur*-lawyer.

During the early nineties we had a visit from the Webling sisters, three clever English girls who featured in Shakespearian readings. I arranged for their series of entertainments in Lethbridge, Macleod and Pincher Creek, and engaged an old-time stage-coach and driver for the round trip. The ladies were greatly thrilled with their experiences, which were afterwards described by one of them in her charming book *Peggy*.

This itinerary was repeated a few years later when Pauline Johnson, the Indian poetess, arrived on the scene. She appeared in recitals of her own poetry, and Mr. Owen Smily, who accompanied her, gave humorous and musical sketches. We were favoured with delightful weather and well-filled houses greeted Pauline's recitals. The drive over the prairies in the crisp autumn air, the clear skies, snow-capped mountains, the grazing cattle, the shouting and laughter of the attendant "punchers," and especially the serenade outside the hotel at Pincher Creek, so appealed to her love of the unconventional, free life of the West that she told Mr. Frank Yeigh on her death-bed that this trip stood out as the red-letter day in her life.

This journey was not without its anxieties, however. When we reached Macleod the first requisite was a piano. There were but two in the place: one belong-

ing to Mrs. Jack Allen, which was a good instrument, and the other in the recreation room of the N.W.M. Police. The former could not be rented for love or money, the latter was sadly out of tune, and with several silent notes, and no wonder, for they did everything but walk on the ivories with cavalry boots and spurs. As I had personally guaranteed the entertainment, I was naturally somewhat anxious; not so the optimist Smily, he was not to be beaten. He first removed the cover of the misused music-box, tightened up some nuts, bolts and strings, then sat down and tried out his répertoire, skilfully choosing selections in which the silent keys would not be required. After making a mental note of these, he cried out "Eureka!" The concert was an entire success.

In many of the small prairie towns and villages the only places for public functions, concerts or church services were the schoolhouses. At one of these, Pauline relates, she attended a service conducted by a student missionary. She had not noticed until the sermon began some exercises of a previous school session on the blackboard, and after reading them, she had the utmost difficulty in keeping a straight face. The preacher, whose back was turned to the board, was quite oblivious to the humour of the situation. The legend in chalk read:

"IS IT AN OX? IS IT AN ASS?  
HEAR THE ASS BRAY."

On one occasion Pauline Johnson arrived at our home with such a severe attack of laryngitis that she could scarcely speak. My wife put her to bed at once and so doctored her up with household remedies that

she was able to fill her engagement two days later. She was always exceedingly grateful for any kindness shown her. In addition to some very appreciative letters addressed to my wife, from her bed in the Bute Street Hospital, Vancouver, she sent me a copy of her *Legends of Vancouver*, with a friendly inscription, and a few days prior to her passing, a farewell note dictated to her nurse but signed by herself. She died on March 7, 1913.

Several years ago we had a visit from the well-known Canadian entertainer, Walter McRae, author of that very readable book *Town Hall To-night*, in which he devotes a chapter to a most interesting and delightful account of his travels "East and West with Pauline Johnson." On that occasion he addressed the Lethbridge Board of Trade, also gave a public entertainment in which he featured his matchless readings from Dr. Drummond, after which he dropped in for an old-time chat and a cup of tea. Before leaving our house he handed me a sheaf of papers which, when opened, proved to be a ten-page manuscript in pen and ink entitled "The Battleford Trail," written in 1902 by the late Pauline Johnson. An outer page was inscribed as follows:

To Mr. J. D. Higinbotham:

I pass on this unfinished article of my old friend, Pauline Johnson. He was her friend and will value it.

WALTER MCRAE.

A frequent and most welcome visitor to our home was Charles Mair, described by Rev. Dr. Robert Norwood as "The Dean of Canadian letters."

Dr. Mair, who died in 1927 at the ripe old age of eighty-nine, was the author of the drama *Tecumseh*, *Through the Mackenzie Basin*, and other works; he was

a well-informed and charming conversationalist. He arrived in Fort Garry, or "Little Winnipeg," in 1868 and his account of early days in Manitoba tells of the various insurrections under Riel, of his own arrest and imprisonment in the old Fort and gaol together with the unfortunate Captain Thomas Scott, after having been sentenced to death. He escaped half-clad, one cold, stormy night in January, 1870, while the rebel guards were changing, and fled to the Drever home, and later he drove by night to Portage la Prairie, whence he escaped on snowshoes, with another loyalist named Setter, to the United States. His tales always fascinated us, and the story of Scott's hideous murder by Riel aroused our indignation.

Like most westerners, Dr. Mair was a great tea drinker. It would savour of inhospitality on the part of his host were he to be offered fewer than six cups at least, and full strength at that—"strong enough for your spoon to stand up in," and black enough so that you could not see the bottom of the cup. He considered it an especial favour if he were allowed to drain the tea-pot. He used to chuckle as he described the way in which the "pilgrim," or "tenderfoot," from Ontario would pucker his mouth on his first introduction to a Manitoba brew of the "cup that cheers but not inebriates," which, by the way, was usually well boiled, consequently contained its full quota of tannin.

Of medium height, five feet eight inches, broad and deep-chested, sturdily built, and with clear, florid complexion, Charles Mair was a good illustration of what out-of-door life will do for the human body. He was a living exemplification of the ancient Latin ideal, *Mens sana in corpore sano*.

A great lover of Shakespeare, he could aptly quote when he desired to illustrate a story or add clearness

or cogency to an argument. Mair might have been described as an apostle of English undefiled. He invariably used the choicest diction, even in ordinary conversation, and could tolerate neither slang nor slovenly speech. He was also, as I discovered to my great surprise, an orator of no ordinary ability. One occasion was during a visit of a large number of agricultural editors and journalists from the United States who were being shown over the then-new irrigation system south of Lethbridge by some members of the Board of Trade. Mr. Mair accompanied the party. Shortly before the departure of our guests, and while their special train was waiting at the station, one of the Board officers urged Mr. Mair to make a few farewell remarks to our visitors. Without any preparation, as he had no idea of being called upon, he made a speech of such surpassing excellence that more than one of the editors commented upon its felicity of expression, clarity of diction and glowing eloquence.

Charles Mair had a tender heart, and when I informed him of the illness of Pauline Johnson at Vancouver, and her financial circumstances, he at once wrote her a kindly and sympathetic letter and enclosed a substantial contribution.

When going to, and returning from, Honolulu in 1926, Mrs. Higinbotham and I visited Mr. Mair at the Fairfield Nursing Home in Victoria. Feeble in body but clear and alert in mind, he still longed for a whiff of the bracing air from the foothills or from the great prairies which he so dearly loved.

For a considerable period I conducted a correspondence with Mr. William J. Barbour, an Englishman who resided for a time at Helena, Montana, and who was credited with having one of the finest collections of postage stamps in western United States. He was

also a novelist of note, collaborating with his talented wife under the name of A. Maynard Barbour. During the late nineties and the early years of this century the Barbours were responsible for several of the "best sellers" in fiction, in Canada and the United States, such as *Told in the Rockies* and *That Mainwaring Affair*. In May, 1903, they published *At the Time Appointed*, which they were kind enough to dedicate to me, and which went through twelve editions. Mr. and Mrs. Barbour went to Philadelphia to superintend its publication, also for a change of scene, as Mr. Barbour had been threatened with a nervous breakdown. The first completed copy from the Lippincott Press he forwarded to me at Lethbridge; he then went from the Express office to join his wife. While she was making some purchases in a department store, he amused himself walking up and down the pavement. In some unaccountable manner he slipped and fell, causing a fracture of the skull, and was immediately conveyed to a hospital. Unconscious, and without a letter or card by which he might have been identified, he was registered as "Unknown."

When Mrs. Barbour emerged from the store, her husband was nowhere to be seen. For two or three days no word could be obtained and she was almost prostrated with anxiety. At this juncture my brother William A., who was then living in Philadelphia, called at their apartments, and, after learning of her trouble, summoned a cab and drove with Mrs. Barbour first to the morgue and then from hospital to hospital until he was finally located, but he had passed away after the operation without recovering consciousness.

Among my most prized literary possessions are two letters written to his mother by Lieut.-Colonel John McCrae, M.D., author of "In Flanders Fields."

One of these, a birthday epistle, I attached to the front of my copy of his poems, and, in the back of the same volume, I put his original diary, written during his sea voyage to South Africa with the Canadian Contingent. These were handed to me by the late Lieut.-Colonel David McCrae, father of the poet, after a delightful morning spent in his library in Guelph. The Colonel had been a former Sunday School teacher of mine, and his wife taught my brother Arthur, who was a contemporary of the poet.

Dr. John McCrae was a great lover of dogs, horses and children. His diary contains numerous notes regarding the condition of the artillery horses aboard ship, which he cared for with the greatest vigilance. His Aunt Jean (Mrs. Alexander Matthews) wrote of him: "Through all his life dogs and children followed him as shadows follow men. To walk the street with him was a slow procession. Every dog and child one met must be spoken to, and each made answer. The letters to his nephews and nieces are full of delightful stories of his horse, Bonfire, and his dog, Bonneau, and many of them are written in the person of the former and signed with a horseshoe, 'Bonfire, his mark.'"

Knowing of our association with the McCrae family, Rev. Dr. Campbell Morgan, the famous English preacher and expositor, who, with Mrs. Morgan, visited us at Lethbridge in 1922, sent me a copy of "In Flanders Fields" on parchment, hand-coloured, together with the American reply.

Time and space would fail me to mention all the artists, actors, scientists, and literary people whom it has been my great privilege to meet. Among the earliest who honoured us with visits were Dr. George Mercer Dawson, C.M.G., small of stature and

deformed of body, but with a mighty intellect, and one of the greatest geologists the world has produced: Prof. John Macoun, who in 1895 arrived at our house tanned like a piece of leather, clothing tattered and torn, toes protruding from his boots, after weeks of travel on the trackless prairies gathering botanical or natural history specimens, happy as a boy out of school. Ralph Connor (Rev. C. W. Gordon), always glad to return to the foothill country, which he has invested with so much romance, was always a welcome guest. Tall, kindly, mystical Bliss Carman, our Canadian Poet Laureate, he of the shaggy mane, wearing two pair of glasses, with his deep, musical voice and mellifluent words, talked of poetry and literature while sipping his tea yet seemed unconscious of that act. Scholarly Charles G. D. Roberts, discoursed on the work of his cousin Bliss, and took pains to make corrections in some of his own works wherein the printers had done him much harm. The warm-hearted and witty Nellie McClung we were always delighted to honour as a visitor. It was a rare treat to meet her in the east and in conjunction (a true stellar conjunction) with the charming Marshall Saunders, lover of all animated creatures, and famous author of *Beautiful Joe*.

Here in the East we were privileged as well as delighted to meet the shy and reserved Wilson Mac-Donald, a true poet, an easterner with a truly western breadth of vision and who sings of the prairies as though he had been nursed on her sweet-flowing bosom, as the beautiful lines on the following page, which he wrote in my "Book of Favourites" attest.

My heart is away in the wild lands, my soul is lost in the West—  
The tribe of her countless wild-flowers is marching across my breast;  
The wing of her crooning wild wind is cool to my furred eyes.  
I'm full of a savage thirst for blue and the endless sweep of skies

I would away from the town to-day and out where the clean stars shone—  
The wind in my ear like a sweetheart's voice, the air on my tongue like wine  
And when I lie at the skyline's rim, where I and this life must part,  
You will find the sage-brush in my hair and the cactus through my heart

Wilson MacDonald

From "A Song of Homelessness"  
written in Montreal 1917 on my  
return to the east after long sojourn  
on the west

## CHAPTER XVI

### THE INDIANS

*Thar's good and bad in Injun,  
An' thar's good and bad in white;  
But, somehow, they is allus wrong  
An' we is allus right.*

*Ye think the Injun isn't squar'?  
That's jes' whar ye mistake;  
Fer bein' true to them that's true  
The Injun scoops the cake.*

—BARRY DANE

IN the early spring of 1885, the Indians in our vicinity manifested great uneasiness, particularly the young bucks from the Blood and Piegan reservations. Horsemen from the Blackfoot Agency were coming and going, and the red men in general were unusually dour and insolent. Like lightning from an almost unclouded sky came word that a rebellion had broken out under the leadership of Louis Riel. The news was that he had returned to Canada from his exile in the United States, and by inflammatory speeches had aroused the half-breeds and Indians in the northern parts of the Territories, and that a battle had already taken place. As there was no telegraph office nearer us than Calgary, all news that reached us was brought in by courier. Sergeant Horner of the Mounted Police covered the 112 miles between Macleod and Calgary, on one horse, "Caesar," from sun-up to sun-down.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup>It must be remembered that in the Horse Age, fifty or sixty miles on one mount was considered a day's ride. Eighty or a hundred was something to mention.—J. Frank Dobie, in *The Saga of the Saddle*.

The Government, however, remedied the situation by having a wire extended from Medicine Hat. Out-lying ranchers were warned at once, and their wives and children were sent into town, many going on to Eastern Canada. The Mounted Police at Macleod called in their detachments, and with transport wagons and a nine-pounder piece of artillery, left on short notice for the North, where they joined General Strange's column. The civilians organized a home guard for purely local defence; the ranchers and cowboys formed a troop of cavalry which was later known as the Rocky Mountain Rangers. They were western men, most of them good shots, could drink out of their hats if necessary, or sleep under a saddle-blanket and were mobile and effective in the event of having to conduct an Indian campaign. This body, under the command of Captain Stewart and Viscount Boyle, later the Earl of Shannon, moved on to Medicine Hat where they were kept chiefly to patrol the railway lines. As it would have been extremely hazardous to leave the fort and town without defence, the 9th Battalion of Rifles from Quebec was sent to take the place of those despatched to the front. While grateful for their presence, we all wondered how a body of infantry would be able to cope with armed Indians on horseback. As a home guard we were also provided with arms in the event of hostilities.

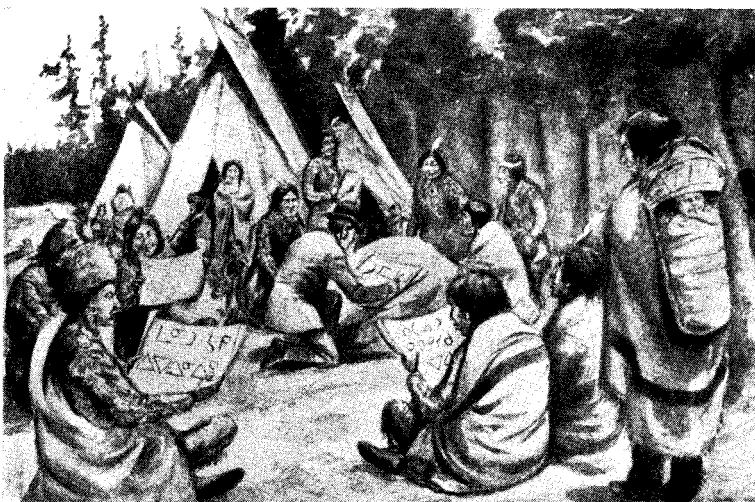
Fortunately for us, the whole of the Blackfoot Confederacy<sup>2</sup> remained loyal, and we were spared the horrors of an Indian war. That remarkably wise old leader of men, Crowfoot, was largely the means of keeping his tribes in control, so that we were all greatly

<sup>2</sup> The Blackfeet—called by the French *Pieds Noirs*, and by the Germans *Schwarze Füsse*—were so named for their moccasins, blackened by the soil. They are divided into three bands: (1) The Blackfeet Proper; (2) The Piegan; (3) The Bloods.

D<sub>2</sub>



A BLACKFOOT INDIAN ENCAMPMENT NEAR LETHBRIDGE



REV. JAMES EVANS TEACHING THE INDIANS THE CREE SYLLABIC

relieved to learn at length that Riel had been captured, his forces defeated and he safely confined in the Regina gaol. The noble Crowfoot and his sub-chiefs were promptly rewarded for their loyalty. The Dominion Government invited them to make a tour of the East, and many things of interest were shown them, no doubt with the intention of impressing them with the white man's superiority. They were shown the unveiling of the Brant Memorial at Brantford, a review of the troops on the Plains of Abraham near Quebec City, and the C.P.R. "Angus" shops at Montreal and many other wonders. I chanced to be having breakfast at the hotel on their return. When I asked them, through their interpreter, John L'Heureux, what impressed them most of all they had seen, after an animated conversation, they replied, "The monkeys at the Toronto Zoo." The Indians have a peculiar, if not fantastic, idea of the origin of the monkey. They, or some of them, believe that the monkeys are a cross between a Chinaman and a cat.

The great outstanding works of the white man's genius do not, as a rule, impress the Indians. He will appear unmoved after seeing a locomotive (for the first time), or the great hoisting machinery in a mine; but he will appreciate the sight of water coming from a faucet, and regard a man with climbing-irons ascending a pole, with astonishment. One day at old Fort Macleod, Staff-Sergeant Poett was performing his morning toilet. This was watched with great interest by a number of Indians who, in their blankets, stood outside the open door of his quarters.

Others were so intent and curious as to monopolize even his window, the light of which they obstructed with their hands shading their eyes as, with noses glued to the panes, they noted the proceedings.

The lathering and shaving process proved interesting; when he removed his set of teeth and washed them under the tap, there was a considerable amount of Ki-yi-ing; but when he capped the climax by taking out his glass eye, which he dropped into a tumbler of water, a panic seized his red observers, and they fled from his presence as if he were the Devil himself.

It was my good fortune to meet, in the early eighties, some very noble savages. Perhaps the most outstanding one of them all was Crowfoot (Isapwô Muksika), to whom I have already referred, the head chief of the Blackfoot Confederacy, "the paramount personage of his race" of famous fighters, who were the acknowledged lords of the Northern Plains. Crowfoot, who was born in 1830, would have been a great man in any country. Tall, with a majestic bearing, prominent aquiline nose, long, straight, black hair, he invariably appeared in his scarlet coat, given him by the Dominion Government, also his huge Treaty medal (the size of a bread-and-butter plate) and a framed copy of the Treaty itself which was suspended by a small chain which extended from his neck to his waist. Patient, honourable, wise in council and a born leader of men, it was largely due to his faith in the goodness and justice of the "Great Mother Beyond the Seas" (Queen Victoria) and in the word of her spokesman, Stamixotokan, Colonel Macleod, that the Blackfeet were restrained in the early spring of 1885, from joining the Métis, or halfbreeds, and Crees in rebellion. Strongly urged by Louis Riel, who sent his emissaries with presents of tobacco, also by the younger warriors of his tribes who were greedy for blood and pillage, he showed his real ability, not only as a general, but as a sagacious father of his people, by maintaining a benevolent

neutrality throughout that unfortunate affair, which might have been avoided had the Government paid attention to the numerous warnings sent by mail, wire and messenger. At the outbreak of hostilities General Strange, an Imperial officer then living in retirement on his ranch, was appointed to command the column moving from Calgary to Battleford. Before he felt safe in withdrawing his forces from the South he wrote the following note to Chief Crowfoot, which he sent by a mounted policeman:

"Will my friend, Crowfoot, be able to keep his young men at home in peace and order? If not, I will go with my troops to his assistance, instead of proceeding north."

To this Crowfoot replied:

"You tell him to go north. I have my young men in hand. Not one of them will join the Crees."

Red Crow, chief of the Bloods, and North Axe, chief of the Piegan, were able lieutenants of Crowfoot who also remained loyal and were rewarded for it.

An alien-enemy to the above-mentioned Canadian Indians was Chief Joseph of the Nez Percés (Pierced Noses) whom I met in the spring of 1885. He, too, was an outstanding leader. He and a small remnant of his followers crossed the border into Canada after his final battle with United States troops under Generals Howard and Miles. Joseph was a fine-looking man, clean, neatly dressed in buckskin, as were the men who accompanied him, and he spoke excellent English.

It appears that in 1877 the United States Indian Department decided to remove the Nez Percés from their ancestral estates to a reservation. They refused to go at first, but afterwards consented: however, when

gathering their cattle preparatory to moving, they were attacked by some white men, who ran off with most of their livestock and killed one Indian. On June 13, 1877, they attacked the whites and killed over twenty. The United States army promptly took up the defence of the settlers, but in the course of three engagements the Nez Percés slew over fifty soldiers. Chief Joseph led his tribe in a retreat towards the Canadian border hoping to escape further fighting and seek an asylum in Canada as Sitting Bull and his Sioux Indians had done. In a retreat lasting almost three months the little band of 150 warriors, handicapped by 350 of their women and children, whom they had to protect, were pursued a distance of over thirteen hundred miles by the armies of Generals Howard and Miles. Small wonder then that when his fighting men dwindled to fifty, he was overtaken and defeated by Miles, with fresh troops, and surrendered to him.

After a brief sojourn in Alberta, Joseph and his few followers returned to the United States and that was the last I heard of this gallant fighter.

The story of the Second Riel Rebellion has been told by so many writers that a further account at this time would be superfluous, and the brief mention already made may be considered sufficient. We were naturally pleased as well as relieved when the Rocky Mountain Rangers and, later, the North-West Mounted Police returned to Macleod, where a great banquet was held in their honour.

The Ninth Battalion of Quebec, who did garrison and patrol duty in the absence of the above, were given a happy farewell by the few remaining residents, and to commemorate this event I sent the following lines to the *Macleod Gazette*:

Good-bye, kind brothers, many miles you've come,  
To help us pacify a roused domain;  
And now you leave for your beloved home,  
May war's alarm ne'er call you out again;  
But may our country have a peaceful reign,  
To last for aye.

But if, however,  
Our foes invade,  
Or Fenians raid,  
We'll ask your aid,  
Another day.

*Mes amis, au revoir.*

The following account of the last great Indian battle which was written by my former friend and partner, the late Dr. George A. Kennedy, is a striking episode in the early history of Alberta:

Most of the residents of the North-West know that the Indian population of the Territories is composed mainly of two great divisions, the Crees and Assiniboines forming one, and the Blackfoot Confederacy, or the Blackfeet, Bloods and Piegan the other. Speaking different languages, inhabiting different though adjoining parts of the Territories, and with different manners and customs, they have been enemies from time immemorial, and it is unquestionably due to this fact that the Rebellion of 1885 was so quickly and easily put down. Had the Blackfeet forgotten their old enmity and joined hands with the Crees, it is hardly possible to calculate the enormous additional loss of life and property that would have followed, and we cannot, therefore, be too devoutly thankful that out of evil there came good, that an hereditary feud between the two great camps was the means of ensuring peace and safety to a large and populous part of the North-West.

I have said that most nor'westers are aware of the two great divisions, and possibly of the fact that they are mutually antagonistic, but I venture to say that few of them know that, at the present site of the Galt coal-mine, these two races once came together in mortal combat, and fought one of the greatest Indian battles of the past fifty

years. I propose telling the story as briefly as possible, because I believe the event to be worthy of record, and also of interest to the people of Canada. Additional incentives are found in the fact that I know the ground well and have the details of the battle from an eye-witness who was also a participant (Jerry Potts).

It was late in the fall of 1870. The preceding year smallpox had swept through the Blackfoot tribes, and left in its wake whole camps of "dead lodges,"<sup>3</sup> the mortality being estimated by competent authorities at forty or fifty per cent. The Crees and Assiniboines thought this a favourable opportunity to strike a decisive blow at their powerful enemy (Indians are not generous foes), and accordingly organized and despatched a war party numbering nearly seven or eight hundred braves. Big Bear, Piapot, Little Mountain and Little Pine, names which became rather well-known in '85, were among the Cree and Assiniboine chiefs, either present themselves or represented by their bands, and they were largely reinforced by the South Assiniboines.

The Blackfeet and Bloods were then camped mainly on the Belly River between Kipp and Whoop-Up, two whiskey-trading posts about twenty miles apart, but the Blackfeet themselves were not numerically strong. The South Piegan were camped on the St. Mary's above Whoop-Up, which is at the junction of the Belly and St. Mary's, having been driven to this side of the line by the American expedition sent against them under Col. Baker. Big Leg, Black Eagle and Heavy Shield were their chiefs. Crow Eagle led the North Piegan, and Bull Back Fat and Button Chief, the Bloods. The South Piegan were well armed with repeating rifles, needle guns and revolvers, the Bloods were not so well equipped, while the Crees and Assiniboines had had only old muskets, Hudson's Bay "fukes" and bows and arrows to depend on.

The Crees reached the Little Bow, about twenty-five miles away, and small parties from the main band, sent out

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<sup>3</sup>A "dead lodge" is, or was, one of the burial customs of these Indians. When a brave died he was rolled in robes, his arms and trappings were laid beside him, along with enough food and water to last him on his journey to the Happy Hunting Grounds, and the lodge was left standing over him. These lodges were never disturbed.

to reconnoitre, succeeded in stealing several horses from small camps about Whoop-Up. One night, however, about October 25th, the whole band set out and descended on a few lodges about three miles above the Whoop-Up, on Belly River, killing a brother of Red Crow, chief of the Bloods, and two or three squaws. The noise aroused the whole Blood camp, which was in the immediate vicinity, and in a few minutes their braves were engaging the enemy, while messengers were riding in hot haste to alarm the South Piegan.

Such was the commencement of probably the only purely Indian pitched battle in the Canadian North-West, of which we have any authentic record.

The first faint streaks of dawn had hardly begun to show in the east when the Piegan came up and the fight became general; the Crees slowly retreated across the prairie towards the present site of Lethbridge (the distance between the rivers is here four or five miles), and the Blackfeet followed. When the river banks were reached, the Crees took up their position in a large coulee running up from the river and out on to the prairie, while the Piegan, after much difficulty, succeeded in establishing themselves in a shorter coulee to the south. A large number of Bloods and Blackfeet were in a small coulee to the north and on the prairie to the north and west, but they found themselves too much exposed, and during the progress of the fight gradually worked around to the south. The Crees, on the whole, had much the best of the position. The horses, of course, were stationed in the bottoms out of range.

The main fighting seemed to have been between the two coulees first described. They are parallel, from three to four hundred feet wide, and separated by a ridge varying in width from thirty to two hundred feet. Here for over four hours the battle raged, the braves crawling to the edge of the coulee and exchanging shots with the more adventurous of the enemy. A head, a hand, a piece of blanket or robe—anything was enough to shoot at. It was a contest in which skill and cunning in taking advantage of the inequalities of the ground came largely into play. It is stated that several were badly injured by heavy stones thrown across the narrowest part of the ridge from one coulee into the other. Two Piegan attempted to gallop

down the ridge for the purpose of ascertaining the strength and position of the enemy. One was killed outright and the other was badly wounded and his horse killed under him. During this time about a dozen Blackfeet were killed, and a large number wounded. It is impossible to say how many Crees were killed.

The Piegan finally got a strong force of braves behind a small butte, which in a measure commanded the Cree coulee, and the fire from them and from their friends in the coulee became hotter and hotter, until the Crees, becoming alarmed, began to effect a strategic movement to the rear by slipping out of the coulee and making for the river. At this instant Jerry Potts, a half-breed Piegan (he afterwards became famous as a police guide), was reconnoitering around the back of the ridge facing the river, and he perceived this movement. He made a sign to his companions in the coulee to charge, and charge they did! Some on horseback, some on foot, they poured over the ridge and down the coulee, driving the panic-stricken Crees before them, and killing without quarter. A large number of the latter were forced out of the ravine over the point of a hill to the north. The descent here is some twenty or thirty feet, and almost perpendicular, and over this pursuers and pursued both rushed headlong, horses and men tumbling over each other, the men fighting and struggling for dear life, until the bank was reached and the fight became a butchery.

The Crees plunged into the current and moved across almost in a solid mass, while the Blackfeet halted on the brink and shot them down like sheep. To use Jerry Potts' expression, "you could fire with your eyes shut and be sure to kill a Cree." The scene now, and during the charge, must have been one not easily forgotten. The river valley was filled with dust and smoke, the air resounded with the report of rifles and the deafening war-cries of the Blackfeet, while thick and fast came the death-yells of the Crees.

The slaughter did not end at the river. The Blackfeet followed the Crees across and, being joined by a large contingent of their brethren, who had crossed higher up, the butchery went on, and at one spot where the Crees made a sort of stand about fifty of them were killed. It is a

matter of fact that in the confusion and excitement of the pursuit some of the Blackfeet were killed by their own friends, while Crees, mingling with the Blackfeet, escaped. Finally the Crees reached a clump of trees immediately in front of the present entrance of the Galt mine,<sup>4</sup> and, having abandoned most of their horses, took refuge there and made a last stand. The Blackfeet collected all the horses and virtually surrounded the place.

Such was the great Indian battle of the fall of 1870. Cairns of stones along the edge of the ravines now mark the place where the Blackfeet braves fell. It is difficult to estimate the loss of the Crees, as so many were killed in the river and their bodies swept away by the current, but it is certain that the number slain was between two and three hundred. About forty Blackfeet were killed and fifty wounded.

The following year the Crees sent tobacco to the Blackfeet, and in the fall a formal treaty of peace was made between the two nations on the Red Deer River.

Scarcely two decades have passed since the event which I have tried thus briefly to record, and now a town of twelve hundred inhabitants looks down on the peaceful valley which resounded on that October morning with the rattle of musketry and the shrieks of defiant foes. Shrieks are still heard, but they are from the steam whistle of factory and locomotive, while the busy town and heavy trains exchange western coal for the merchandise of the east. One dark page in the history of Alberta has been turned down for ever.

The actors in the drama, those who have not gone to join the Great Majority, are widely scattered. The Crees and Assiniboines are now distributed on small reserves through the Qu'Appelle and Saskatchewan country. The powerful Blackfeet Confederacy still exists, but is sadly shorn of its one-time greatness. Smallpox began the work, whiskey continued it, and now the relentless Moloch of advancing civilization, with its attendant train of disease, is causing these Indians to disappear like snow before the warm breath of the Chinook.

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<sup>4</sup>The residence of Mr. E. T. Galt, general-manager of the Alberta Railway and Coal Company, now stands on this spot.

In concluding this chapter I cannot do better than quote a rather amusing article written by an old and respected friend, the Venerable Archdeacon J. W. Tims, D.D., for many years a Church of England missionary to the Blackfeet Indians, on a celebration of Christmas, or "Big Holy Day," nearly fifty years ago:

"Tsan-is-tsis ak-o-to Omuk-a-to-yi-ksis-tsi-ku-yi?"

"When will the big holy day arrive?"

A month or six weeks before Christmas, this is the question uppermost in the minds of the Indians and addressed almost daily to those whose lot is cast among them.

Being a Christian festival, it was unknown among the Blackfoot-speaking people fifty years ago, but it has gained such a hold upon them that they now look forward to it as much or more than they do to the Calgary exhibition and stampede.

The writer remembers the difficulty he had in the early days in trying to make them understand the meaning of Christmas. When, with but an imperfect knowledge of their language, he told them through an interpreter that "God had sent His Son into the world," the interpreter, whose grasp of English was equally poor, told them that "God sent Natosi, the sun, into the world!"

But the Indians realized that the day had some special meaning to the white man when they were all called together to a feast and distribution of clothing in the little log school building. It took a day and a night to prepare for the affair. Bales of clothing had arrived from England, consisting of warm garments for men, women and children. This had to be sorted out in the mission house the day previous, with blinds drawn; for swarthy faces would be pressed close to the window-panes, with blankets drawn up over the heads, to see whatever might be seen.

The whole night was spent in boiling beef and cutting up bread; and then slicing the meat to make sandwiches; and finally preparing a boiler full of good, black tea. At one such feast the greatest amusement (which might well have been otherwise but for the fun it aroused) was caused when by mistake a five-pound package of Epsom salts was

used instead of a similar quantity of sugar to mix with the tea. Packets of each were in the cupboard done up in brown paper, as they had been brought back from the store, and the wrong one had been taken. The error was only discovered when some of the Indians began to ask for a further supply of *is-tsikksi-pok-okh-ke*, salt water! When the joke was explained to them they seemed to enjoy it, but it helped to shorten the party, for soon one by one everybody made for the door, and the distributor was left alone.

At ten o'clock in the morning the chief was told that all was ready, and, according to Indian custom, he walked through the camp crying, "*Ni-nau-uk, a-ke-u-uk, po-kau-uk, O-muks-is-sto-wan kit-um-mok-o-au*," "Men, women, children, Big Knife invites you to the feast!"

And then the camp was alive with a great throng of human beings of all ages, with faces painted all colours, with bodies clothed in flour sacks, striped denim, Hudson's Bay blankets, or old buffalo robes, and decorated with earrings and necklaces, with bracelets on their arms and rings on almost every finger of both hands, and composed chiefly of brass and copper wire twisted around in several strands.

The tea, food and clothing had already been carried into the schoolroom and placed at the far end of the building. When the door was thrown open the people poured in in one long stream. There were a few seats along the walls. These were soon filled by some of the leading men. The women and children squatted on the floor, and as the Indians continued to stream in there was such a crush that they were like herrings packed in a barrel.

How to reach the people with the sandwiches was a problem. They had to be passed along from hand to hand, and the tea in the same way. There was no need for crockery of any description. The food was taken in the hand. The Indians all brought their own utensils for the tea. And what a variety of utensils there were! There were old wooden basins of native manufacture, tin cans holding half a gallon, and toilet articles of every description. (Details must be left to the reader's imagination.) The women carried under their blankets small sacks in which they deposited all the food and candies that the family

could not eat, and large cans into which all the tea was collected. There was certainly nothing wasted.

The food having been all consumed, the next thing was the distribution of the clothing—shirts, mufflers or socks for the men, flannel petticoats or woollen crossovers for the women, warm dresses for the girls, and shirts, socks and woollen helmets for the boys. The building at once became one mixed dressing-room. The men and boys commenced to adorn themselves with their shirts, the women stepped into their petticoats, the girls into their dresses, and both boys and men left the school with their shirt-tails flowing in the breeze, for, having no trousers, only breech-clouts and leggings, all of the shirt had to remain visible. Before they left, however, the children were all called upon to sing in their native tongue a translation of "O come, all ye faithful," which had been taught them in school.

## CHAPTER XVII

### TOLD IN THE FOOTHILLS AND ON THE PLAINS

*It isn't so astonishing the things that I can remember, as the number of things I can remember that aren't so.*

—MARK TWAIN.

#### *OLD-TIMER TALKS*

*This winter's pretty fair, sez you,  
But us old-timers ain't impressed,  
Way back in 1872  
Or '84 we went out dressed*

*In bathing-suits, and picked the flowers,  
A-growin' on the garden plants,  
An' we took note a-tween the showers  
O' lots o' bees an' flyin' ants.*

*An' butterflies, an' right down town  
A man collapsed from heat, I'm told,  
A-standin' still, that feller was,  
But '94 was purty cold.*

—F. H. R., in the *Winnipeg Free Press*.

#### THIRTY YEARS AFTER. HANK, THE BULL-WHACKER VISITS HIS OLD HOME

HANK (I never knew his surname) was the Government bull-whacker. After over thirty years in the far West he decided to visit his relations in the effete East. I happened to be on hand shortly after his return and heard, first-hand, his account of his adventures, which he narrated with almost as much enthusiasm as one who had visited Europe for

the first time, and to those of us who heard his tale it was highly amusing. Begun outside one autumn day in 1884, it was continued inside the old North-West Mounted Police barracks at Macleod, in the quarters formerly occupied by the late Inspector Dickens. At that time the quarters were used to house a detachment guarding the old post from destruction by fire, thieves or vandals.

Charlie Parker, known as the "Lost Mounted Policeman," was also present, and the two of us almost went into hysterics laughing at Hank's original recital. As a result I wrote the following sketch which records at least some of his adventures:

"Gee-up, you long-horned, slab-sided, prairie-perambulating sons of perdition! Gee-up, or I'll knock every hair off your measly hides!"

Such an expression, with more forcible and less polite adjectives escaped the lips of Old Hank, the bull-whacker, as his team of twenty oxen drew three heavily-laden "prairie schooners" from the ford-bed of the Old Man River.

"Hello, Hank! back again? I thought you'd have remained east, seeing you hadn't been home for thirty years."

"Diff'rent here, pardner. The West's good enough for me, though the East's pretty lucky fur a blow-out—Who-o-a, Rowdy! Who-o-a, I. G.! All the rot-gut and red-eye you could drink fur five cents a glass, and stuff you couldn't get fur four bits out here. Jes' wait till I turn out these bulls and I'll tell yez all 'bout it.

"Well, we pulled out from Macleod a leetle after sun-up, Polly holdin' the ribbons—same old four-in-hand he allus drives—Buck and Baldy on the lead, Pizen and the old swayback on the wheel. We forded

the Old Man all right, but Buck balked in Willow Creek; Polly swore plenty; crawled out on the tongue, got off into the warter up to his middle, and jumped on the buzzard-head's neck till he squirmed like a rattler on a hot fryin' pan. When Polly got off the brute pulled the hull wagon hisself. We camped the first night at Muskitter Creek at Joe Trollinger's—Joe and his squaw is the sassiety there—next mornin' we got a new outfit—Sliver Johnson, of the old Spitzee<sup>1</sup> Cavalry, drivin'. We yarned it to beat four-of-a-kind all day.

"We struck Calgary comin' dark, and blow me, if they hain't got a considerable town. Why, they've heaps of two-storey buildin's, scarce any log shacks left to make a feller feel to hum. I bunked with Sliver and about fourteen other fellers in a small room in Sawed-off's hash joint, and I'd a mighty sight sooner camped under a Perlice Gazette outside on the prairie.

• • • • •  
"Geewhittaker! Didn't we scoot along on the keers!—beats the overland coach to blazes, and we didn't have to drop trail on the hills nuther. Why, the best cayuse in Poker's bunch would be choked to death with a mile o' rope in a minit. I was a leetle skeery at first, but some fellers sed I'd get right soon; they sed we wasn't goin' half—guess they took me fur a tenderfoot, and I was, too, respectin' railroads.

"Winnipeg has growed powerful; they've got the streets lit with 'lectric light—makes the night look sick. Some slick-lookin' dude with brass buttons and peaked hat at the stoppin'-house axed me fur my gunny-sack—the leather one the boys gave me. I axed him if he thought I wern't big enough to 'pack' it myself.

<sup>1</sup>Spitzé (High River), Tim's *Blackfoot Dictionary*.

"Gettin' nigh hum nobody seemed to know me. As I went down to the old spring fur a drink, I saw one of my sisters comin' on the full jump. She pulled-up as she got nigh. I sed, 'How, Mary!' She says, 'Ye don't fool me, you ain't my brother Hank—go way!' I sed, 'Different here, I've come from the Rockies to see you, and I ain't goin' back awhile, nuther.' I corralled her and kissed her; she broke 'way and stamped fur the ranch, and skeered the natives. The hull outfit came and sized me up. 'Is that Hank?' they sed. 'Why, no, he's got whiskers.' I laffed. 'Do ye s'pose I'd be a bald-faced kid as I was when I left here more'n thirty years ago?' 'That's Hank all right. Come and make yerself to hum, Hank.' 'You bet,' said I, 'and camp awhile, too, specially if the grazin's good.'

"They had a general round-up of the hull range. Old grizzlies, kids and kip-a-tacks<sup>2</sup> came. I wuz' a curio', they sed, 'from the Rocky Mountains.'

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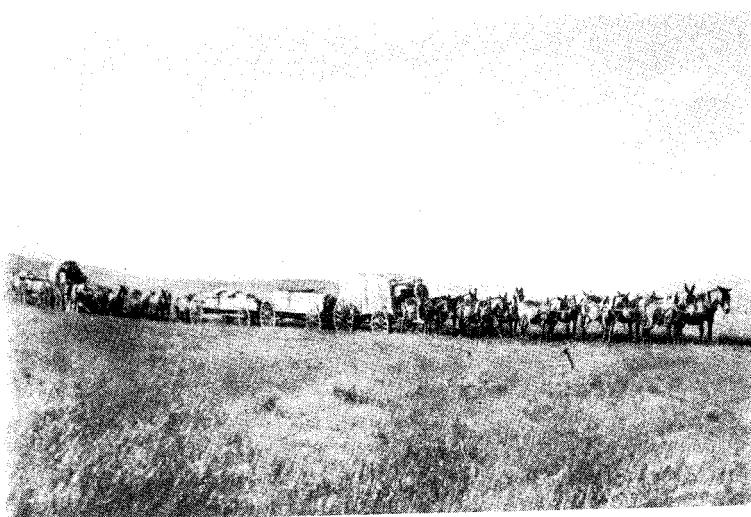
"While chewin' the rag, I might tell ye 'bout a confidence-man who took me fur a tenderfoot. He struck me on the train and camped on my trail. At last I ran across a perliceman—not like our mounted perlice, the Easterners wear blue coats and 'pack' clubs 'stead of six-shooters like our red-coats. What use's a club on a varmint of an Injin at two hundred yards? Well, as I wuz sayin' when we got nigh the perliceman, I sed, at the same time seezin' Mr. Man by the neck: 'Say, pardner, take this blankety-blank confidence chump and put him where the coyotes won't bark at him, or I'll pump his hide so full of holes that ye couldn't pack hay in it.' So I did, so help me

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<sup>2</sup>Blackfoot Indian word for old women.



I. G. BAKER COMPANY'S BULL TEAMS AT MACLEOD WITH COAL  
FROM LETHBRIDGE



FROM MONTANA TO MACLEOD, 1878-1880  
A String Team of Mules.



Jimminy Johnson. My name is Hank, and I'm done talkin'."

The late Bob Edwards thus described a dipping-vat incident in his *Eye Opener* with respect to an old-timer I have known for many years, a Mr. John Allen:

Who is this man Allen, John Allen of Macleod, who is trying to outrival Captain Webb? He certainly selects strange places to bathe. The other day Mr. Allen, who owns a bunch of stock, was dipping cattle and jumping around in great shape. While in the act of twisting an old cow's tail, the cow made a sudden jump and John was pulled into the vat of one hundred and ten degrees crude oil. He went in head first and disappeared below the bubbling surface. On coming up he shook his mane and swam across the vat, using the breast stroke. An excitable Swede, who was using a long pole, essayed to help Allen out but, instead of lifting him out, he poked him under again. Lucky for the Swede, Mr. Allen took the incident good-naturedly and did not mind being handled like a crittur for once. Indeed, by way of further accentuating his experience as a crittur, he hiked down to the Macleod Hotel and had a couple of horns placed where they belong.

#### A REAL OLD-TIMER—HUGH MUNROE

A long link with the past history of Southern Alberta, I found in the late Hugh Munroe, a real pioneer of the plains, with whom I conversed a short time prior to his death in 1892 at the advanced age of 108 years. The story of his life would make an interesting, not to say exciting, volume, and would disclose some remarkable facts connected with the early history of the Canadian West.

Born in Montreal on May 4, 1784, son of a captain in the British army, he, together with a number of young Canadian adventurers, set out, prior to the War of 1812, to explore the "great lone land." The voyage was made in canoes and the route chosen was

via the Ottawa River, Georgian Bay, Lake Superior, and Rainy River to Fort Garry (now Winnipeg), thence by Lake Winnipeg and the Saskatchewan River to the great West.

Munroe was much struck with the abundance of wild game, but more so with their remarkable temerity. The buffalo was monarch of the prairie by reason of his vast numbers. The fleet-footed antelope ranged the plains, black and white-tailed deer emerged from almost every clump of brushwood in the river bottoms and coulees, and the beaver and otter abounded in every stream.

During the seasons when berries were plentiful the "grizzlies" left their rocky fortresses and, in bands sometimes a hundred strong, descended the rivers in search of their favourite food. If the wild animals at this time were scarcely fearful of man, the aboriginal Indians were not; their various tribes appeared to be in a state of almost continual warfare.

"Ah, God!" poor old Munroe exclaimed, as he elevated his hands in horror at these unwelcome recollections, "it was nothing but bloodshed in those times. From the day I reached the prairie country until the Mounted Police came (a period of about sixty years), I was obliged to sleep like the animals here, with one eye and one ear open to save my crop of hair."

Munroe, as his phenomenal age testified, was a marvellous specimen of physical virility. One day in 1886, when over a hundred years of age, he was observed seated on the "hurricane deck" of a cayuse, with a rifle slung across his saddle, setting out from Macleod for the Piegan Indian reservation, some seven or more miles distant; he returned the same evening with a sack of potatoes lashed on the pony behind him. He frequently spoke of returning to Montreal and

taking up a homestead near that place and there ending his days. He marvelled when we informed him that he would be obliged to travel many hundreds of miles from that now thickly-populated centre in order to secure a Government grant.

For many years Munroe was a sub-chief of the Blackfoot Indians and was greatly respected by them for his wisdom, agility, strength and superior marksmanship. Once, early in the summer, the Blackfoot bucks, after a season of inactivity, wished to have some scalps and decided on a southern raid. The war-paint was soon donned and the expedition was under way. Boundary lines, imaginary and otherwise, were unknown at that time, and many rivers were crossed until the plains near the Great Salt Lake appeared in sight. In speeding across these, Munroe, in silent wonderment, noticed a few white specks on the horizon, and guessing (an almost incredible conjecture in those days) that it was a party of white people, hoped that they would escape the observation of the Indians. It was not long before numerous inquiries were made, and Munroe, thinking it wise to lose no time, informed them that these were his white brothers from the "Land of the Rising Sun" and it would be well not to molest them, for if any harm were done them, or any were killed, many more of his brothers would come and avenge their murder, and he, himself, would leave the tribe never to return.

Munroe's eloquence prevailed not at all, for they, with but few exceptions, were eager for rapine, and, seeing that evil was determined by them, he anxiously awaited a chance of escape. He had an excellent horse, the fleetest in the band, and was infinitely better armed than any of them. He then made a last and earnest intercession, and followed it

by an escape when the moment presented itself. Riding for dear life in the direction where the white objects were last seen, the fleet-footed "black with the docked tail" soon out-distanced his pursuers. Coming to a high cut-bank on the confines of a large river he saw distinctly on the opposite side some canvas-topped wagons in a valley some miles distant. He was evidently observed by the white men as he galloped along the edge of the bank, for two of them rode up the bench-land to meet him. Munroe feared that they would mistake him for an Indian as he was tanned from exposure, clad only in a breech-clout and decorated in the hideous fashion peculiar to the red men. The strangers approached in a somewhat cautious manner. Munroe dismounted, holding his rifle cocked in his hands. He then called to them in English: "Friends or foes?" They looked exceedingly surprised and answered: "Friends, if you are." "Lay down your guns and come to me. Lose no time," commanded Munroe. They came. He quickly informed them of the band of Indians in pursuit, told them to mount and that he would ride with them to their camp which must be prepared to withstand an attack. They were very grateful for the information, and on the way he was surprised to discover that one of them was an old school companion from Montreal. The wagons were quickly drawn up in a circle, sacks of flour piled against the outer walls, and the women and children placed under cover. Munroe then asked for a few coils of rope-tobacco also some knives and blankets as a means of securing a final parley with the Indians. The tobacco and the blankets proved effective, for the Blackfeet promised not to cross the river or molest the white pioneers. When this was made known in the camp, the women threw their arms

around him, repulsive as he was, and wept tears of joy and gratitude. He soon afterwards bade them adieu, rode off with his adopted red brethren, and never saw nor heard again of those white pioneers in the great western lone land.

Elections in the early times out West always afforded at least a topic for conversation, some excitement, and gave a little colour to what might otherwise have been drab days. Whether civic, provincial, or federal, the keenest contests were invariably carried on with good sportsmanship and an absence of the bitterness sometimes seen in other places. This was largely due to the fact that we were remote from the Federal Capital, the centre of things political, and also because the Territorial Legislature was a coalition one and the Government was made up of members of all political faiths. After the creation of the western Provinces in 1905, parties were formed as in other sections of the Dominion.

Upon one occasion Dr. L. G. de Veber ran for the Provincial Legislature, and was opposed by Mr. "Billy" (now Mr. Justice) Ives. Mr. Ives, who was addressing his Lethbridge constituents in an auditorium known as Oliver's Hall, and who was heaping maledictions upon the Sifton administration to the best of his ability, suddenly paused in the midst of his speech, rolled his eyes heavenward, and said impressively, "Ladies and gentlemen, if ever there was a time in the history of Alberta when prayer was needed, it is now!"

After this momentous utterance there was a funereal pause, which was broken by a wag who in deep, sepulchral tones exclaimed, "Brother Ives will now lead us in prayer."

The tension was broken, the climax of absurdity reached, and the audience broke forth in peals of laughter. Billy looked confused, startled, chagrined, then, realizing the humour of the situation, shared with the audience the joke at his expense.

During one election campaign for the Alberta Provincial Legislature, Dr. Brett and Mr. (later Chief Justice and Premier) A. L. Sifton were opposing candidates for the Banff constituency. Although political opponents they were warm personal friends and, in the interests of economy, they decided to travel together and hold joint meetings. After trying out the experiment in the outlying districts the final grand rally was to be held in the home town, Banff. At the hour set for opening, the auditorium was packed, but only one of the speakers, namely Mr. Sifton, was present. As the session was likely to be a prolonged one, the chairman decided to open the meeting promptly, and, after some brief remarks, called upon Mr. Sifton. The latter occupied the time allotted to him and sat down. There was still no sign of Dr. Brett, so after waiting for a short time, Mr. Sifton, who had a remarkable verbal memory, proposed that as he knew the doctor's speech by heart he would, with the consent of the audience, give it verbatim. The chairman told him to proceed. Mr. Sifton began by giving the doctor's introductory stories, then emptied the bag of tricks and stock of arguments and had just finished the peroration when in walked Dr. Brett and took the platform. After apologizing for his tardiness—he had been dining out—he launched out into his address which was received with tremendous applause which was quite out of keeping with the unimportance of his remarks. In fact the audience began to laugh at his jokes before they were

more than begun, and burst into gales of laughter at the close of their recital. The doctor was highly elated at the extraordinary enthusiasm with which his speech was received and sat down supremely happy. At the close of the meeting he was disillusioned when informed of what had taken place but he, as a good sportsman, said, "Boys, the joke is on me this time."

The doctor remained at home after that election but he was rewarded a little later by being made Lieutenant-Governor of the Province.

### TAPPING THE BIG "VINEGAR" KEG

Under the old, dry, boozeless (?) days in the North-West Territories we had for many years a scheme of prohibition known as the Permit System. In order to obtain wine or spirituous liquors for medicinal or sacramental purposes permission had to be obtained from the Lieutenant-Governor at Regina. The amount of spirits allowed under the permit was limited to two gallons, and granted not more frequently than every three or four months, and as this ordinance required a considerable amount of "red tape," it led to surreptitious importations, and an extensive smuggling from the neighbouring State of Montana, immediately across the International Boundary.

Many names were given to this contraband, which was sometimes "fortified" with tobacco, and even with bluestone, or sulphate of copper, such as Mountain Dew, Coffin Varnish, Bug Juice, White Mule, White Lightnin', Forty Rod, Tanglefoot, Rot Gut and other more or less descriptive titles. It was also shipped into the Territories under the most ingenious disguises, such as in baled hay, in the centre of casks of sugar, or firkins of butter, kegs of pickles,

cans of fruit, crates of eggs, in imitation Bibles, and even in coffins.

With respect to these days (gone, I trust, never to return) my brother Ed tells a good story: One day a large keg of "vinegar" was unloaded on the platform of the old freight warehouse of the "Turkey Trail," the popular name for the North-Western Coal and Navigation Company's Railway. Before the consignee had time to call for the keg, the Mounted Police, being suspicious of the consignment, placed a constable on guard with orders to arrest anyone attempting to remove it. Those to whom the shipment was consigned were not particularly anxious to claim it, especially after noting a more than passing interest in it by a red-coat, and they devised other means of outwitting the guardians of the law.

In those days the freight sheds and landing platforms were built on piles and fully five feet above the ground in order to allow the bull trains, with their huge wagon wheels, to load and unload easily, and the space underneath the platforms and sheds accommodated in fine weather most of the floating population of the town. As night came on there was no one to be seen about the sheds but the solitary figure of the "Rider of the Plains" pacing restlessly up and down the platform, ever keeping a watchful eye on the cask. Stealthily approaching under cover of darkness and some freight cars standing upon the adjacent tracks, the conspirators carefully took in the situation, noted the location of the policeman, surveyed the exact position of the keg on the platform, and then disappeared beneath it. With them were two important accessories, namely, a wash-tub and an auger. With these the necessary work was silently and swiftly accomplished, and the "vinegar" removed to a more

convenient locality. The policeman calmly guarded the keg all that night and the next day. The denouement of the plot is that one of the knowing ones came along the next afternoon and asked the patient watchman if he was spending his vacation there. He was curtly informed that he was doing his duty watching the cask. "What, that thing?" said the wise individual contemptuously, "what for?" He gave it a kick with his foot, and the keg rolled lightly down the platform with a dry and hollow sound. The post-mortem examination disclosed a neat hole in the bottom of the keg and another in the platform where the object of the constable's care had formerly stood.

## CHAPTER XVIII

### CHARACTERS OF THE OLD WEST

*But I'm an old, old-timer,  
I've jes' bin here so long  
That I kin mostly allus tell  
The ones that's right and wrong.*

—BARRY DANE.

#### KOOTENAI BROWN

ONE of my earliest visitors after opening business in old Fort Macleod was John George Brown, better known throughout the West as Kootenai Brown. He informed me that, after having seen our advertisement in the *Macleod Gazette*, he had taken the first opportunity to ascertain whether I was related to a Doctor Higinbotham who, in 1857, had been placed in charge of a group of young subalterns—Kootenai having been one of the number—who were being sent to India to join their regiments. He had nothing but good to say of the kindly medical officer and I much regretted that I could not at the time establish a connection.

He was the first to inform me of the scenic beauties of the Waterton Lakes, and his poetic description of them created in me a great desire to visit them, which I had the pleasure of doing on various subsequent occasions. Here I again renewed acquaintance with Kootenai on his beloved "stamping grounds," within sight of the beautiful chain of lakes where for half a century he resided and near whose cool, clear waters he now sleeps.

Kootenai Brown had a most colourful career and, for the time in which he lived, had seen much of the

world. He was born in Ireland in 1839; at the age of eighteen he went to India as an ensign in the British Army. Having gotten himself into serious trouble in the far East he went to South America, where he was employed in a pony express service, in which he had many adventures. Tiring of life in Spanish America he crossed the Isthmus of Panama and proceeded up the Pacific coast, later joining General Custer's command in his Indian fighting. By a fortuitous circumstance he was absent despatch riding when the golden-haired General and his entire troop were annihilated. For a time he was engaged as a deckhand on one of the Mississippi River stern-wheel boats, but after an unpleasantness with a Spaniard who attacked him with a knife, and whom he shot dead, he placed himself under the Union Jack once more. Arriving in British Columbia he crossed the Rockies by way of the South Kootenai Pass which brought him out at the Waterton Lakes whose loveliness cast their lasting spell over his aesthetic nature.

With but a single companion and a few pack horses they effected a most hazardous journey through the country of the Blackfeet (then the terrors of the plains) and later that of the Crees, nearly a thousand miles to Fort Garry, thence to Minnesota. In the latter State he met, fell in love with and married, a beautiful French half-breed girl, with whom he spent twelve years of wedded bliss, and who accompanied him to his picturesque haunts at Waterton Lakes. Here he and H. A. (Fred) Kanouse, another adventurous spirit, founded a trading post which proved very profitable. Later he became an expert whiskey smuggler when it required a talent akin to genius to circumvent the Mounted Police.

In 1881 he lost his beloved partner, whom he buried

on the banks of one of the lakes, but two years later consoled himself by taking a Cree Indian woman, to whom he was later married by the late Father Lacombe.

During the Second Riel Rebellion he acted as a scout for the Rocky Mountain Rangers under Captain Stewart, and later became a guide to hunting parties traversing the mountains in pursuit of game. Because of his dependability as well as his knowledge of this region, he was appointed Fishery Guardian and later Park Warden, which position he held until his death in 1916.

Kootenai was a most likable man, although very quick-tempered, and was well informed on scientific, literary and religious subjects. He was a great admirer of General Booth and the Salvation Army, although he was a Theosophist by conviction and believed that he would return to this earth reincarnated, he hoped, as a wolf.

When anything annoyed him he possessed a wonderful facility of easy utterance, which while sometimes amusing, was not always printable.

A story is told of Kootenai and the Earl of Lathom and his party of British Parliamentarians, by whom Brown was employed as a guide. Kootenai was showing an inexperienced cowboy who was engaged in the pack train the intricacies of throwing the diamond hitch on one of their pack ponies. During the demonstration, Kootenai was pulling so strenuously that a latigo strap broke with such suddenness that he was thrown down, striking his head on a rock, which loosed a full flow of picturesque profanity. Lord Lathom, who was standing near, an unobserved but interested listener, heard it all out and then quietly said, "My deah Kootenai, would you mind repeating that, if you please?"

## FRED STIMSON, PRINCE OF RACONTEURS

Fred Stimson, of the Bar-U Cattle Company, was one of the West's most picturesque characters. He visited me in my quarters in the old fort at Macleod in 1884. I had never heard of him previously but as he sat on the edge of my iron bed and related his tales I could see that he had missed his vocation. As a *raconteur* I have never heard his equal, and I have met a fair assortment in my day. Stimson was a distinguished-looking man and no one would take him for anything but a gentleman no matter how rough, worn or soiled his clothing. He was a large, well-built man, but possessed a low, musical, cultivated drawl and a merry twinkle in his eyes as he watched the effect of his stories upon his audience. He matched wits with the cleverest in the land, and that famous Alberta barrister, "Paddy" Nolan, came out second best in more than one encounter.

Nigger John, a powerfully-built negro, was Stimson's man Friday. He "could ride anything with hair on," was a first-class shot and just the combination for a ranch foreman.

One day, during John's absence, two strangers rode up to the ranch house and informed Stimson that they had come for a horse which they claimed to have raised but which now bore the brand of the Bar-U Cattle Company. Stimson saddled up and rode to where the animal in dispute was grazing, then he pointed out its mother which had also been bred on their ranch. Stimson's arguments were apparently of no avail as the strangers stated that they intended to take the gelding. At this juncture John appeared on horseback. Turning to his foreman, Stimson said: "John, you know this gelding we call Billy?"

"Yes, sah, ah shore do. What ov it?" he replied, "We brung him up from a colt."

"Well, John, these two gentlemen claim that he belongs to them. What are we going to do about it?" John's hand moved quickly to the holster containing his forty-five calibre Colt revolver, which he whipped out as he said, "Shall I kill 'em now, boss, or will I wait till they take the horse?"

The strangers left without further argument, and, needless to say, without the horse.

Upon another occasion the Bar-U Cattle Company were prosecuting a man for misbranding one of their cattle. The prisoner was defended by the eminent criminal lawyer, "Paddy" Nolan. Mr. Stimson was the chief witness for the Crown and Nolan was endeavouring to discredit his evidence. A verbatim account of the proceedings would make humorous as well as racy reading. I can recall but a few of the questions and answers.

Mr. Nolan: "Your name is Frederick Stimson, I believe?"

Mr. Stimson: "It is, sir."

Mr. Nolan: "You spend most of your time riding the range, do you not?"

Mr. Stimson: "No, sir, I spend most of my time in bed."

Mr. Nolan: "You are very short-sighted, I believe, Mr. Stimson?"

Mr. Stimson: "No, sir, I am not."

Mr. Nolan: "Then why do you wear glasses?"

Mr. Stimson: "Oh, just for effect."

Mr. Nolan: "Now, Mr. Stimson, you claim that my client misbranded one of your cattle?"

Mr. Stimson: "I do, sir."

Mr. Nolan: "Please describe the animal to the Court?"

Mr. Stimson: "Well, it was an ordinary, everyday steer with a leg on each corner."

Mr. Nolan (disgusted at not making any headway with the witness): "I believe, Mr. Stimson, that you regard yourself as something of a smart aleck?"

Mr. Stimson: "I am also informed that you do a little smart alecking yourself."

Mr. Nolan: "That will do, Mr. Stimson. Your Lordship, I am through with the witness."

In the year 1887, Fred Stimson was in London during the celebrations connected with the late Queen Victoria's Jubilee and his experiences there furnished him with materials for many a winter's tale around the ranch fires. Stories regarding royalty were always of great interest to the cowpunchers and Stimson dearly loved to see how far he could go in "stringing" the boys. One cold, stormy night he had a receptive audience, they asked for a story about the Jubilee, and Fred did not need to be urged.

"Well, boys," he began, "on my arrival in London I went straight to the Hotel Cecil and had scarcely more than got nicely settled in my quarters when a bellhop came and said that I was wanted on the telephone. I went at once to the booth and took up the receiver. A sweet-voiced woman said, 'Is that Mr. Fred Stimson, of High River, Alberta, Canada?' to which I replied that my name and address were quite correct. I nearly dropped dead with surprise when I was next informed that it was Queen Victoria speaking. I was so flabbergasted that I could only say: 'Oh, your Majesty! I have often heard of you.' But she put me quite at ease by saying, 'And I have very often been informed of you and your doings in

the far West, Mr. Stimson. I hear that you are stopping at the Cecil?"

"'Yes, your majesty,' I replied, 'and I am very comfortable.'

"'No doubt you are, Mr. Stimson, but I should like you to visit us at Buckingham Palace, and as we have rooms to burn here, I shall send the carriage for you.'

"With this she rang off. I knew, of course, that a royal invitation was a command and I had scarcely got my traps together when I chanced to look out of the window. My heart nearly stopped beating when I saw the royal coach drawn by four white horses with outriders and postillions standing in front of the hotel. You should just have seen the flunkies of the Cecil dance attendance on me—they took me for some pumpkins, I can tell you. We drove at once to Buckingham Palace, and who should meet me at the door but Queen Victoria herself. She told off a couple of servants in livery to convey my luggage to a suite of rooms reserved for me. You ought to have seen the wonderful paintings and Oriental rugs that you sank into when you walked on them, and a bed with a canopy over it and all of the other gorgeous things that you see in a palace. Well, boys, it was all very fine for a time, but after a while it began to pall on me so I went down town to see the sights and, falling in with some Canadian visitors in London, I stayed out pretty late. Next morning at breakfast the Queen, who had come to know me pretty well by this time, said, 'Fred, you were a little late in getting home last night.'

"'Yes, your Majesty,' I said, 'I met in with some western friends and—' but she cut me short with 'Oh yes, I understand, boys will be boys, but for your

convenience I shall see that you are supplied with a latch-key.'

"Well, I received the key and carried it about with me, but a few evenings later, when strolling down Picadilly, I ran into a bunch of Alberta boys and we made a night of it. I got back to Buckingham at about three a.m. and fiddled around with the latch key for a time. Presently I heard a window overhead go up and a soft voice called out, 'Is that you, Fred?' Recognizing it at once as that of the Queen, I replied, 'It is, your Majesty, I have the latchkey all right, but I can't find the keyhole.' 'Never mind,' said she, 'just wait until I put on my crown and I'll come down and let you in.' And sure enough she did." This was only one of his many rare yarns.

#### JOHN RYAN

Another character of the early West was John Ryan, who had been a sergeant in the British Army and a veteran of the Indian Mutiny. He had also been employed as a private messenger for the late Right Honourable Sir John A. Macdonald and wound up his more or less adventurous career by settling down on a ranch in Southern Alberta.

A kind-hearted man and a "good old scout," he had many tales to relate of his various experiences, but as a distinguished fellow countryman of his, the witty Sheridan, once said of an English parliamentarian by the name of Dundas, "The Right Honourable gentleman is indebted to his memory for his jests and to his imagination for his facts," so it might be said that the play of imagination considerably influenced the Sergeant's fanciful yarns.

As an eye-witness of the great review of Aldershot

of the returned troops from India at the close of the Sepoy Rebellion, before Her Majesty Queen Victoria, he described the booming of cannon, the stirring martial music of the massed regimental bands, the marching of the soldiers with their regimental colours, and the vast concourse of people assembled to witness the display.

As befitting so gallant a veteran the Sergeant stood alongside the royal carriage. He told us in his inimitable brogue, at one time the press of the throng became so great that Her Majesty, fearing for his safety, called to him, "Get up on the shtep, Sergeant Ryan, ye'll get hurted."

#### JACK SYMONDS

At Doctor Tassie's school at Galt, Ontario, I first met Jack Symonds. He was one of the senior boys when I was a junior of nine years.

Jack was a marvellous physical specimen, a fine athlete, acrobat, boxer, swimmer, skater, oarsman and cricketer. He became something of a demi-god to my childish imagination after I had witnessed his performances on the bar of our gymnasium. Although a son of one of our professors, he was not studious—his books were running streams—and he was a rebel to all rules, order and discipline. Dr. Tassie apparently did not wish to expel him so he applied the "taws" (made from a stout leather trace) as only the doctor could apply it, frequently, and, after each notorious breach of discipline, suspended him for usually a period of from four to six weeks. This was "pie" to Jack as he took to the woods with his rod and gun and lived the life of a sportsman to the envy of his fellow students.

For years I had lost all trace of him and my surprise was therefore great when, one day in 1884, he strolled into my quarters in old Fort Macleod, wearing the scarlet tunic and yellow-striped blue trousers of the North-West Mounted Police.

Jack carried his old bag of tricks with him to the West. Old Mounties say that the finest exhibition of boxing that they ever witnessed was a battle-royal between Jack and "Baldy" Morris, and which ended in a draw, both participants having received such punishment that the referee stopped the fight.

At Wood Mountain Detachment, Jack acted as cook and batman for "Paper Collar Johnnie," as Inspector A. R. Macdonnell was irreverently nicknamed, and took fearsome liberties with his master's food. Whenever beefsteak was to be cooked for breakfast Jack usually prepared (?) it by tossing it upon the kitchen floor and jumping on it with his long boots, and then throwing it against the walls or ceiling before putting it in the frying-pan. These culinary liberties, or eccentricities, were, fortunately for Jack, not reported to the Inspector or solitary confinement on bread and water might have been his portion.

Jack acquired some publicity by reason of the sudden death of an Indian woman on the Blood Reserve. A coroner's jury sat upon the case and brought in one of the most astounding verdicts known in court annals, namely: "That the deceased came to her death on the —day of the—month (I have forgotten the date) by poison administered by one John Symonds, of the North-West Mounted Police, *or else* by eating too large a quantity of sour beans." The closing proviso, or alibi, was sufficient to secure Jack's discharge.

The late Baron Munchausen at his best had nothing on Jack as a juggler of facts. Here is one of his animal romances:

Once a travelling salesman, something of a novelty in the early days, was excited over seeing some buffalo. He offered to buy the drinks if anyone present at the bar had ever seen more than one hundred thousand buffalo at one time, and it seemed as if there would be no drinks. But Jack Symonds here walked in. Jack said promptly that he had seen a hundred million billion blessed buffaloes at one time. The drummer demanded details and Jack told him that his party of fifty men were once caught for five days in a buffalo stampede and each man fired his rifle steadily during that time to keep the troop from being run over. He ended his story as follows, "And finally there was a break and we got across a river and up on a hill. It was a good job we did, because from there we could see the main body of buffalo coming."

• • • • •

#### GEORGE LANE—AN AUTOCRAT OF THE RANGE

One day a long, lean, keen-eyed man, wearing a ten-gallon hat and dressed in a cheap-looking suit of grey clothes, poked his head into my office and said: "Hello, J.D.! Come with me to the Bank of Montreal and identify me. I want to get some money, and no one knows me!"

I put on my fedora, accompanied him to the bank and said to the manager: "Mr. Harman, this is Mr. George Lane, of the Bar-U Ranch, High River. Give him all he can pay for."

This was the last time I saw the Mussolini of cowdom alive.

George was the true autocrat of the range country.

Born near Des Moines, Iowa, in 1856, he went to the far West when still a youth, served in at least two Indian campaigns, from which he emerged with a whole skin and nearly three thousand dollars of good United States Government money, which sum he thoughtfully sent to his mother before he undertook the more peaceful pursuit of cow-punching.

In 1884, the year that I arrived in Alberta, Lane was engaged by Fred Stimson as foreman of the Bar-U, and, largely through his energy and foresight, made it one of the most successful ranches in the entire West. For many years he was boss of the High River round-up, and with all of the cowboys his word was law. He had a patient and persistent will, and usually gained the object of his desire. An illustration of this occurred, even with so distinguished a guest as His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. The story goes that one morning when setting out on a tour of the range the Prince suggested that he should drive, but George, who was his host and who had other plans, said, "No, Prince! You stay on horseback. My daughter will do the driving!"

The Prince had much respect for Lane's judgment and sagacity, and it was on his advice that His Royal Highness purchased the Bedingfield property, which adjoins the Bar-U, now world-famous as the E. P. Ranch.

There was absolutely no side or swank to Lane, he was always natural, and breezy even to brusqueness, but beneath this rough exterior he had a kind heart. During the early visits to his newly-acquired property George introduced the cowboys and neighbouring ranchers in very unconventional style. For example, "Prince, meet Billy-the-Buster," or "Jim, this is the Prince." No fuss, frills or feathers. He never

addressed the Prince as "Your Royal Highness," and the Prince had the good sense to take it all in good part.

George made a hobby of breeding Percheron horses, the parent stock having been imported from France. At one time he had nearly three hundred magnificent brood mares or, according to a French equine authority, Monsieur Avaline, twice the number to be found anywhere else in the world.

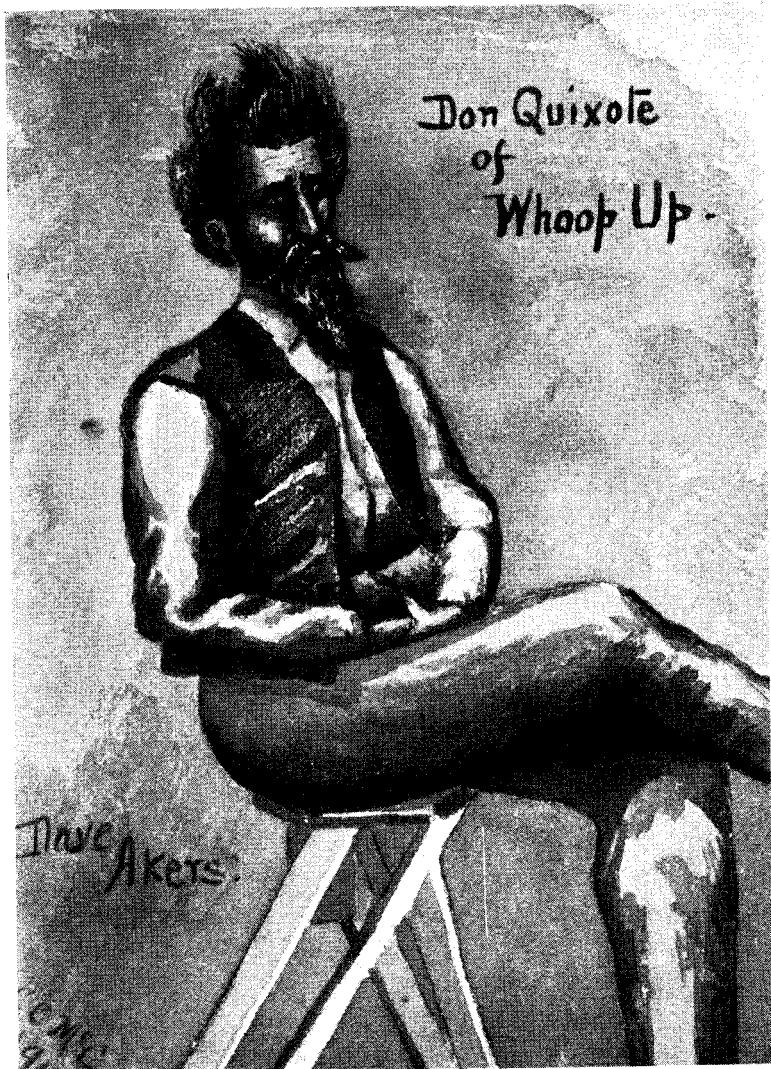
For a time George left the Bar-U and joined forces with that other well-known cattleman, Pat (now the Honourable Pat) Burns, but he was never wholly satisfied until he returned to his first love.

George Lane was a man who never forgot a friend nor remembered the insults of an enemy. The cow-punchers used to say that cattle were almost as sacred to him as to the Hindoo, and that it was almost sacrilege to spit or laugh within ten feet of a steer. One of his range maxims was, "Every time you run a steer you take a pound of beef off him."

Although born in the rich State of Iowa, he always affirmed that Canada was the greatest farming and ranching country in the world.

#### DAVE AKERS OF WHOOP-UP

Dave Akers, proprietor of Fort Whoop-Up, was a typical Western pioneer and frontiersman. He was long and rangy, loose-jointed, about six feet three inches in height, keen-eyed, long aquiline nose, prominent cheek-bones, an angular face adorned with a dark brown goatee. He spoke with a slow drawl such as one hears in the mountains of Tennessee or Kentucky, and I miss my guess if he did not originally come from that region, as he possessed all the other characteristics of the Southern Highlander. Quiet of manner,



SKETCH OF DAVE AKERS, PROPRIETOR OF FORT WHOOP-UP, BY C. C. McCaul



reserved, good-natured and very hospitable, he would share his last crumb if necessary, but at the same time he possessed what his neighbours described as "a devil of a temper when riled."

Dave and his Indian wife (for most of the very early pioneers took dusky red brides) and little family were in possession of Fort Whoop-Up (described elsewhere) when I first met him. He had purchased this old trading-post and its equipment from Healy and Hamilton, and had refused to sell it for ten thousand dollars, in cash, offered by Colonel Macleod on behalf of the Dominion government for the use of the North-West Mounted Police in 1874. He was the pioneer truck gardener of Southern Alberta, and in the sun-kissed bowl in which his farm was situated, he raised vegetables which would attract attention in any community. Dave also possessed a band of horses and cattle, the latter being the innocent cause of his undoing.

Akers at one time lived in California and there had a partner whose name was Tom Purcell. Tom had been suspected of being implicated in various cattle rustling affairs in some of the Western States and was credited with having several notches on the handle of his gun. At any rate, finding that country uncomfortably warm he decided to try his luck under the Union Jack, crossed "the line" and hunted up his old pal Akers. Dave received him with open arms and for a time "all went merry as a marriage-bell." Tom earned his keep by adding occasional mavericks to the herd, he also made money by smuggling whiskey from Montana.

For some cause or other, or no cause whatever, Mrs. Dave took her children and left for her father's tepee on the Blood Indian Reservation, and no amount of

coaxing or threatening would induce her to return. Her continued absence did not improve Dave's disposition, and as Tom had gotten on his nerves, the two decided to separate and Tom took up a ranch in the Pot Hole Coulee. Trouble, however, arose between the two former partners when it came to a division of the horses and cattle, Tom claiming the larger share. It was quite true that many of the animals had been acquired in a questionable manner of which both were cognizant and therefore equally guilty, but both were obstinate and avaricious and refused to compromise.

One evil day Dave rode over to Tom's ranch with the intention of effecting a settlement peaceably or by recourse to law if the former failed, armed with nothing more deadly than a heavy wooden quirt, or Indian riding whip. According to Tom's evidence as given at the inquest and later in the court, Dave, who was mounted, after a heated argument, struck Tom over the head with the quirt. Tom, who always kept a loaded rifle conveniently near, ran to his shack seized the weapon and shot Dave through the heart. Without uttering a sound Akers fell from his mount and lay, a crumpled heap, alongside the corral, where we found him several hours later, his faithful horse standing by his master's body.

Tom, his hair silvered with age and knowing that escape was impossible with Mounted Police on all sides of him, saddled "Appalucey," his favourite mare, made a virtue of a necessity, and rode to the nearest detachment of red-coats and surrendered.

Purcell's trial took place at Lethbridge in 1894 before Colonel Macleod, Stipendiary Magistrate, and, having been found guilty of manslaughter, with a recommendation for mercy on account of his age, and

although defended with great ability by a young barrister, J. H. Wrigley, he was sentenced to three years' penal servitude at Stony Mountain, Manitoba.

On the same train which conveyed him to the penitentiary was a lad of seventeen who had been sentenced to five years in the same institution for the crime of stealing a calf. Cattle and horses in a range country are sometimes regarded as more precious than men.

### OLD SMILER

Old Smiler, known from Alberta to Arizona, was a typical old-timer; affable, gentle and unassuming, he was too good-natured to refuse admittance to the enemy that took away his brains. He was usually in great demand amongst the stockmen, bull-whackers and mule-skinners, and it was a rare occasion when there were no animals waiting to be shod or a freight wagon to be repaired standing near his forge, which stood under a spreading cottonwood tree and with no other protection from the weather.

A freighter having a "string" of mules to be shod once enquired of a passing cowboy how far he might be from Smiler's blacksmith shop. "Well," said the "puncher," "you are in Smiler's shop right now, but it is ten miles up to the forge." The freighter appreciated the humour of the situation by the time he arrived at his destination.

Later on, when he possessed a regular smithy, he was annoyed by a large number of Indians who crowded his place and interfered with his work. Smiler determined to rid himself of the troublesome redskins. He first put a piece of iron into the glowing forge and, while it was heating, plentifully moistened the anvil, then withdrawing the red-hot metal he lowered it to just where he wished, then calling to his helper said "crack her one and crack her hard." The result was a loud explosion accompanied with an unearthly yell from Smiler. Needless to say, there was a wild stampede for the door on the part of the Indians, who continued panic-stricken until they reached their encampment.

## CHAPTER XIX

### HOBBIES

*Hobby horses sometimes cost more than Arab steeds.*

—OLD PROVERB.

*At Davey's, in Great Russell Street, were autographs galore,  
And Mr. Davey used to let me con that precious store.  
Sometimes I read what warriors wrote, sometimes a king's  
command,  
But oftener still a poet's verse, writ in a meagre hand.  
Lamb, Byron, Addison and Burns, Pope, Johnson, Swift and  
Scott—  
It needed but a paltry sum to comprehend the lot;  
Yet, though Friend Davey marked 'em down, what could I but  
decline?  
For I was broke in London in the Fall of '89.*

—EUGENE FIELD.

*I love old things:  
Weather-beaten, worn things,  
Cracked, broken, torn things,*

• • • •  
*Old wine in dim flagons,  
Old ships and old wagons,  
Old coin and old lace,  
Rare old lace.*

—WILSON MACDONALD.

ARECENT magazine writer ventured the opinion that "no one with a good hobby is ever lonely for a long time. There is a certain quantum of creative energy left in every human being which is not absorbed by the business of a work-a-day world. This is the essential godliness in man. No one can be happy who does not find some channel for this creative energy. The wise man has a variety of avocations—outdoor



# PROPHETER

## W.

Isaia.

Jeremia.

Hesefiel.

Daniel.

Collf the mindre Propheter.

Hosea.

Joel.

Amos.

Obadja.

Jona.

Michea.

Nachum.

Habacuc.

Zephania.

Haggas.

Sacharja.

Maleachi.

1540.

TITLE PAGE TO THE MAJOR AND MINOR PROPHETS IN THE  
AUTHOR'S OLD BIBLE

hobbies and indoor, summer and winter ones, social and solitary forms of amusing himself in his leisure moments."

The dictionary defines a hobby as "something in which one takes an extravagant interest." There are therefore many varieties of hobbies.

Every small boy is a potential collector, as any mother who repairs his clothing knows. Small wonder that his pockets wear out rapidly with stones, shells, marbles, bits of coloured glass, keys, knives, screws, nails and other hardware, to mention but a few of the amazing variety of his accumulations.

From my earliest years of boyhood I evinced an interest in antiques. It was always a red-letter day for me when my grandfather Allan would, upon rare occasions, open his curio cabinet containing small drawers and from their recesses bring forth treasures of bygone days, each with an interesting story. Our tastes were similar, and several years prior to his death he gave me many articles of vertu, rather than leave them to those by whom they would not be appreciated. Thus I received his copy of a Swedish Bible printed in Geneva in 1540-1541, or only ninety years after printing with movable type had been invented. It is a first edition, printed on hand-made linen paper, the ink used being intensely black. It contains 1,505 pages, not one missing, and has 55 illustrations, fifteen of which are full-page. Most of these are very literal in their interpretation of scripture and in many cases amusing. An experienced printer and bookbinder once said to me, after examining this old volume, "When all the books in your library have faded to whiteness the printing in this Bible will still be black."

He also gave me a very handsome snuff "mull,"

made from a Highland ram's horn, the lid of which was adorned with a beautiful pink cairngorm mounted in a wreath of Scotch thistles of sterling silver. Another of his gifts was a *de luxe* edition of thirteen volumes, in full morocco, hand-tooled, of Neale's *Country Seats*, of noblemen in England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales, illustrated with steel engravings.

It was my grandfather's intention to give me a memento of the Civil War in the United States in the form of a plan of the *Monitor*, constructed by Ericsson, and autographed by the great inventor, who presented it to my forbear. They were warm personal friends, and as my grandfather had resided in Sweden for several years in his youth, they spoke the same language. I shall never forget our disappointment when, after a long search, we failed to find any trace of it.

Two objects of personal and family interest also given to me were small discs, pierced by a bullet, taken from a beaver hat which was worn by my grandfather when he and his father were out for a Sabbath stroll. A careless sportsman nearly ended his career as the leaden ball grazed my grandfather's scalp. The older man was so annoyed at the carelessness of the hunter that he wrenched the weapon from his hands and, taking it to a pile of stones, twisted the barrel until it resembled a corkscrew.

From the time of my arrival in the West I made it a daily habit to take a walk or a ride on horseback. On these excursions I was always looking out for new birds, wild flowers or geological specimens. Once, when examining the banks of the Belly River near Lethbridge for fossils, I dug from the clay and shale a sabot, or wooden shoe, skilfully carved out of cottonwood, and with an ankle-strap of dried and cracked

leather. It was evidently the work of an early pioneer from France, Belgium or Holland, as Indians never use such footwear. This "find" gave me quite a thrill.

After Fort Whoop-Up had been abandoned, but prior to its destruction by fire in 1898, my brother Ed and I made a careful survey of the old place. Here we literally dug up many objects of historical value such as an invoice for 1,790 buffalo robes, early trading-tokens, a rifle with revolving capped chambers, also an old-style Colt revolver in which were used powder, ball and caps. One of our most interesting discoveries that day was a shoulder-stick fitted in such a way that a Colt revolver might be immediately converted into a long-distance weapon useful in buffalo hunting. It was the only one I had ever seen.

The two-inch, smooth-bore, muzzle-loading cannon which stood in one of the bastions of Fort Whoop-Up, I purchased from Dave Akers, the proprietor, and trailed into Lethbridge behind a four-horse team. For many years we used it for firing salutes on high days such as May 24th and July 1st. The firing was done by placing a fuse in the vent near the breech, the "gunners" retiring to a respectful distance before the flame reached the powder. We invariably used sods of turf as gun wads and rammed them home with a curtain pole, therefore the sound of the explosion was impressive and has been heard upon occasions at Parker's Ranch nearly fifteen miles down the river from Lethbridge. These salutes did not tend to prolong the life of the old oak carriage, as the wheels sometimes rose twelve or fifteen inches from the ground when the piece was discharged.

Included in my collection of arms was an early Sharp's rifle, used in buffalo hunting, with an amaz-

ingly heavy barrel, also one of the Snider-Enfield carbines with which the Mounted Police were first armed, and for which I am indebted to Superintendent Junget, Commanding Officer at Lethbridge.

When a small boy I frequently accompanied my father on some of his political missions to his constituents in North Wellington. We sometimes spent the night at a tavern on the Elora road, kept by Captain Hurst, a former British officer. The Captain allowed me to dress up in his regimentals and parade about the premises with his old curved sabre which dated back before Waterloo was fought; the latter, to my agreeable surprise, he willed to me.

During a visit to Egypt in 1909 I secured in the vicinity of the great Assouan Dam, a shield made from the hide of a crocodile, also a double-headed assegai bound with leopard skin. These and other objects adorned our hall at Lethbridge. A rather gruesome relic which also hung there was a shield made from the breast-bone of a Hottentot and brought from South Africa by my brother Harry, who carried the last despatches out of Johannesburg to the British Reform Association at Durban, Natal, just before the outbreak of the Boer War.

The Boers made diligent search for the papers, going through his baggage as with a fine-tooth comb, and looking everywhere for secret pockets. Even his shoes and stockings were carefully examined and his camera confiscated. Where the Boers did not look was inside the front of a soiled shirt, to which it was pinned, the neck of which was closed with a collar-button and the garment thrown carelessly on top of the clothing carried in one of his valises.

In 1893, my late brother, William A., brought from South America a fine collection of Inca pottery

some of which was exhibited at the World's Fair in Chicago. At its conclusion he presented me with two rare specimens of drinking jugs which were found, with the mummified remains of a mother and child, at Cuzco, Peru. These are estimated to be at least four hundred years old.

Like most of my companions at Dr. Tassie's school at Galt, I began, in 1874, a collection of postage stamps. At that time a stamp was only a stamp, and we did not use much discrimination in their selection as to whether they were torn, folded, poorly centred or badly cancelled, otherwise some of the specimens in my old album might, to-day, possess considerable value. Moreover, they were all pasted into the book instead of attached by hinges. It is also possible that had they not been well stuck to the pages they might long since have disappeared.

It was in France that the idea of postpaid or stamped paper originated, and it was in that country that a private penny-post was first established. Later on this was absorbed by the French government, but apparently owing to poor organization, it fell into disuse and was abandoned.

In 1837 Sir Rowland Hill introduced a postal service bill in the British Parliament which proposed that letters should be prepaid by stamped covers or envelopes. Singularly, the bill met with much opposition, but it was finally adopted and put into operation in 1840. The following year Dr. Grey, of the British Museum, began a collection of stamps and in a short time it became a serious pursuit throughout the world.

Personally, I have spent very little in the purchase of either stamps or coins, most of my specimens having been acquired by trading.

Collectors have been known to pay huge sums in order to acquire choice specimens. The rarest stamp in the world is said to be the one-cent British Guiana of 1856, which was purchased by a Mr. Hind for \$32,000. He also paid \$12,000 for a local stamp which originated at Boscawen, New Hampshire, U.S.A., and King George V is known to have expended \$7,250 for a Mauritius stamp.

Recently I called at a small news-stand for an evening paper and, when paying for it, chanced to draw from my pocket, along with small change, a peculiar pocketpiece. The newsman inquired if I took an interest in coins, stamps or old books, and, upon replying that I did to some extent, he took me into a back room which was confusion worse confounded: books in piles upon the floor, on boxes and heaped on tables. This, he informed me, was a shipment recently received from England. He had been over there last summer and had motored from one end of the country to the other and had purchased them in second-hand and other shops. On looking over his stock I came upon a leather-bound scrap-book, such as the members of parliament use, containing the signatures of 676 members of the British house of Commons, comprising the names of many of the oldest and most prominent families of Great Britain and Ireland, including the Rt. Hon. James Abercrombie, Speaker of the House (also Lord Chief Baron of the Court of Exchequer in Scotland) Anson Baring, Beresford, Blackstone (grandson of the great lawyer), Buller, Bulwer-Lytton, Byng, Cavendish, Clive, Darlington, Fox, Fitzherbert, Gladstone, W. E. and J., Grey, Grattan (of Grattan's Parliament), Harcourt, Lord Milton, Palmerston, Peel, Pepys, Pusey, Plumptre, Plunkett, Daniel O'Connell (the

Irish patriot), Lord John Russell, Walpole, Robert Wallace, member for Greenock, Scotland, who assisted Rowland Hill in fighting his Penny Postage Bill through Parliament, and hundreds of others. The names are all on original covers (prior to the days of postage stamps) and bear the Government frank, or free postmark, and are dated from 1828 to 1852. This collection, made by Lady Heathcote, is most systematically arranged as to counties, and contains interesting notes, "Who's Who" clippings from the *Parliamentary Companion* of the various personalities, also many pictures of their country seats and some crests, and must have consumed months of painstaking labour.

Needless to say, I was thrilled at this "find" in so unexpected a place, and paid a deposit before leaving the building with my prize.<sup>1</sup>

Nearly every one has heard of bees and flies encased in pieces of amber—dead, of course. Few, however, have seen a living frog taken from a block of coal or stone in which it was imprisoned.

It has been reported time and again, although questioned by scientists, that certain animals and certain insects will live for ages when bound in wood or rock.

During the early development of the Galt Mines at Lethbridge, when sinking one of the shafts a miner broke down a breast of coal and from a cavity in it a live frog jumped out. The miners (there were several of them) were so excited that, if they knew the scientific importance they overlooked it, as they neglected to preserve the matrix, or bed, which the

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<sup>1</sup> In order to round out the above collection I recently acquired the signature of King William IV, under whose reign it was begun, also those of Queen Victoria and King Edward VII.

little visitor had occupied for so many thousands of years. Possessed of that mould, cosmographers would have been able to determine the period in which it became embedded in the coal. Through the kindness of the executor of the will of the late John Stephenson, a Scotch miner of excellent character, who was present, this rare specimen was given to me. The little creature, which was yellowish in colour and had black, beady eyes, Mr. Stephenson informed me, lived about twenty minutes. It was during Stephenson's brief absence in securing a glass jar in which to put the frog, that the matrix, together with other debris, at the bottom of the shaft, three hundred feet from the surface, was removed. I reported the find to the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, but they were not interested in the frog without the matrix, which, of course, I could not produce.

In addition to over one hundred coins and medallions, in copper, bronze and silver, some of which are rare, but which it would be manifestly impossible to enumerate here, my monetary collection included nearly two dozen banknotes of fairly early origin, namely: a United States five-dollar bill, issued in 1778, upon which it was stated that the Treasury agreed to pay the amount indicated in "Spanish milled dollars, gold or silver," a French note dated 1792, two Swedish notes of 1790 and 1831, both of which contained a note of warning that anyone counterfeiting these should be "hangd." The collection also contained bills of Russian, Danish, Scottish and early Canadian origin. Of the latter, is one issued by the Agricultural Bank of Canada of two dollars, or eight shillings, denomination, signed by "G. McMicking," and dated Niagara, 1837—the year of the Mackenzie Rebellion.

The *lares et penates* of my library consist of more than one hundred volumes either autographed by, the signature of, or containing a letter from, the author; thus two letters by Oliver Wendell Holmes adorn his "Autocrat" works, three of Henry Van Dyke's are autographed and one contains a personal letter from the author, two of Pauline Johnson's, our Indian poetess, three each of Ralph Connor's, Nellie McClung's and William P. McKenzie's, two each of Charles Mair's and Wilson Macdonald's, the latter written in his beautiful, copper-plate script. My copy of *Here, There and Everywhere*, which Lord Frederic Hamilton dedicated to my friend Captain Gerald Rutherford, M.C., of Winnipeg, contains a letter written to me by that charming and accomplished author, musician, traveller and diplomat, a short time before his decease.

My unpretentious volume of Will Rogers' *Illiterate Digest* contains the following characteristic inscription:

Dear John:

After reading this you perhaps thought that the author couldn't write. He can't much.

WILL ROGERS.

Two volumes written by the late John McDougall, a notable pioneer missionary of Alberta, are autographed by him. I enjoyed much of his genial companionship during our visit to the World's Fair at Chicago in 1893 when we lodged at the same hotel, and recently called upon his charming widow, the first white woman in Southern Alberta, now residing in Calgary. *When Fur was King* and *The War Trail of Big Bear* likewise contain inscriptions in the handwriting of another western writer, William Bleasdell Cameron, who is at present engaged in editing the works of our

old friend Sir Cecil Denny, who died in 1928 at Edmonton, Alberta.

My copy of Herbert Spencer's *First Principles* contains that philosopher's rare and famous signature.

A volume, which I call my "Golden Book," and which has given me the greatest pleasure, was one which my sister Alice (Mrs. Norman Wallace) brought from Japan. The boards forming its covers are artistically decorated with cherry blossoms, Mount Fujiyama and two Japanese figures with faces and hands of inlaid ivory; the whole is covered with rare old lacquer, now no longer made in the Orient.

The original plan was to use it as a guest book, and for several years it served that purpose, but the pages filled too slowly, so it was used for the signatures of guests and for notables whom we met at home and abroad.

It was first put into use as a historical record at the fiftieth anniversary of the arrival of the North-West Mounted Police at Fort Macleod in 1874; this celebration took place in July, 1924, at Macleod. Upon this occasion the book was signed by Dr. R. G. Brett, Lieutenant-Governor of Alberta, Premier Greenfield, Sir Cecil Denny, one of the founders of Fort Calgary, Sir Frederick Haultain, Chief Justice of Saskatchewan, Colonel Walker, John Herron, M.P., and some of the "Old Originals" who crossed the plains in '74, such as Fred Pope, who drove the first batch of prisoners to Stony Mountain, Manitoba, in 1875, Harry Stedman, who drove the first Royal Mail stage between Lethbridge and Macleod in 1885, and many others. Later on the book was signed by Colonels A. Bowen Perry and Courtland Starnes, who were Commissioners of the Mounted Police from 1900-1922, and 1922-1931 respectively.

On June 25, 1925, when the union of the Congregational, Methodist and Presbyterian Churches was consummated in the great gathering in the Arena, Toronto, many of the leaders of the three uniting bodies signed the book including Rev. Dr. S. D. Chown, former General Superintendent of the Methodist Church of Canada, Rev. Dr. George C. Pidgeon, Moderator of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, and first Moderator of The United Church of Canada, and Rev. Dr. W. H. Warriner, Chairman of the Congregational Union of Canada, Rev. Dr. James Endicott, Judges Forbes and Swanson, Hon. N. W. Rowell, General Ross, Rev. Dr. Gunn, Principal Gandier of Knox College, Dr. John Pringle of the Yukon, Prof. Andrew Baird of Manitoba College and Mrs. Louis McKinney, who had the unique honour of being the first woman to be elected a member of a legislature in the British Empire. Two of the overseas delegates to the Council who added their signatures were Rev. Dr. J. T. Wardle-Stafford, ex-President of the Wesleyan Methodist Church of Great Britain, and Rev. Dr. W. M. McGregor, former Moderator of the United Free Church, and Professor of New Testament Literature, Glasgow, Scotland.

During a voyage to Hawaii in 1926 we met several notables. The Governor of the Islands, Hon. W. R. Farrington, and his charming wife were very kind to us, and at a luncheon and reception to Lord Allenby, the hero of Palestine, and Lady Allenby all four added their signatures, also a number of prominent Hawaiians including Hon. Sanford B. Dole, the first President and first Governor of Hawaii, Bishop Restarick, Raymond C. Brown, Secretary of the Territory, Walter F. Dillingham, Theodore Richards and others.

Actors and singers hold a prominent place in my

"Golden Book": E. H. Sothern, who in his early days was famous in *Hamlet*, *Othello* and *Lord Dundreary*; Sir Philip Ben Greet, who revived the old mystery plays; Frederick C. Warde, the famous Mission Play actor, John Steven McGroarty, the author of the play, Sir John Martin Harvey, Madame de Silva, Roy Byford and Amelita Galli Curci, Joan Ruth, and Edward Johnson among the "song-birds."

Of the great explorers whose names appear are Sir Wilfred Grenfell, Carveth Wells, V. Stefansson, Major L. T. Burwash, who spent thirty years in the Arctic, Admiral Richard E. Byrd, conqueror of the North and South Poles, and Roy Chapman Andrews, discoverer of dinosaur eggs in the Gobi Desert in Mongolia. Captain Perfilieff, Russian explorer and artist, whom I met in the delta of the Mackenzie River, made the most unusual autograph in the book in the form of a pencil sketch of the foreshore at Aklavik, from the deck of our ship *Distributor*.

Connected with administration and law-making are the names of the present Viceroy of India, our former Governor-General, Lord Willingdon, and Lady Willingdon, Lady Aberdeen, C. C. Young, Governor of California, and Lieutenant-Governors Brett and Egbert of Alberta, R. Randolph Bruce, of British Columbia, H. G. Carroll, of Quebec, Sir J. A. M. Aikins, of Manitoba, Col. H. Cockshutt and Dr. Herbert Bruce, of Ontario; Sir William Mulock, Chief Justice of Ontario, Premiers W. L. Mackenzie King, Richard Bedford Bennett, George S. Henry; and Sir George E. Foster, former Minister of Finance and Canadian representative to the League of Nations, and my boyhood friend and school companion, Hon. Hugh Guthrie, Minister of Justice.

Canadian financial interests are represented by Sir Charles Gordon, President of the Bank of Montreal, Sir Herbert Holt, President of the Royal Bank, Beaudry Leman, President of the Canadian Bankers' Association, Sir Henry Thornton, of the Canadian National Railways, Edward W. Beatty of the Canadian Pacific Railway, Sir Joseph Flavelle, R. Y. Eaton, Wm. M. Birks, F. W. Molson and many others.

In medical and scientific fields we have Doctors Wm. J. Mayo, of Rochester, Minnesota, Edward Gallie, Roscoe Graham and F. G. Banting, of Toronto, the latter described as "the greatest benefactor of humanity in the last fifty years," Alfred Bazin, President of the Canadian Medical Association, and the world-renowned astronomers, Professor de Sitter, of Leiden, and the Plasketts, father and son.

Sir Robert Falconer, Dr. Walter C. Murray, Dr. H. M. Tory, Dr. R. C. Wallace, Hon. Canon H. J. Cody, Rt. Rev. Dr. E. H. Oliver, as well as a large number of professors, represent our universities.

Among religious leaders of world-wide reputation are Reverend Dr. James Moffatt, whose translation of the Bible has made him famous, Dr. Campbell Morgan, Dr. Mark Matthews, of Seattle, Dr. Robert Norwood and Dr. Sherwood Eddy, of New York; Dr. John R. Mott, Dr. Kagawa, of Japan, "one of the most notable among living personalities"; Dr. Maldwyn Hughes, Cambridge, England; and the following Moderators of the Presbyterian Church in the United States, namely: Rev. Doctors John Willis Baer (1919), Walter Lingle (1920), S. G. Livingston (1925), Chas. R. Erdman (1926), Robert E. Speer (1927), and Hugh L. Walker (1928). The Church of England in Canada is represented by the Rt. Reverends Archbishop

Sweeny, Derwyn T. Owen, Bishop of Niagara, and later of Toronto, M. M. Harding, Bishop of Qu'Appelle, Bishop Renison and others.

Among the artists in the collection appear the names of J. W. L. Forster, who wrote that charming work *Under the Studio Lamp*, Arthur Lismer, educational director of the Toronto Art Gallery, E. Wyly Grier, Owen Staples, James Blomfield, Manly Macdonald and Norman Kennedy, the Canadian mural painter, now residing at La Jolla, California.

Those of royal lineage, or noble ancestry recorded herein are Princess Rahme Haidar of Damascus, descendant of a line of oriental potentates who have ruled in Syria continuously for more than two thousand years, Princess Marguerite Slavinsky d'Agrenoff and Klara Zagarska of the Romanoffs of old Russia, and Jehan Warlike, a native prince of India.

Denton Massey, leader of the Yorkminster Bible Class, which was attended by fourteen thousand on Easter Sunday, 1932, has recorded his name; a great-great-grandson of Robert Raikes, founder of Sunday Schools, is found in Campbell Raikes, of Barrie, Ont.

The historic "Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson Bay," better known as the Hudson's Bay Company, is represented by Charles H. French, Chief Factor and Fur Trade Commissioner, and some officials in the far North. Here, too, may be found the signature of Rear-Admiral Gordon Campbell, V.C., a hero of the "Mystery Ships" during the critical period in the submarine warfare of 1918. Elizabeth (Mrs. John) McDougall, the first white woman in Southern Alberta, Helen Cross, daughter of the late Colonel Macleod, the first white girl born in Old Fort Macleod; Mrs. H. Strang-McCardell, the first woman to fly the Canadian Rockies, and Miss

Mary Adair Veeder, the first woman to fly from the Pacific to the Atlantic coast, are among the prominent women whose autographs I possess.

The names of eminent Free Masons would fill several pages, chief among these are Most Worshipful W. S. Herrington, K.C., Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Canada, M.W. Rev. George Kerby, D.D., Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Alberta, and several ex-grand masters and other officers, including the late S. Y. Taylor, who, on account of his fund of Masonic lore, was known as the "Masonic Pope."

John Masefield, the Poet Laureate of Great Britain, Clarence Darrow, the eminent criminal lawyer of Chicago, Randolph Churchill, scion of the great Duke of Marlborough, Ruth Bryan Owen, daughter of the "Great Commoner," William Jennings Bryan, and herself recently appointed U.S. Ambassador to Denmark, Jack Miner, bird and nature lover, "Pussyfoot" Johnson, of prohibition fame, George S. Lyon, Canadian Amateur Golf Champion and Olympic Golf Champion (St. Louis, 1904), Dr. Jack Wright, Canada's first ranking lawn tennis player, and Willard Crocker, his partner on several occasions in the Davis' Cup competitions, and the redoubtable "Babe" Ruth. Poets, prose writers, novelists, art and literary critics, the names of whom would manifestly make too long a list to be recorded here, may also be found within these lacquered covers.

## CHAPTER XX

### MY MACKENZIE RIVER JOURNEY

*But now and then, when forth from home I've wandered  
To learn what lay beyond my garden wall,  
A tidy sum of money I have squandered  
That I could really not afford at all.*

*Life may be brief, but labour seems unending,  
It's pleasant to gain wealth, but on the whole  
I rather think a yearly spree of spending  
May be a useful tonic for the soul.*

—MONTAGUE.

*I like to greet the sun in every land  
To hear the wind in every forest roar,  
To break a trail, through steppe and snow and sand,  
Cross every sea, and touch on every shore,  
Beneath the stranger-roofs be warmed and fed,  
Drink and make friends, in stranger-company,  
Lay, on each chance-found couch, a nomad's head,  
And bend, in every shrine, a nomad's knee.*

—HORT.

IT is with the inspiration which the above lines convey that on July 17, 1928, our impedimenta having been assembled, Lieut-Col. (Dr.) Mewburn and I met at the station of the Canadian National Railway to board "The Arctic Express," which was to take us on the first lap of our long journey of nearly four thousand miles by river, lake and portage down the Mackenzie River beyond the Arctic Circle.

We have travelled on many and varied conveyances in our day, including the caros (ox sleds) in Madeira, hand-cars, funicular railroads, stage-coaches and the old "Turkey Trail" from Dunmore Junction to Leth-

bridge, Alberta, in the days of the eighties, but this assortment, called a train, eclipsed them all. There were no less than fifty-five cars in the line, by actual count, all drawn by one locomotive. The slogan of the engineer evidently was "Steady by jerks," this being particularly noticeable when we were endeavouring to consume our soup, or steer a piece of toast toward our mouths. The dining-car was a converted Pullman, with five tables all served by one steward, who, in a stentorian voice, shouted his orders to the cook in the old Western way: "Adam and Eve on a raft," (referring to poached eggs) and "wreck 'em" (scrambled eggs), etc., usually ending "and quick, too"—a source of great amusement to the doctor. The provender was excellent: beef broth, stewed chicken and ham, roasted potatoes, cabbage, cherry pie, tea, coffee or milk composed our dinner menu, and the other meals were equally good.

We christened it "The Gentlemen's Train" for it was quite *infra dig.* for it to be in a hurry. The only discordant note was that the conductor wore a business suit and a black slouch hat.

"Valhalla,"<sup>1</sup> which in days of yore was the happy hunting grounds of the Vikings, was our haven of rest for our first three hundred miles.

One hundred and twenty-eight miles out of Edmonton, two and a half hours late, we drew in to the only place of importance on the line—Lac la Biche, where we spent two or more hours changing engines and shunting. All the passengers vacated the train here and walked down to the beach of a beautiful sheet of water, opalescent with colour from a gorgeous sunset. There had been a heavy storm of rain and hail that afternoon, and the streets of the town were quagmires.

<sup>1</sup>The name of our sleeping-car.

Next morning (July 18) we arrived at Waterways, transferred our bags to the steamboat warehouse and took snapshots of the inhabitants. Most of our passengers elected to go to Fort McMurray, four miles distant, and as they had already filled the two—and only—motor trucks, three of us had a very much smoother passage by a motor-boat, the only "fly in the ointment" being that we were obliged to carry our "kits" a good (or bad) half-mile from the wharf to the Franklin Hotel where accommodation had been secured for us by the ever-thoughtful "Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson Bay"—otherwise known as the Hudson's Bay Company.

After supper we spent a delightful evening with Dr. Ings at his log bungalow, then visited the Mounted Police barracks, where Sergeant Ward regaled us with choice operatic selections on his new orthophonic gramophone, while his good wife treated us to a cup of tea.

Next morning (July 19) after breakfast, Major L. T. Burwash (exploratory engineer, of the Department of the Interior, who is heading for the Arctic regions, where he intends to spend fifteen months or more) and I took "Cassie's Express" (a Ford truck driven by a woman in male attire) over a rough and tortuous trail to Waterways. Eighteen people were actually packed into the conveyance—mostly half-breed women and children. The manner in which Cassie handled that truck would qualify her for the mountain trails of Kentucky or Tennessee, worse trails than which would be difficult to find.

Here on the Clearwater River, at the head of navigation of the great Mackenzie Basin, we had the pleasure of meeting Col. J. K. Cornwall, "that doughty

hunter of big game, shooter of rapids at home and Germans abroad," his charming wife and daughters.

On the Colonel's invitation we dined on board the *Northland Echo* and afterwards enjoyed a trip down the river on the *Canadusa*—the name being a combination of Canada and United States of America.

At Waterways and Fort McMurray we gathered a few "facts and figures" of the great Northland. These, in defiance of the maxim of the elder Disraeli, have not yet been fully verified; but are passed on as received, namely: The estimated population of the vast region north of Fort McMurray and drained by the MacKenzie, numbers 750 white and mixed white people, 7,200 Eskimos, and 7,000 Indians, not to mention at least 100,000 dogs. To supply these inhabitants of a "great lone land" two thousand tons of freight are conveyed down the river annually.

Before leaving Waterways on our first boat, the *Athabasca River*, a tragedy was narrowly averted. Miss Harvey, one of our passengers, bound for the Hay River Anglican Mission, where she is to teach for three years, went for a swim and not realizing the strength of the current was carried by it under a ninety-five-foot freight barge. Fortunately, she was observed by the captain of the *Northland Echo*, who, with great alacrity as well as presence of mind, leaped into a boat, rowed to the far end of the barge and dragged Miss Harvey insensible from the river. She was speedily restored by artificial respiration, but for two or three days after felt the effects of her misadventure.

Fort McMurray is pleasantly situated at the confluence of the Clearwater and Athabasca rivers; why the railway has not been extended across the flat which separates it from Waterways, heaven only

knows. Those responsible for it must have had boulders on their shoulders instead of heads. The passing of Sir John Franklin through here over one hundred years ago, on one of his numerous expeditions, is commemorated in the name of the leading hostelry.

It is an axiom of the far North that a man cannot come into the country without the Northerners knowing all about him—"how much money he has in his clothes, whether he's single or married and what he had for his last meal at Edmonton."

Our passenger list was not a lengthy one, but it included the following:

The Chief Factor and Fur Trade Commissioner of the Hudson's Bay Company, Mr. C. H. French, and his daughter.

Professor Ruggles Gates, Lecturer at London University, and author of one hundred books and pamphlets in Biology, Genetics, Anthropology, etc.

Lt.-Col. (Dr.) Mewburn, Professor of Surgery, University of Alberta. Well known throughout the Province, and beyond it.

Mr. K. Mellanby, Graduate of King's College, Cambridge, accompanying Professor Ruggles Gates, and a most enthusiastic collector of botanical specimens—in spite of rain, wind, mosquitoes, sand-flies or bull-dogs. His uncle became famous by the discovery of Vitamin D.

Major L. T. Burwash, Arctic Explorer (already referred to) with an experience of over thirty years in the far north.

Mrs. Heaton, of Vancouver, B.C., artist, botanist and traveller.

Mrs. Ferguson, of Great Falls, Montana, bound for Fort Providence to join her husband, who is a trapper, with a hundred-mile trapline.

Rev. Father Robin (O.M.I.). Born in Belgium, but who has resided in the North for many years, and knows the river "like a book."

Five young men, chiefly clerks in the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company, who were dropped off at various posts along the river.

Later on we were joined at Fort Simpson by Inspector Moorhead of the R.C.M.P., his wife and child, on a tour of inspection of the police posts in his jurisdiction.

On our return at Aklavik, Dr. Truesdell, a Queen's University graduate, came aboard. He had gone down the Mackenzie in a motor-launch ministering to the needs of those stricken with the "flu."

Captain Parker, of the Department of Indian Affairs, Ottawa, returning from an inspection of Northern Reservations.

Whenever the S.S. *Athabasca River* is in port at McMurray overnight there is invariably a dance at Madam's—she is the proud possessor of a hall with a polished oak floor. The Charleston has invaded this remote locality, but the Fox Trot and Bunny Hug are taboo, and the Red River Jig, Eight-hand-Reel, Polkas and Lancers, flourish in their pristine vigour and picturesqueness. The "orchestra" is usually a one-man band, but the notes of his fiddle can be heard above the shouting, clapping and noise of many feet upon the floor.

It was reminiscent of our early western functions to hear the "caller off" directing the dancers:

Salute yer ladies! All together!  
Ladies opposite the same,  
Hit the lumber with yer leather,  
Balance all and swing yer dame!

Bunch the moose-cows in the middle!  
Circle stags, and do-si-do,  
Pay attention to the fiddle!  
Swing her 'round and off you go!

Gents to centre; ladies round 'em,  
Form a basket; balance all!  
Whirl yer gals to where you found 'em!  
Promenade around the hall!

During our wait for the *Athabasca River* to load up we had a chat with a real old "sourdough" of the Yukon who was personally acquainted with Tom Leo, a Chippewa Indian, from Colonge on the Ottawa, known as "the-man-with-the-photographic-eye." One of Tom's accomplishments was to stand on a station platform and, after noting the numbers of every passing car in a freight train, repeat them half an hour later without an error. He also had other remarkable feats of memorization. Leo had rendered service to the Empire as a Canadian *voyageur* on the Nile expedition for the relief of General Gordon.

The boat tied up at McMurray for the night, but pulled out at 3 a.m. on July 20. At eight o'clock we reached Fort McKay, a deserted-looking Indian village. One of the crew went ashore with a packet of letters, but hard knocking on the door not being effective in arousing the postmaster, he returned with his bundle to the ship. Two half-starved dogs watched us eagerly from the bank, and one of our Indian crew, with more compassion than usual, took them a pail of garbage from the cook's galley, which disappeared as if by magic.

For fully ninety miles along the river banks we noted the wonderful deposits of tar-sands<sup>1</sup> of which so much has been written, but which are still being subjected to analysis and experimentation.

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<sup>1</sup>These deposits of bituminous sands contain 14 to 30% pure bitumen.

The thirteen huskies, attached to chains below deck, occupied their time with much howling and fighting. These poor animals had been shipped in crates from Labrador, and now that they were, to an extent, released, felt obliged to give expression in their own peculiar manner. Later on they were taken aboard the barge, evenly distributed and chained to rods running the full length of the barge-house on a ledge not two feet wide, which, by the way, was not sufficiently broad to keep some of them from falling overboard and being nearly strangled until rescued by the crew. The blowing of the ship's whistle or the ringing of the dinner-bell usually was followed by the elevation of their muzzles and prolonged howling. This, however, was but a feeble chorus compared with the massed canine choir heard at the points touched after crossing the Arctic Circle. Some of these dogs are wonderfully intelligent and the drivers of them are careful in selecting the wisest as leaders, also for "wheelers," when making up their teams for winter use. When ordered to go to the right, the command is "you," to the left, it is "cha," and straight ahead, "mush." The finest specimen seen on our trip was a year-old pup called Beaver, in possession of the Mounted Police at Aklavik. The Corporal in charge fairly hugged the handsome creature every time he came within reach, and informed us that this was a born leader—large, strong and intelligent—as well as a first-class fighter. The teams quarrel amongst themselves in their summer quarters—a mere trifle compared to the meeting of two or more outfits on the winter trail, when there is one grand scrap—all becoming inextricably entangled, until by shouting, cursing, pulling and clubbing they are once more separated and proceed their several ways.

We reached Lake Athabasca at about ten o'clock on a beautifully bright evening. Leaving our first barge with its empty fish-crates, in a slough or "snye" near the entrance, we proceeded across its placid waters. Black gasoline drums—in lieu of buoys—were anchored at suitable distances, to guide us in the deep channel, and we arrived at Fort Chipewyan shortly after midnight. A stiff breeze suddenly arose and gave the crew some difficulty in tying up.

It might be mentioned here that the chief danger in navigating this great system of waterways is the absence of steering-marks, proper buoys or lighthouses, the only exceptions being two beacons erected a short distance from Fort Resolution and another not far from Wrigley Harbour, placed there by members of the Topographical Survey. "No wireless to summon assistance, and no assistance to be summoned." The river boats, being of light almost cardboard construction, light-draught, and top-heavy, are obliged to wait for almost smooth water before attempting to cross either Lake Athabasca or Great Slave Lake. The latter is the fifth in size of all the lakes in America and is a terror to navigators on account of its sudden storms, when a scurry must be made to shelter, if any can be found. Even Fort Resolution, situated as it is on a shallow, sandy, shelterless bay, is not considered safe harbour for mariners, although it has something in the way of a breakwater or landing-stage.

Systematic fishing has scarcely begun in Lake Athabasca, yet over ninety tons of whitefish and trout are shipped weekly, and these, on account of their firmness and flavor, command a premium in the markets of Chicago and other eastern cities.

Fort Chipewyan, built over 150 years ago, has long been regarded as the most important of the

multitudinous trading-posts, strung out at intervals of 150 to 250 miles along the great waterways. Sir Alexander Mackenzie used it in 1789 as a base for his explorations down the river bearing his name to the Arctic Ocean, as well as for his crowning undertaking, the journey up the Peace River and through the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific.

In rummaging about the post I ran across three ancient-looking books bearing dates of 1777 and 1778. The latter one, a history of the Persians, had on the inside back cover a pencilled signature, "Alexander Mackenzie," but whether this was written by the great explorer could only be determined by graphological experts; the book and signature were, however, where one might expect to find them. The factor, Mr. Hooker, was not aware of its existence, consequently could not confirm the genuineness of the idiograph.

We cast loose from here at 2 a.m. (July 21) and at six o'clock passed the mouth of the Peace River, which, at its confluence with the Rivière des Roches, is about a mile in width. The Peace, when it is high, flows into this short stream, connecting it with Lake Athabasca, but when it is normal, or low, the current is in the opposite direction. Its muddy waters may be traced for many miles in the clearer stream of the Slave.

Mr. Ryan, of Fort Smith, who had not learned of the eccentricities of the Peace River,<sup>2</sup> was once making a canoe journey to Fort Chipewyan. Having camped on its banks, one night, the next morning he put his craft into the water, and proceeding past well-known landmarks, found he was travelling *with* the current

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<sup>2</sup>When the water in Peace River is very high, it flows into Lake Athabasca instead of seaward. This is reversed when the latter is high.

instead of *against* it. He arrived at the Fort several hours ahead of the time allotted, and immediately inquired if there had been an earthquake or other disturbance which could have caused such an effect. The Hudson's Bay factor laughingly assured him that the Peace was behaving in its customary peaceful manner, even if it seemed vagabondish.

The astonishing thing to all who are borne down these gigantic rivers is the absence of animated nature. That writer who stated that he had little appreciation for "anonymous scenery" had better not come hither. In nearly four thousand miles (going and coming) we saw but one flock of wild geese and a dozen or so ducks, but not a fox, moose, caribou or buffalo, although there are many thousands of them in the vast regions drained by these rivers; the explanation is that they seldom venture within twenty miles of the steam-boat route. Even the young buffalo from the Government preserve near Wainwright, 1,081 of which were conveyed in barges and landed this year a short distance above Fort Fitzgerald, rarely come nearer than twenty-five miles from the river. Hereabouts, through gaps in spruce trees, we observed the first open country since leaving McMurray. We also noted a number of large stacks of hay within easy access of the shore. A telephone line connects this camp with Forts Smith and Fitzgerald.

At ten o'clock on the morning of July 21, we bade farewell to the S.S. *Athabasca River* until our return some weeks hence. Fitzgerald is named after Inspector Fitzgerald who, with three others, perished while attempting a winter patrol between Fort McPherson and Dawson City in 1911; we visited their graves in the Anglican cemetery at the former place. We also visited the Roman Catholic Mission and were

courteously shown through the church and residence by the resident priest, Rev. Father La Treste. The carpentering within and without had been done by himself and two Christian brothers.

As there is a drop of 109 feet in the river in the sixteen miles separating Fitzgerald and Smith, causing seven dangerous rapids with a tragic history, motors convey passengers and freight to the latter, which is our place of embarkation "down North."

A short distance from Fort Smith we noticed a wide swath in the woods extending for miles. This, we were informed by our chauffeur, was the boundary between the Province of Alberta and the North-West Territories.

The air was hot and smoky from bush fires which, had we landed a few days earlier, would have prevented our making the portage by any gasoline conveyance. One fire had been devastating the neighbouring woods for five years. After the snow fell it smouldered in the heavy moss only to break out in the spring, spreading with ruinous rapidity when fanned by the winds in the dryer days of autumn.

Fort Smith (named after Donald A. Smith, afterwards Lord Strathcona) is a busy little place during the brief period when boats come and go. Barges, motor-boats and small craft are built here, and we saw several under construction. There is also an important wireless station which relays despatches from Simpson, Aklavik and Herschel Island to and from "the outside," as the country within the reach of railways is called, somewhat like "the Mainland" to the inhabitants of Hawaii.

The wireless operator here, Mr. Griswold, informed us that there were thirteen radio sets in the village—seven of them super-heterodynes, one with ten tubes.

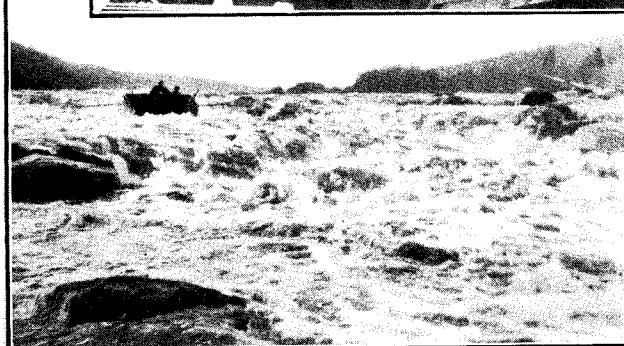
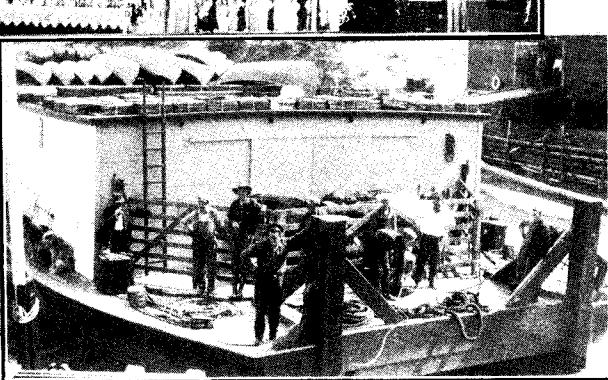
During the winter months they experience no difficulty in receiving messages from any of the "coast cities," e.g. San Francisco, and also from England, Poland and Australia. The population here, after the close of navigation, numbers about fifty-five white people; these, however, make their own amusements. Bridge, snowshoe and toboggan parties and dances are their chief diversions.

Here we saw some beautiful specimens of Indian women's handicraft: mukluks, or long boots made of deerskin, trimmed with beaver fur and lined with silk, the upper portions below the knees being artistically embroidered with silk; a tam and gauntlets of the same materials, also a handsome ermine stole with tassels made from tails of the same animal. Furs are a necessity in the far North. The lowest temperature recorded at Smith was that on Christmas Eve, 1919, when it fell to seventy-one degrees below zero (Fah.) but, fortunately, there was no wind.

Even in flood-time, Fort Smith is in no danger from inundation as it is situated on a sandy plateau almost 250 feet above the Lower Slave River.

It required almost twenty-eight hours to convey by automobiles and motor-trucks the passengers and cargo of the S.S. *Athabasca River* across the sixteen-mile portage to the S.S. *Distributor*, lying, with steam up, ready to transport us to beyond the Arctic Circle and back.

The *Distributor*—516 tons net, and permitted to carry 180 passengers—is a stern-wheeled, flat-nosed, light-draft boat of very light construction, with a "chubby and square" barge lashed to her bow. Both carry between them 606 tons of cargo, which, on this trip, for variety of contents surpassed even clam chowder. There were thirteen husky dogs from Labra-



*Upper:* INTERIOR OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH, Fort Good Hope.  
*Centre:* THE BARGE OF THE "DISTRIBUTOR," Fort Smith. *Lower:* GRAND  
RAPIDS, between Forts Fitzgerald and Smith.



dor bound for Fort Good Hope, baled hay for the horses along the river as well as for the eight steers in a temporary corral at one end of the scow, drums of gasoline and kerosene, boxes of dynamite, crates of oranges, cabbages and fresh vegetables, Peterborough canoes, dog-sleds and toboggans, dressed lumber and shingles, hundreds of sacks of flour, sugar, hams, bacon, beans, cases of dried fruits, jams, coffee, tea and tobacco, bales of blankets and dry-goods, as well as some "wet goods" brought in under permit and carefully checked (as in the old days in Alberta) by Mounted Police. There were Mumm's Extra Dry Champagne and Brandy for the little makeshift hospitals, communion wine for the missions, and a limited quantity of Scotch and Irish for those who required spirituous stimulation. With these combustible, inflammable or explosive articles aboard, one could not but wonder occasionally just what might occur if one of the numerous Slave Indians who composed the crew dropped the stub of one of the many cigarettes which they smoked incessantly, into the litter of hay with which the barge was strewn. Perhaps as dangerous as the dynamite were the drums of calcium carbide (for the manufacture of acetylene gas), should any water come in contact with the chemical, as happened on the *Pioneer*, which blew up near Fort McMurray some two years ago.

The large crew of Indians is necessary on account of the refuelling of the boat from cordwood piled at convenient places, usually sixty to eighty miles apart, along the banks. This is sometimes carried on the backs of the men, but is usually run down the gangway —when on the level—by trucks; and, if the banks are precipitous, shot down a chute, while a man with a hose keeps the planks well moistened. The *Distri-*

*butor* is certainly a wood-burner. She eats up a cord or more every sixty minutes. Two men are kept constantly busy throwing split, also round, logs into the maw of the raging fire-box in order to keep the steam-gauge to the required two hundred pounds to the square inch. The furnace door is closed after each stick is thrown in. This is done in order to prevent unequal cooling. The stokers work on six-hour shifts and, even in cool weather, perspire profusely. Even with this large cargo she does not (like Mark Twain's stern-wheeler) have to tie up to the bank in order to blow her whistle.

During the loading of the cattle on our boat, two of them jumped the gang-planks into the water and had to be roped and dragged aboard.

At 3.40 p.m. we passed Cunningham's Landing, or Gravel Point, where the larger boats are hauled by capstan and cables high up the banks to escape being crushed by the ice. The S.S. *Mackenzie River*, kept for emergencies, was already in winter quarters. She was the predecessor of the *Distributor*.

• • • • •  
Of all the arch-pests the imps could devise  
The northern mosquito was a devil's prize.

—R. WILSON.

Numberless adjectives, as well as expletives, were heard in describing, not to say damning, the ubiquitous, iniquitous, pestiferous, insatiable (the more forcible terms are omitted) mosquitoes. In the vicinity of Lake Athabasca the "bulldogs" were exceedingly numerous. They are a biting fly, and resemble in size and general appearance a large bee, but while they make life miserable to horses and cattle, they are neither as persistent nor insatiable as the

smaller pest which, like the devil, goes about seeking whom she may devour, "the female of the species being more deadly than the male." While the former has the gentlemanly trait of retiring early (but not quite early enough) the little, singing, bloodthirsty villains give no respite day or night. The dragonflies ("mosquito hawks" they are called here, and long may their tribe increase!) were a welcome sight as they darted hither and thither in pursuit of the mosquito; but there were not sufficient of them—a million to the square mile would have ample employment as well as sustenance in such a prolific field. The natives here said that even in the spring, a warm day will bring them out of the moss, which, in places along the Mackenzie, is from twelve to fifteen feet deep.

Perhaps some day a scientist may arise to confer a benefit upon the Northern half of this hemisphere, by exterminating these insect pests which make life miserable to all creatures that have skins thinner than that of the rhinoceros. Huskies, and even bears, both with excellent jackets of fur, are driven to desperation, caribou and moose are obliged to keep constantly moving, and "up wind," yet these precautions do not prevent their hides from being punctured by bulldogs and bot-flies, and rendered valueless for any purpose excepting for babiche (rawhide strips for thongs and laces). The larger wild animals take to the water; horses and cattle are tantalized to the verge of suicide, and man to profanity. To make life bearable when one ventures ashore, a mosquito bar protecting face and head becomes a necessity. The Doctor and I were possessors of an improved type, with stiffening which kept the mesh a distance from the face. They were also provided with metallic disc-openings with a sliding cover which admitted the insertion of a pipe

or cigar if desired—these were the envy of our fellow sufferers. While at Aklavik I presented mine to a young student from Princeton who was one of a party heading for the Yukon and who had no protection whatsoever.

From the time we left Edmonton until we reached our "farthest North" our Cambridge graduate was off at every stop of train or boat, gathering botanical specimens which he industriously pressed and filed in a specially constructed wire cabinet.

O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies  
In plants, herbs, stones and their true qualities.

The biological professor from London University was equally diligent in obtaining blood-smears from Indians, Eskimos and their various blendings with the white race, wherever two or three were gathered together. These he classified into "A," "B," and "Zero" types from which to make his deductions and build his theories.

Our Colonel-Doctor Mewburn from the University of Alberta, as ever on errands of mercy, from which he has no vacation, freely offered his services to the sick and suffering. In this vast region the fields are white unto the harvest, but the labourers are few, and recently a terrible toll of its inhabitants has been taken by the "flu." At Fort McPherson, the little church was converted into a temporary hospital, the whole floor-space being occupied with the sick lying on and covered with blankets, no beds being available. At Fort Smith there were eleven deaths, sixteen at Fort Norman and fifty-one at Fort Simpson (two hundred and ninety-one deaths in all). At Fort Providence almost the whole population was indisposed—too ill to hoist the flags, the almost never-failing welcome to

the boats. On July 23 we arrived at the entrance of the Great Slave Lake, but owing to the whitecaps, which we could see on its surface, the captain decided to tie up in one of the channels of the delta and await a smoother sea, which happily settled down by 9.45 p.m., when we again proceeded on our way. Just one month ago the ice went out, and the cool and clear waters, now like a mirror, reflected a glorious sunset. We reached Fort Resolution at eleven o'clock, and in the evening twilight sauntered about the place. There is a powerful wireless station located here. Thirty-one people were on the pier to greet our arrival.

Next morning, in bright sunshine, we steamed into the mouth of Hay River where there is a small settlement bearing the same name, also large Anglican and Roman Catholic Missions. We saw here gardens of excellent potatoes, carrots, cabbages, and other vegetables, which must be a most welcome addition to the monotonous fish, game, tinned fruit and vegetable diet. One of the inhabitants informed us that he had not tasted fresh meat since April last. At the Mission we observed a large stockade for dogs, also a "cache" for provisions built on posts fifteen feet from the ground. These have strips of tin around them shaped somewhat like an inverted dishpan with the bottom removed and they keep off mice or wolverines. Tons of provisions were landed from the barge and drawn to the cache by a team of oxen. As we steamed into the river about twenty dogs swam across to meet the boat in expectation of a "feed." The *Macleod*, a motor-boat owned by the Mounted Police, with a small skiff filled with freshly caught whitefish, pulled alongside of us. Two "Mounties" came aboard and were soon eagerly devouring their mail from "outside."

Eight cayuses from the upper reaches of Hay River

had just arrived, so the inhabitants declared a holiday in order to have a race meeting. Unlike our Blood Indians, the natives were poor horsemen, although the spectators appeared to get a "kick" out of the events.

This evening for supper we enjoyed fried whitefish (browned to a turn), mashed potatoes, peas, raspberries, two kinds of cake, and tea with a slice of lemon.

At eight o'clock on the evening of July 24 we entered the "vast maw" of the Mackenzie. Here, where it leaves Great Slave Lake, it broadens into an expanse of fully thirteen miles, known as the "spill-way." To-night it is a gigantic mirror reflecting many wooded islands of various shades of green upon its surface, also a glorious sunset, although the sun is still several degrees above the horizon. Even the eastern sky is tinted with rose and amethyst and the whole scene is impressively inspiring. As the doctor remarked, "This is worth coming a thousand miles to see." The Professor and the botanical student were eagerly peering at the vegetation, as here, it had been stated, was to be found moss ten to fifteen feet in thickness. But the boat did not stop, and this variety of *sphagnum* was not to be included in their scientific collection.

Immediately after breakfast, on July 25, we reached Fort Providence. Although the captain gave the usual long blast on the whistle to announce our coming, not a single inhabitant appeared, and, what was equally strange, not a flag was flying. From one of our officers who went ashore we ascertained that practically all the residents were down with "flu," including one priest and three of the sisters at the Roman Catholic Mission. A brief thunderstorm, accompanied with heavy rain, delayed the unloading

of the cargo. Our sympathies went out to poor Mrs. Ferguson, one of our passengers, this being her destination. No one to welcome her as she stepped from the gangway after this long journey to one of the "jumping-off" places of the world! However, after a brief delay her husband eventually appeared, not having expected her on this boat trip. He was one of the very few who had not been laid low by the scourge.

At 8.30 on the morning of July 26, we arrived at Fort Simpson, beautifully situated at the confluence of the Liard with the Mackenzie. The "flu" had been particularly deadly here, fifty-one having died of it from this small community, most of them Indians. During a walk through the village we met the Church of England Rector, Rev. Mr. Clark, who enquired anxiously if there were a doctor aboard, as his wife was very ill and their own physician was at Aklavik. We soon put him in touch with Dr. Mewburn, who accompanied him to the sick-bed.<sup>3</sup> The Anglican church here was erected in 1866 of logs hauled by dogs. It used to be said in former days that when one went into the far West he entered a world divested of the decalogue. Well, here in the interior of this little edifice, at least, were mural scrolls with the Ten Commandments in Slave syllabic characters, a beautifully carved baptismal font with brass mountings dedicated to the memory of one who passed away in 1879, and also a bronze tablet on the wall inscribed:

Sacred to the memory of August Richard Peers, who died at Peel's River, March 15th, 1853, aged thirty years.

The Roman Catholic Church has a large mission station here, including a hospital cared for by the Grey

<sup>3</sup> On our return from the Far North we were pleased to learn that she had recovered.

Nuns, one of whom was pulling onions in their truly wonderful garden and who very kindly gave us an invitation to call and inspect the institution.

On July 27 a long blast from the whistle announced the fact that we were nearing Fort Wrigley (named after a former Commissioner of the Hudson's Bay Company—not the chewing-gum magnate). The factor here is a real old-timer, Tim Gaudette, who has been thirty-four years in the North. We noted no fewer than fifteen people sitting on his counters. His prices would give a fit of apoplexy to some of our acquaintances: potatoes \$10.00 a sack, flour \$20.00, copper kettles (one-half-gallon capacity) \$5.00. It would not do for babies to "cry for Castoria" at \$1.00 a bottle, nor for men to shave every morning with shaving sticks at \$1.50. We observed some miners' gold-washing pans at \$2.50, and double-barrelled, muzzle-loading shotguns at \$60.00. However, as they used to say "before the Rebellion" when asking twenty-five cents for a paper of pins or needles, "It's the freight that costs."

The following notice was posted conspicuously on one of the walls: "Public Notice for Fire Protection: Smokers in general, and young men in particular, are kindly requested to use spittoons and ash-trays wherein to throw used matches, cigarettes, stubs and ashes after having blown them out carefully. It is absolutely forbidden to spit on the floor. A little attention will help a great deal for cleanliness, and might avoid a great loss." Reminding us of another notice we saw posted out West: "Please do not spit on the floor—remember the Deluge."

Among other things observed here were beaver, marten and muskrat furs, tanned moose skins, dog-harness with bells, bear traps, fur presses, a toboggan

mould, and a gasoline drum converted into an excellent stove. This is one of the best fur-trading posts in the Company's possession. Moose are readily found within twenty-five miles of here. Many of the lakes and rivers in this region are still unexplored.

Near Wrigley we passed Roche-qui-trempe-à-l'eau (the mountain that dips its feet in the water). "A very commendable custom on its part," remarked the graduate.

This evening, July 27, the sun sank behind the spruce trees skirting the river at 10.20. We are now approaching Fort Norman and the region where at this time of year, the darker hours are for form's sake called "night." For us, who are tenderfeet "Down North" and who desire to retire before midnight, it is obligatory to draw the heavy red curtains, so thoughtfully provided for our staterooms, in order to obtain proper rest.

From Fort Wrigley to Fort Norman we passed through mountainous country—the Franklin range on the right and the Mackenzie on the left. The river here narrows considerably, flowing between steep banks one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet in height.

On July 28 at midnight we reached Fort Norman, commandingly situated at the confluence of the Great Bear and Mackenzie Rivers, the former being clear as crystal and cold as the huge lake which gives it birth. For a short time during the "Oil Boom" Norman was an important place, but after the bubble burst it relapsed into old-time conditions.

Some forty-six miles down the river we passed the abandoned derrick of the Norman Oil Company, and five miles farther on, the buildings of the "Discovery" well of the Imperial Oil Company. The banks below

the site were black from the overflow of the crude oil from the wells, which at present are sealed and the houses padlocked. One small cabin bore a sign "Tegler Building" after the Edmonton "skyscraper." The oil was struck at a depth of less than eight hundred feet in "Discovery," but the other wells yielded only "seepage." The skipper informed us that for over sixty miles down-stream from Fort Norman oil claims had been staked; even the islands in the river had not been overlooked.

The Carcajou, or Wolverine, Mountains now appeared in the distance to the right. They are evidently an outcropping of the Rockies—and shortly after we entered the first really swift water which the *Distributor* was called upon to negotiate, the Sans Sault Rapids. The captain and two steersmen were in the pilot-house and the first and second mates at the front of the barge (which draws about three and a half feet) taking and calling out the soundings:

"Four!"  
"Five and a half!"  
"Five!"  
"No bottom!"

the latter indicating that we were in the deep channel. These men do not "swing the lead." They use a long white pole with dark brown rings on it for making their soundings.

"We come to the gorge at six o'clock this evening," said the graduate, but as no comments were made he remarked, "Nobody has been bright enough to see the point." We at once blamed the heat for our stupidity. His prediction was fairly accurate from two angles: we did reach the narrowest and swiftest portion of the river at supper time.

The Ramparts, which are about thirty miles farther

&lt;

down the river from the Sans Sault, were an impressive sight. The great stream narrowed into a sluiceway, about half a mile wide, between sheer walls of rock one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet high. The Indian tradition is that "the river, tired of running on its stomach so far, turned over on its side." Here the stream is very rapid and at the same time very deep—three hundred and fifty to three hundred and sixty feet. A stiff breeze confronted us all the way down. Before we emerged from this canyon we could see in the dim distance the white houses and flags flying at Fort Good Hope, which we reached at nine o'clock. The lateness of the hour, although the sun was brightly shining, did not prevent us from taking numerous photographs; the results, however, are not as satisfactory as those obtained when the sun is high and the ultra-violet rays more powerful.

Before turning in for the "night" we visited the little Roman Catholic church, where the whole interior of the edifice has been most elaborately decorated by Bishop Grouard—wood carving and sacred pictures painted on white deerskins, using native dyes. The task must have consumed nearly as much time as did Michael Angelo when he immortalized the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel in Rome.

July 29 we left Fort Good Hope at exactly 3 a.m., and shortly after crossed the Arctic Circle ( $66^{\circ} 33'$  North Latitude).

The last cordwood, taken on after leaving Wrigley, which carried us nearly three hundred miles, had become exhausted and the *Distributor* ran her "nose" into a bank for a fresh supply. In manoeuvring to do this one of the numerous canoes blew off the top of the barge but landed as gracefully as a seagull right side up on the bosom of the river.

Nearly eighty miles below Good Hope at the mouth of the Tutsieta River we passed three or four deserted cabins, ambitiously named "New Chicago" by a party of Americans from Illinois bound for the Klondike in the gold rush of '98, who, overtaken by the cold, were compelled to winter there.

The skipper, also the old priest aboard, here pointed out discrepancies in the otherwise excellent maps published by the Topographical Survey, which are used as charts for navigating the Mackenzie. These errors will, no doubt, be corrected in due time. This criticism does not apply to the sand bars, which are constantly shifting and require constant vigilance on the part of the pilots.

During the loading of twenty or more cords of spruce and fir here we were struck with the large number of rounded knots in the wood, some resembling dumbbells. Various opinions were ventured as to the cause of these excrescences; frost, boring insects and others, but the woodcutter, who appeared to be an intelligent man, said that it was due to injuries to the trees received from the ice-jams. This man, who is employed by the Hudson's Bay Company, was put ashore about eighty miles farther down the river, together with his horse, dog, cart, tent and supplies. The dog, a few weeks previously, strolled (or rather dragged himself) into his camp with bleeding feet, indicating that he had come a great distance. The woodman fed and cared for the famished animal, and it "adopted" him.

Nothing could exceed the isolation of these woodcutters and trappers. Their solitude is like that of Robinson Crusoe on his desert isle, not a Christian within a hundred miles.

We arrived at Arctic Red River on July 30 at

12.15 a.m. The howling of hundreds of huskies kept sleep from one's eyelids. Finally, at two o'clock we returned to our stateroom, closed the window, drew the blankets over our heads to shut out sounds, and slept successfully until six o'clock, when we arose, went ashore and took some photographs.

We left the barge here, also an enormous quantity of freight and the four remaining cattle. This was obligatory as it would be manifestly impossible to navigate for fifty-four miles the serpentine meanderings of the Peel River, up which we were to go, with a scow ninety-five feet long lashed to the bow of the *Distributor*.

About fifteen miles from Arctic Red River we came within view of Separation Point, an island so named by Sir John Franklin in 1821, when he divided his party, half of them going north-east and the remainder north-west.

The Lower Palisades were now passed—sheer, perpendicular rocky cliffs, but not as high or as picturesque as the Upper Palisades.

Where this tortuous stream had worn its way through the alluvial banks we noted the water dripping from the frozen soil wherever the rays of the sun shone upon it; this also brought down huge, black chunks of icy mud which splashed into the turbid stream.

Despite the prevalence of the "flu," Fort McPherson put on a brave face; thirty-one deaths had already taken place within two weeks. The Church of England rector had converted his little church into a hospital and had made coffins for the victims, as well as dug their graves.

McPherson's oldest inhabitant is John Firth, ex-factor of the Hudson's Bay Company, in whose service he was for fifty-three years; during all that

time he had but one year's vacation to the "outside," and was glad to return to his northern home. He is now eighty-three years old.

On Tuesday, July 31, we reached our farthest north—Aklavik—at 3 a.m. Even at this hour a large proportion of the inhabitants had assembled to welcome our coming.

When I retired that night at 11.30 p.m. the sun was brightly shining into my stateroom window. The doctor informed me next day that he and three others had played bridge until 2.30 a.m. in the ship's saloon and no artificial lights whatever were required—there is just a deep twilight for about two hours, and then the sun leaps out of its fleecy, cloudy bed. Neither moon nor stars were visible during our nights above the Arctic Circle. Here I went about in a light flannel coat, tennis trousers and white canvas shoes and found them very comfortable, as the temperature registered over 80° Fahrenheit. The maximum for July was almost ten degrees higher. Fortunately for us it was calm. A north wind off the icefields would have caused a rapid fall in temperature.

For at least a mile along the waterfront the huskies were picketed. They are the beasts of burden of all northern people, and every Eskimo has from ten to twenty dogs. The law forbids them running at large and consequently, all are tied or kept in stockades. The Hudson's Bay Company, the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, and the Missions all have their dog-teams. The Police keep theirs in individual kennels; the others, chained to posts or stakes, excavate holes in the cool, damp earth where they take refuge from the sun's rays or curl up for their slumbers. At feeding or watering time the howling is almost deafening—one fish "conie" or whitefish—being the

usual allowance for each dog per day. The fish are swallowed whole, heads, tails, bones and fins.

We visited all the places of interest, including the Hudson's Bay stores, the wireless station, the R.C. M.P. Barracks, and their wonderful dogs, the Roman Catholic Mission where an autographed photograph of Lord Byng was to be seen in the hall and where the sisters were busy with their patients and the priests in overalls were carting twelve or fifteen months' supplies from the boat landing. We also saw the Anglican Mission and School under the supervision of Rev. C. C. Harcourt and his wife, and their little hospital in charge of Nurses Terry and McCabe. All were busy reading the letters which we brought them on the *Distributor*, although they were even busier caring for their numerous "flu" patients. The rector here was also obliged to add undertaker and grave-digger to his pastoral duties. The little church, All Saints, presented a very neat appearance inside as well as outside. The interior furnishings were all of oak. These and the communion plate were presented to the Mission by eastern friends.

We noted two Eskimo babies in well-screened cribs out of doors, convalescing from the "flu."

Here at Aklavik, may be obtained plenty of excellent fish, Arctic herrings, crooked-backs and whitefish. The first-named are particularly toothsome when properly prepared.

White whales have frequently come up the delta, from the Arctic Ocean to Aklavik, and some three years ago, one came as far as Fort Good Hope, over four hundred miles from salt water. At the latter place the inhabitants made a great effort to capture it, but although they fired several shots from a rifle into it, the huge mammal made its escape.

Major Burwash informed us that his motor-launch (or schooner) had been awaiting him for nearly a month and he was not long in transferring his supplies from the *Distributor*. He was most anxious to get under way while the weather was favourable and the streams of the delta free of ice. His objective is Boothia Peninsula, where the North Magnetic Pole is located and which very few white men have reached.

We had a most interesting visitor to the *Distributor* in the person of Captain Perfilieff, formerly an officer in the Don Cossacks and son of a former Governor of Kamchatka. He is an artist of ability, having studied under the great Sargent, and kindly invited us to his temporary studio, where he permitted us to view his portrait sketches of Eskimos. He and three representatives of Yale, Cornell, Princeton and Pennsylvania Universities had just returned from Herschel Island, which, although only one hundred and twenty miles distant, was very difficult of access, as the ice had only disappeared from the mouth of the Mackenzie delta about fifteen days prior to our arrival. Instead of returning by the *Distributor*, they decided to ascend the Rat River, through the Richardson Mountains and up the Yukon, and were not expecting to reach the "outside" until October. The Captain's account of his various interviews with the Eskimo skipper and owner of the motor-launch which conveyed the party to Herschel and back was extraordinarily funny, but these anecdotes would have to be told as only Perfilieff could recount them.

When an Eskimo (they are called Huskies here) travels he must be accompanied by his wife, family and dogs; there is, consequently, rather restricted space for passengers and supplies. In contradistinction to Indian custom, the female of the species has "all the

say" as to when and whither the boat sails, and the meek and lowly *paterfamilias* must acquiesce. No amount of threatening or cajolery will set them in motion until Madame gives the word. Some of these women have several husbands, like the polyandrous Tibetans, and many of the men are polygamous. So far as is known, it is only among the Eskimos that these two forms of marriage are to be found side by side.

Outside of the members of the crew we saw no Indians hereabouts, for, like the Jews and Samaritans, they have no dealings with one another. We were favourably impressed with what we saw and heard of the Eskimos, and Major Burwash, from a long experience, has the highest regard for them. He informed us that he never took into the Arctic regions a new piece of mechanism, rifle, gun, electric motor or what not, but they would take it all apart, study it and put it together piece by piece. A mechanical genius by the name of Pokek has a Delco lighting system installed in his log cabin, possesses a radio and also manages his own motor-launch. We were informed by the Hudson's Bay Factor that upon one occasion when he needed a watch-glass he purchased a lamp chimney and made two or three from it, all of them fitting admirably. Men, women and children appeared to be quite good-natured and always greeted one with a smile, which could not be said of their red brothers. The Eskimos had no objections whatever to being photographed.

An Inspector in the Mounted Police once questioned an Eskimo who had killed one of his tribe, why he shot him. His curious reply was, "He did not smile when he said 'Good morning.'"

The wireless station here is a most important link

in the chain for relaying despatches from Dawson, Fort Simpson and Fort Smith, thus covering this great isolated region where they rarely receive more than three or four mails a year. No news of the outer world is allowed to leak through to these poor marooned unfortunates, who, at some points, bitterly complained of this selfish and secretive policy. The people state that they would be willing to pay a moderate sum for a daily bulletin, and were it not for their radios they would know almost nothing of what is going on in the world at large.

After each trip the *Distributor* had her boilers washed out, as the muddy water taken through the tubes would otherwise soon render them unfit for steam-raising. This was done, a supply of ice for our return journey taken aboard, along with the mail for "the outside," not to mention some fresh conies, white-fish and Arctic herring. The "conies" (*Inconnu*) are a large fish, varying in weight from ten to thirty pounds, resemble the salmon in flavour, and are peculiar to the Mackenzie, not being found in Great Bear Lake, although the two are connected by the Great Bear River.

Our return journey southward upstream was made in record time, the best, we are informed, since the steamers were installed. This was due to the following circumstances: fair winds most of the way, only one wait of two hours for that bane of all mariners, fog, and no waiting for favourable weather in crossing Great Slave and Athabasca Lakes, which cannot be traversed if rough or stormy.

At every post along the waterways is to be found a sun-dial, also an astronomical pier (the latter constructed by the Topographical Survey), yet there is great confusion in time. Rightly or wrongly we used

Edmonton—or more correctly “Mountain Time”—throughout our entire trip, although both Aklavik and Fort McPherson are situated on the 135th meridian which, extended southward to the latitude of Vancouver, would take one six hundred miles or more west of that place.

Upon one occasion an Inspector of the Mounted Police in making his rounds called at McPherson in the month of June and found their time to be 6 p.m. when in reality it should have been 8 a.m. After all, time is a relative thing. In the Tennessee mountains they say, “What is time anyway? It’s just night and day.” Here in June and July there is only day, and in December and January only night. Milton says, “What hath night to do with sleep?” In Aklavik the inhabitants frequently reverse the usual order by sleeping during “daytime” and working in the small hours. Waldo describes it accurately when he states, “Time, on those rare occasions when time is recognized in the far North, never flies, it flows.”

Since returning from this trip, which was quite beyond the beaten path of the conventional “grand tour,” we have been frequently asked, “What is the future of that great Northland?” Not being a prophet, or the son of a prophet, we must admit that we do not know, therefore cannot predict, but transportation will be one of its greatest problems.

Practically the whole of the vast area of the Mackenzie Basin, estimated to contain over 600,000 square miles, is thickly timbered, chiefly with spruce, pine, tamarack, poplar and willow. The seventeen-year-old maiden of St. Kilda, Scotland, who recently saw trees for the first time and found them exciting to her nerves, would die of hysteria on the Mackenzie.

The chief resources of the country are furs—a

variable supply of beaver, otter, marten, mink, several varieties of fox, wolf, bear, lynx, muskrat, ermine and wolverine. Fish abound in almost every lake and stream. Of large game, buffalo (bison from the plains), wood buffalo, moose, deer and caribou are to be found. Of the latter it is said that in 1877 a line of caribou crossed Great Slave Lake on the ice, near Fort Rae. It took them two weeks to pass that point, and in the words of an eye-witness, "daylight could not be seen through the column." There are huge deposits of salt near Fort McMurray, tar-sands are evident for ninety miles along the Athabasca River and are estimated to have a distribution of five hundred square miles. Test-wells are being sunk in various districts for petroleum, those at Fort Norman having been sealed for the present. There are huge outcroppings of coal on the Mackenzie, especially near Fort Norman, some of which have been burning for more than 150 years, as confirmed by Mackenzie's records. There is almost a limitless supply of timber and pulp-wood, but here again the fire-demon has caused much destruction. With respect to minerals, the ground has scarcely been scratched. For several years prospecting and some mining has been going on in the hills west of Great Slave Lake, chiefly of silver, lead and zinc, but recently rich possibilities are opening up at Great Bear Lake which a returned geologist predicts will "startle the world."

The Northland is not a place of sweet idleness. It is a country for young, vigorous, adventurous, red-blooded men (and not women) who do not fear dark and fearful isolation, the whips and scorns of winter cold, nor the stings and arrows of outrageous insects—for these men the North has its rewards.

## APPENDIX

### FROM NOTES WRITTEN IN FORT MACLEOD 1884-1885

Oct. 7, 1884. The Mounted Police have had exciting times here lately, what with horse-thieves, whiskey-traders and Indians. The whole Force turned out last night to arrest eighteen Indians who are suspected of murdering some whites. Latest despatches from Battleford state that the Police were obliged to use artillery in putting down some Indian trouble.

Oct. 21, 1884. The Porcupine Hills and prairie surrounding are lighted up with lurid splendour. One not knowing the cause in the vicinity of mountains, would imagine it to be an overflow of lava from a volcanic eruption, as the country between us and the hills appears to be covered by liquid fire which is spreading with remarkable rapidity. The prairie fire was fought by the Mounted Police assisted by civilians.

Nov. 2, 1884. One of our Indians, who had been taken on a visit to Eastern Canada by a missionary, returned and told his people of the multitudes of white people down there and how they rode in wagons chained to the thunder, which were swifter than their fleetest horses. The tribe unanimously pronounced him mut-chops (crazy).

Dec. 14, 1884. Winter has arrived in earnest. The snow has been falling for two days. Mail stage irregular, in fact no mail for over a week. Col. Macleod, who arrived from Calgary last night, said that two wagon-loads of mail for here had been delivered at the Calgary Post Office, but that the postmaster made no attempt to get it ready for the stage. No joke for those who have ridden forty or fifty miles in weather like this for nothing. It will not be here for another week. A Literary, Scientific and Historical Society has been formed with ten charter members, others to be elected by ballot. Rev. John Maclean, President, Capt. Cotton, Vice-President, F. W. G. Haultain, Secretary, and myself, Librarian. The thermometer registers thirty-eight below zero (Fahr.).

Dec. 22, 1884. Rev. John Maclean delivered inaugural address of the Historical Society on "Indian Literature."

Dec. 28, '84. A grand ball is to be held on New Year's Eve by the Mounted Police. W. B. Higinbotham went to the mountains for evergreens; returning, at Pincher Creek he met Rev. W. P. McKenzie, who accompanied him. The weather was cold and the snow so deep that they lost their way and were obliged to sleep in a haystack all night at Scott's Coulee, about ten miles from here.

March 2, 1885. Sworn in as Deputy Postmaster by D. J. Campbell, Postmaster.

The cattle have come through the winter in excellent condition.

March 16, 1885. Things have been looking quite interesting the past week. The son of one of the Blackfoot chiefs was arrested and lodged in the guard-room, and this had the effect of causing an uprising. For two or three days the Indians have been coming into town in warpaint and armed with rifles, revolvers and sheath-knives. To-day a great pow-wow was held at the barracks. Red Crow, Chief of the Bloods, presented his ultimatum asking for the liberation of the prisoner or a massacre of the whites would follow. Colonel Macleod refused to grant their demand until more evidence was produced. Another Indian was tried and sentenced to two months' imprisonment. During the trial the whole Force was prepared for immediate action if necessary. The merchants have been forbidden to sell arms or ammunition to Indians.

April 6, 1885. The country is in an unsettled state at present, although we are far from the seat of the hostilities of the Riel Rebellion. The Crees, who are assisting Riel, have been sending the Bloods and Blackfeet presents of tobacco, and also informing them of great victories over the whites. The Police here have been strengthened by enlisting ex-constables, by withdrawing all outlying detachments, and by the purchase of saddle horses. The guards have all been doubled, the field ordnance and mortars have been made ready. I watched the storing of ten thousand pounds of powder in the magazine at midnight. Earlier in the evening I took charge of the babies of Mrs. (Dr.) Kennedy and Mrs. (Capt.) Perry. Both of these ladies are worn out with excitement and heartbroken at the thought of being shipped to Ontario.

In crossing the barrack-grounds last night I was

challenged by six pickets. Scouts, who also act in the capacity of couriers, have been stationed every fifteen miles along the trail between here and Calgary. The Officer Commanding, accompanied by Capt. Denny, former Indian Agent, left for the Blood Reserve to assure the Indians of the friendly intentions of the whites. They were also to visit the Blackfoot Reservation, ninety miles distant.

D. J. Campbell, Postmaster, has received orders from Ottawa to enlist 150 men with horses as rangers, or light infantry, for Macleod, and an equal number for Pincher Creek.

Lord Boyle, who has been staying with us for the past week, said that the cattle ranchers have chosen an admirable place in the Crow's Nest Pass in which they intend to drive their stock, where "a thousand may well be stopped by three," as it is an almost impregnable site and may be covered by a few rifles.

April 13, 1885. The bastions, made of heavy timbers, at the Fort are almost completed. The entrances to them are guarded with double gates.

Capt. Stewart, of the Princess Louise Dragoon Guards, Ottawa, and proprietor of the Stewart Ranching Company, has organized two corps of cavalry, the Rocky Mountain Rangers, made up of cowboys and citizens. One company is for active service, the other as a home guard. A regiment of volunteers is daily expected to garrison the Fort in the absence of the Mounted Police and the Rangers. The latter are paid fifty-five dollars a month with rations, also horse fodder. Each man provides his own mount. The Government supplies saddles and carbines. Their remaining outfit, furnished by themselves, consists of a sombrero, or broad-brimmed felt hat with wide leather band, coat of "Montana broadcloth," or brown duck (from which they have received the nickname of "Canvas-backs") lined with flannel, a shirt of buckskin, breeches of the same or Bedford cord, a cartridge-belt attached to which is a large sheath-knife, and the indispensable leather chaps. Top boots with huge Mexican spurs complete the equipment. Discipline is quite unknown to them; a Mountie told me that he heard one of them, during drill to-day, call out to his commander, "Hold on, Cap., till I cinch my horse."

Twenty of the Mounted Police, with transport wagons

and one nine-pounder muzzle-loading gun, left for the North on Saturday. Dr. Kennedy and Rev. W. P. McKenzie accompanied them. Several of the men placed in my keeping their goods and chattels, with instructions as to their disposal, should anything serious happen to their owners.

The Indians have had their daily rations increased from one-quarter pound of flour to half a pound, and from one pound of beef to one and a half pounds. They are quieter now and are keeping to their reserves.

May 3, 1885. The Rocky Mountain Rangers have left for Medicine Hat and the Cypress Hills. The 90th Winnipeg Rifles, who have been doing garrison duty here, are to be replaced by the 9th Battalion of Rifles from Quebec, foot-soldiers, or "foot-pads" as Western men call the infantry.

May 20, 1885. Seventy-eight officers and men of the 9th Battalion of Quebec have arrived. Few of them speak English. Word has just reached here of the death of Corporal Sleigh, who was killed in action near Battleford. He was well and favourably known in Macleod.

May 24, 1885. The telegraph line has reached here at last and the office is installed in our store. The operator is a boy of fourteen, a son of Hon. John Cochrane of Nova Scotia.

Current prices are as follows: Sugar 5 lb. for \$1.00; Butter, 50c. lb.; Eggs, 50c. to \$1.00 doz.; Oatmeal, 12½c. lb.; Salt, 3 lb. for 25c.; Tomatoes, 3 tins for \$1.00; Barbed Wire, 12½c. per pound; Coal-oil, \$1.00 per gallon; Factory Cotton, 12½c. per yard.

June 7, 1885. Following very warm weather, and thirty-six hours of continuous rain, the rivers are all in flood and most of the ferries carried away. The mail and passengers had to be brought across the Old Man River in a rowboat. The stage-coach which left here last Thursday capsized in crossing Sheep Creek and the mail was lost. Moreton Frewen, a relative of Lord Dufferin, is here. He expects to send some cattle to Alberta from his Wyoming ranches.

May 25, 1885. Military Sports held on Sampson's Bottom, opposite the Fort. Won second prize in the walking match.

July 8, 1885. The Rocky Mountain Rangers have returned and the 9th Battalion have left for their homes in Quebec. Wrote a poem on their departure for the *Macleod Gazette*.

July 27, 1885. The N.W.M. Police, who went north under the command of General Strange, arrived to-day. The citizens rode and drove out to meet them. The men were quite overcome with the warmth of their reception. A series of suppers, dances and banquets planned for this week.

July 28, 1885. My brother Ed arrives from Guelph.

September 27, 1885. The Governor-General, Lord Lansdowne, arrived this afternoon from the Cochrane Ranch, and will be given a public reception to-morrow.

October 2, 1885. Left for Lethbridge in buckboard with team of horses, Ed driving. Dark when we arrived. Obliged to use lantern to find trail up to the village.

October 3, 1885. Went by train to Medicine Hat to consult the Postmaster there; it was my first ride on a railway in a year and a half.

October 5, 1885. (Monday) First religious gathering on the new townsite. Revs. H. T. Bourne (Church of England) and W. P. McKenzie (Presbyterian) conducted the services in the dining-room of the Lethbridge Hotel.

October 6, 1885. Dispensed prescription No. 1 for Dr. Byers, visiting physician.

October 7, 1885. Store and Post Office opened for business.

October 11, 1885. First Sunday School opened with five boys and girls in Climie & Robertson's carpenter shop.

October 16, 1885. Name of Post Office officially changed from Coalhurst to Lethbridge.

November 1, 1885. Rev. James Robertson, Superintendent of Missions for the Presbyterian Church, conducted Holy Communion in the N.W.C. & N. Company's boarding house, near No. 1 Shaft. Ten communicants.



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